MARCH.

GREAT RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

By P. F. WARNER.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F.WARNER.

6d

Vol. XII. No. 72. MARCH, 1905.

The COMPETITION for the CUP.

The
SPLENDID COMBINATION

of Flavour, Quality and Economy in use, enables

van Houten's Cocoa

to
COMPLETELY OUTPLAY
all competitors.

It is unrivalled for exquisite natural flavour and for nourishing and invigorating properties.

Best & Goes Farthest.

Published Monthly by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

There's VALUE for Money in a Gamage "ILIXUM."

"Panics" come and "Panics" go. During our existence as the world's premier sports house we have seen many "panics." Whatever unpleasant effect these eruptions have had upon other houses, they have made little or no difference to us. We have educated the cycle-buying public to the fact that we give better value than any other house, hence their unwavering and loyal support.

Lady's Machine same price.

PRICE, with guaranteed Dunlop Tyres, gold lined plated Rims with black Centres, Free Wheel and 2 Brakes **£7 15 0**

Or 12 monthly payments of **0 14 6**

Which works out at less than SIXPENCE PER DAY.

SPECIFICATION.

Frame. — Best weldless steel tube. D section front forks, with box crown. Oval compression and seat stays. Slotted fork end, allowing front wheel to be easily removed.

Bearings.—Hardened ball-bearings to all parts, of Teutonic unbreakable steel.

Gear.—68 in., or to order.

Cranks.—7 in. square.

Chain.—½ in. pitch roller.

Chain Wheels.—Interchangeable.

Wheels.—28 by 1½ in. (Tyres interchangeable.)

Spokes.—Tangent high tension.

Rims. Plated, with black centres and edges.

Handle Bars.—Upturned, Flat, or dropped with forward lug.

Steering Lock. — Eccentric lever.

Pedals. — Rubber or rat-trap screw in.

Standard Sizes.—22 in., 24 in., and 26 in. frames.

Weight.—31 lb.

Free Wheel and Brakes.—The Coaster Hub or "Hyde" Free Wheel and 2 Rim Brakes, both with inverted levers on handle bar and worked by Bowden Wire.

Finish. — Best black enamel, with fine gold lines, and bright parts heavily plated on copper.

Equipment. — Empire "De Luxe" Saddle, celluloid pump, spring pump clips, tool bag, tools, oil can, and polishing cloth.

Carriage paid to any Railway Station in England.

THE 2-SPEED "ILIXUM."

Price, with gold-lined Frame, plated Rims with coloured centres Dunlop or any Tyres, and Fagan two-speed Hub **£9 15 0**

Or 12 monthly payments of **0 19 2**

Or with Dursley-Pedersen three-speed gear... ... **£10 15 0**

Or 12 monthly payments of **1 1 0**

READ

Kilburn, N.W.

GENTLEMEN,—Two years ago this month I purchased from you an "Ilixum" Cycle. I have much pleasure in informing you that I have ridden 3,000 miles with same tyres, and for the first 2,000 had only two punctures. The machine runs as well to-day as it did when I first had it. I am thinking of purchasing another (Lady's). Will you please send particulars and the necessary forms for monthly payments.

Wishing you every success,

I am, yours truly, M. S.

It is a noteworthy fact in cycling history that we were the first reliable firm to place upon the market a High Grade Cycle at a moderate price.

The uniformity of excellence and the additions mentioned below place the "ILIXUM" Bicycle far and away beyond any and all competition.

Catering for all pockets and temperaments, we have no dull times.

"Every Machine sold is a good Advertisement in itself, and brings Shoals of New Customers."

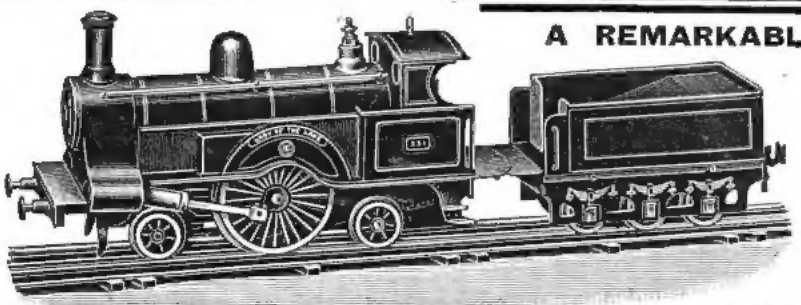
"Gamage's have secured the supremacy of the Cycling World."—*Vide "Financial News," Dec. 12.*

☞ ***Please write for our NEW 1905 CYCLE CATALOGUE. Sent Post Free.***

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

BOOK LIBRARY 1905 11

Digitized by Google



A REMARKABLE OFFER.

MODEL LOCOMOTIVES AT TRADE PRICES.

In order to introduce our Locos. to those interested in Models, we beg to offer for a short time our most popular Loco., the "Lady of the Lake," with a Set of Rails for the small sum of 27/6, ordinary price 37/-. The "Lady of the Lake" Locomotive is one of the latest on the market, and is fitted with a Brass Boiler, a pair of powerful Oscillating Cylinders, with exhaust into Funnel, and reversing motion worked from Cab, Smoke Box, Whistle, Handrail, Safety Valve, and Dome. The Locomotive is in every way a faithful representation of Ramsbottom's celebrated Engines, which are now so extensively used on the London and North-Western Railway, in conjunction with the "Black Prince" Class for Express Traffic. The Loco. is splendidly enamelled and lined in correct L. and N.W. Ry. Colours. Length over all 20 in., height 6 in., 1¾ in. Gauge. Set of Rails to suit. Price for a very short time only, 27/6.
Same Loco. in 2 in. Gauge, with Set of Rails to suit, 34/-

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO., NORTHAMPTON.

BOVRIL

helps an athlete to become a Shrubb, a Holbein, or a Hackenschmidt.

These three and many other famous athletes have testified to the beneficial results of the use of Bovril.

An admirable Food for Cyclists, Footballers, Golfers,

EPPS'S

THE CREAM OF COCOAS.

COCOA

and all engaged in outdoor sports and pursuits

SEEKING A PROFESSION.

STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

Premium Moderate.

Exceptional Advantages for Training as above.

Students from these Works have obtained IMPORTANT posts in H.M. Navy and Mercantile Marine.

For terms and full particulars apply to—

COX & CO.

Engineers & Shipbuilders

Docks Ironworks & Dock Head Foundry, FALMOUTH.

Approved for the Practical Training of Candidates for the direct entry of Probationary Assistant Engineers in His Majesty's Navy.

PETER'S

MILK-CHOCOLATE

Digitized by Google

WHY IS BRIGHT'S "A B C"

THE MOST POPULAR

CATALOGUE NOW PUBLISHED?

Because it is the only complete Catalogue in the English language, and the only true basis for both buying and selling stamps.

NOW READY. **The 6th Edition "A B C" Catalogue for 1905.**

Nearly 900 pages, and with about 4,000 Illustrations, giving all varieties of Watermark, Perforation Paper, Type, &c., for Stamps, and full list of Post Cards, Envelopes, Wrappers, &c. **Price 2s. 6d.; or Post Free, 2s. 10d.**

PART I.—Containing **STAMPS only** of all the world, 650 pages. **Price, 1s. 6d.; or Post free, 1s. 9d.**

The Greatest Success of the Year is BRIGHT'S STAMP MARKET.—For the Purchase and Exchange of Collectors' Duplicates. Write for full particulars.

Selections sent on Approval to all parts of the Globe. We are the cheapest dealers in the West End, or anywhere else.

Price List of Sets, Packets, Albums, &c., &c., Post Free on application. Interchangeable Albums, from 8d. upwards.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 STRAND, LONDON.

SPECIAL OFFER TO COLLECTORS!

GRAND 1/- PARCEL FREE!!

We are making this offer to bring before the notice of readers of the "Captain" our **NEW LIST** of bargains and Illustrated Catalogue, containing scores of Bargains in Packets, Sets, and Albums, &c., and also a descriptive Guide to collecting.

The Parcel contains the following:—**100 FOREIGN STAMPS** including Chili, **CONGO** Leopard, Indian Native States, Cape of Good Hope, **Set** three Costa Rica (1882 surcharged), **INDO-CHINA** (new issue), Canada, Victoria, Deccan, &c., &c.; **A PACKET OF STAMP MOUNTS** (best quality); **A Perforation Gauge,** with full instructions; and a Grand Set of **THREE NORTH BORNEO.**

The Whole Lot ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your Name and Address, with two 1d. stamps for postage, &c., and we will send the above **PARCEL,** *together with our Catalogue, per return. This is a* **Genuine Offer.** *Only one lot given away to each applicant. Colonial postage, 2d. extra.*

KING BROS., Ltd., BILSTON.

STAMPS.—As an advertisement during the 1904-5 Season, I am selling all stamps purchased from my Cheap Approval Selections at **HALF-PRICE,** and the first 50 Applicants for Approval Sheets during this month, enclosing 1d. stamp to cover postage, will receive **GRATIS** the scarce **2d. E.R.I. Transvaal** surcharged **"Halfpenny."**

W. H. REGAN, 51 Queen's Road, Bayswater, London, W.

COINS.—Pamphlet on the Copper, Tin, and Bronze Coins of England, 16 pages. Illustrated with 38 Wood-Engravings, with List of Coins for disposal. 7d. post free.

W. H. REGAN, 51 Queen's Road, Bayswater, London, W.

SELECTIONS of RARE STAMPS or COINS sent on approval to **Advanced Collectors** on receipt of satisfactory references.

W. H. REGAN, 51 QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.

Established 1890. **W. H. REGAN'S Monthly Stamp and Coin Circular, sent post free to all Clients.** Telephone 1241 Western.

THE "ONKAPARINGA" STAMP COMPETITION.

In connection with my well-known Series of Approval Books.

FIRST PRIZE.—**A Collection of 2,000 Varieties of Foreign and Colonial Stamps mounted in a LATEST Edition Gibbons' Imperial Album, in Three Vols.**

OVER 100 OTHER PRIZES.

Send for 4-page Descriptive Circular.

L. S. CHARLICK,
28 GLENLOCH ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, N.W.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co., Marshfield, Bradford, Yorks.

SUPERIOR MIXTURES. British Colonies, 6d. 100; Queenslands, 6d. 100; Mexico, old and new, 3/1 100; Bulgaria, old and new, 9d. 100; Japan, 3d. 100; Russia, 4d. 100; South and Central American, 3/1 100; Italy, new, 6d. 100; Colonial and Foreign, fine mixture, 2/6 1,000. **PACKETS:** Colonial and Foreign, 100 different, 3d.; 500 different, 10d.; 500 different, 4/-; 1,000 different, 10/6. Price Lists free.

A. MONTGOMERIE & CO., Stamp Importers, Brighton.

We have a

TREMENDOUS VARIETY

of Approval Selections to send out to responsible applicants.

A **Free Gift** to all mentioning *The Captain.*

Loose Stamps and Collections purchased.

J. W. SPOWART & Co., Foreign Stamp Importers, Southport.

J. JAS. ARTHUR & CO.

will send to Beginners, &c., Approval Sheets of Stamps at half usual prices, also subject to a good Discount. Satisfaction guaranteed. Established 1889, at

31 West Sunniside, Sunderland.

3d. **"PICTORIAL" Packet** contains 100 Stamps, including:— **3d.**

French Guinea (Warrior), **French Guiana** (Anteater), Nyassa (Giraffe), Congo (Leopard), **Madagascar** (Cows and Monkeys), Portuguese East Africa (Elephants), **Hayti** (Portraits), Turkey (Artillery), U.S.A. (Exhibition Pictorial), **Honduras** (Locomotives), Cuba (Landscape), New Zealand (Scenery), Barbados (Sea-horses), **Bermuda** (Docks and Ships), Brazil (Mountains and Indians), **Orange River** (Springboks), Costa Rica (Ships), U.S.A. (Liberty Statue), Mexico (Church), Bosnia (Eagle), and many other handsome Stamps.

Price 3d. Postage 1d. extra. In addition, purchasers desiring **APPROVAL SHEETS** receive **FREE,**

13 OBSOLETE FRANCE.

SPECIAL. 100 Stamps of Italy, Sardinia, Naples, S. Marino, States of Church and Eritrea. **3s.** Postage extra.

PERRIN BROS.,
57 Fortunegate Road, Harlesden, N.W.

"THE PICTORIAL," 3d.

101 Stamps, all different, including **FRENCH GUINEA, New Issue, Just out** (pictorial), **GRENADA** (King), **NYASSA** (Giraffe), **MADAGASCAR** (pictorial), **URUGUAY** (pictorial), **MALTA** (pictorial), **SOMALI COAST** (pictorial), **QUEENSLAND** (large pictorial), Mexico (pictorial), Nicaragua (pictorial), New Zealand (pictorial), France (pictorial), Egypt (pictorial), **CUBA** (large pictorial), Brussels (pictorial), Argentine (pictorial), **GREECE OLYMPIAN,** Costa Rica (pictorial), **ORANGE FREE STATE,** U.S.A. (pictorial), W. Australia (pictorial), **JAMAICA** (pictorial), New S. Wales (pictorial), **MALAY STATES** (pictorial), Barbadoos (pictorial), **LABUAN** (pictorial), &c., &c.

Send now for our

NEW PRICE LIST

and

GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING.

3d. Postage, 1d. extra (Colonies and Abroad, 3d. extra) Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION every purchaser of this packet applying for a selection of our Ideal Approval Sheets will receive a

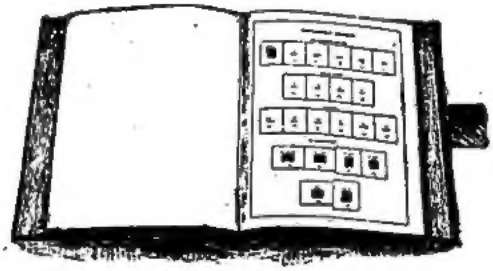
SET OF TEN NICARAGUA GRATIS

(all pictorial).

It contains particulars of over **800** different **Sets,** priced from **2d.** to **£9**; over **80 Packets** and **Mounted Collections** from **3d.** to **£45**; over 30 different **Stamp Albums** and **Postcard Albums** from **6d.** to **£13.** &c., &c Post free on application. **Mounts, 6d.** per 1,000. **50 AUSTRALIAN** (including Fiji), all different **7d.**, Colonies and Abroad, **9d.**; Complete set of 6 **ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL** (quite obsolete), 5/9 (catalogued 10/10).

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, (The Pioneers of Cheap Packets), **SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, N.E.**

Digitized by Google



THE STANDARD ALBUM

has come to stay!

Every purchaser delighted with it. Spaces numbered to correspond with catalogue numbers. Illustrated on a novel plan. *Will be sent on approval.* Write for new Illustrated Prospectus, with full details and copies of testimonials.

UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD.

Fifth Edition (1905) now ready, 422 pages, 2,900 illustrations. Includes all Stamps issued to date of publication, with price of each, unused and used. No bewildering perforation measurements or minor varieties. The ***only*** catalogue for the general collector. Cheapest, simplest, neatest, and most easily understood. Price **1s. 6d.**, post paid anywhere.

OUR 1905 PRICE LIST of Packets and Sets of Stamps comprises 68 closely-printed pages, and will be sent gratis on receipt of a penny stamp for postage. Our Packets are the very best value obtainable. Give them a trial!

MONTHLY NOVELTY LIST sent free on payment of the postage only, aixpence for twelve consecutive numbers.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH. Established Thirty-five Years.

"N" PEACOCK PACKET OF STAMPS 2D.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS, INCLUDING

Post. extra.

NORTH BORNEO, 5c. (**Peacock**, a very handsome Stamp), **Congo** (leopard), **Madagascar** (cow and monkey), Venezuela (Instruction), oblong Guatemala (parrot), Barbados (sea-horses), Western Australia (swan), Jamaica, Cape Colony, India, Philippine Isles, N.Z., new issue Gilbert Islands, &c., &c. Postage 1d. extra. Handsome **PRICE LIST**, 72 pages, 150 illustrations, gratis and post free. Contains offers of thousands of bargains in sets, packets, albums, &c. Send for a copy now. We sell **Picture Postcards**, good and clean. Try a packet of 25 different full-size views, post free, **4d.** Giving unequalled satisfaction.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

COLLECTIONS WANTED.

I buy Collections and loose lots of Postage Stamps and pay the very highest prices for same. Cash sent by return for suitable parcels. Packets also bought.

I have a splendid assortment of Approval Books of British Colonials and Foreign Stamps, priced to allow 50 per cent. (**6d.** in the **1s.**) discount. Full of bargains.

JOHN JAMES COATES,

4 SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.

Established 1879.

---

50 % OFF GIBBONS' 1904 CATALOGUE.

Approval Books containing fine Stamps, now ready to be sent out. High discount 50% off Gibbons' 1904 Catalogue. Plenty of bargains. State wants.

W. HOUTZAMER, 161 Strand, London, W.C.

'XTRA SP'L. Post Free 4d.

125 Genuine Foreign Stamps, every one different, including Corea unused, Martinique, Fiji, New Zealand, Columbian Republic unused, Cuba unused, Venezuela unused, Costa Rica, Bosnia, Mexico, Cape of Good Hope, Chili, Brazil, Argentine, &c., also the following Sets: 6 Canada, including King's Heads; 6 U.S.A., including 2 oblong picturesque; 5 Australian, and 6 Japanese. Every purchaser of this Packet also purchasing from our Approval Sheets is presented gratis with four handsome unused long Ecuadors, catalogued 6d. each and a Japanese Stamp with Head of a General. Only one Packet to each applicant. Large Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

CAPE & CO., Stamp Importers, BRISTOL.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS

of stamps of all countries, in good condition, at very low prices. Large discount. Catalogue free.

BRIDGER & KAY, 65 Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C.

"THE IRONCLAD PACKET." 1D.

This Packet contains a splendid selection of Foreign and Colonial Stamps and NO common Europeans, as often found in cheap packets; it includes the following:—**4 U.S.A. (Ironclad) War Stamps**, Argentine, **Chinese Empire**, Western Australia (Swan), Cuba (arms, unused), **Peru** (condor), 6 Canada including 1868 and King's Head issues, 3 **JAPANESE POST-CARDS, Borneo**, Transvaal (King's Head), and a fine obsolete Costa Rica. All the above for 1d. (postage 1d. extra), 2d. in all. Worth over 1/- This packet will only be supplied to those who **ask to see** my world-famed Approval Sheets.

Beautiful Pictorial Postcards, 100 different for 2/6. 50 different stamps 2d. 100 different stamps 6d. 1,000 mounts 5d.

H. C. WATKINS, 58 Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

KING'S HEAD COLONIALS.

Complete your sets while you can: rising in value daily: many hard to get and some unobtainable: approval selections: references.

HERBERT, JAMES & CO., 43 Eastcheap, E.C. Tel.: 13028 Central.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (March) **4d.**! (Quote March when ordering.) **110** different, **4d.**, including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, Japan Prince Imperial and rare old 1 Yen, New Nigeria, surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d. (Views), surcharged Venezuela, W. Australia. Grand Large List Sets. Bargain 4d. Stamps upwards. 200 Mounts and 3 rare old Mexico and 3 Swiss Telegraphs gratis to all who apply for sheets. Bright's Catalogue 1/8, King's 2/6.—A. C. McAUSLAN & CO., 86 Bath Street, Glasgow.

1D. BLACK ENGLISH FREE

with Packet No. 204.—Contains **Chinese** Imperial Post, British Guiana, **Cuba** U.S. issue, Cyprus (**Queen**, Hyderabad, **surcharged** Dutch Indies, **Federated Malay States**, Gold Coast (**King**), Guatemala (**Parrot**), obsolete **official** Jamaica, **crown** type, Mozambique, **Newfoundland**, N.S.W. **Jubilee**, Orange River Colony (**King**), **pictorial** Tasmania, Transvaal (**King**), Trinidad on red paper. Price **4d., postage extra.**

The PREMIER STAMP CO., Brighton.

---

50 Stamps 6½d.

New Issues, &c. (Section 1)

APPROVAL SELECTIONS (Section 2)

(Medium to Rare—Splendid Variety!) **4d. in 1/- disct.**

B Colonials 6d. in 1/- discount.

European and Foreign

Jamaica (Pictorial) gratis to applicants for Approval Selections.

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine St. (opposite Town Hall), Croydon.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.

CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.
30 Argentina	..	6	28 French Colonies	..	6	30 Cuba	..	7
25 Hungary	..	5	45 Germany	..	7	23 Switzerland	..	5
15 Bosnia	..	3	21 Wurtemberg	..	6	20 Turkey	..	5
50 Belgium	..	9	24 Greece	..	6	40 Unit. States	..	5
21 Brazil	..	6	30 Mexico	..	5	22 Salvador	..	6
20 Bulgaria	..	6	31 Nicaragua	..	6	30 Venezuela	..	7
16 Chili	..	6	15 Peru	..	6	10 Borneo	..	3
20 Colombia	..	6	16 Luxemburg	..	6	30 Canada	..	6
15 Costa Rica		4	24 Portugal	..	6	16 Cape of Good Hope		9
19 Guatemala	..	6	35 Roumania	..	6	27 India	..	6
22 Holland		4	15 Finland	..	5	10 Newfoundland		3
20 Honduras	..	8	20 Servia	..	6	10 Labuan	..	3
19 Ecuador	..	6	50 Spain	..	9	14 Mauritius	1	0
70 Austria	..	1	6	10 Siam	..	1	0	17 Newfoundland	1	0
24 Chili	..	1	2	36 Cuba	..	1	6	10 Orange Colony	1	0
15 China	..	1	0	16 Philippines	..		8	9 Seychelles		6
30 Ecuador	..	1	3	30 Uruguay	..		7	20 Straits	..	1	6
24 Egypt	..	1	0	12 Jamaica	..		8	10 Transvaal	..		3
40 Japan	..		8	30 India	..	1	0	24 Victoria	..	1	0
10 Nicaragua		1	0	18 Labuan	..		10	20 West Australia			10
12 Paraguay	..	1	0	20 India				10 Johore	..	1	0
45 Salva or	..	1	6	Native States		1	0				

500 varieties Foreign Colonial, 2/6. 250 varieties Foreign Colonial, 6d. List of hundreds of packets and sets, free.

Only Address—**CASTLE BROMWICH, BIRMINGHAM.**

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

USED BY ROYALTY & PHILATELISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE CISTAFILE (PATENT)

SUPERSEDES ALBUMS for STAMP COLLECTIONS.

NO LEAVES. NO BLANK SPACES SECURE. ARTISTIC. INEXPENSIVE. EVERLASTING. UNBREAKABLE.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Lawn & Barlow. *Sole Makers & Stamp Experts.* 99, Regent St., London.

MR. EDWARD J. NANKIVELL, Stamp Editor of the "Captain," writes: "For the convenient arrangement and careful preservation of stamps, I find THE CISTAFILE THE BEST SYSTEM yet devised."

Write for it

THE COLOSSAL PACKET No. 2.

Comprising 13 grand King's Head issues from Natal, Cape, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Transvaal, Ceylon, India, Straits Settlements, **a magnificent set of 16 different Australias**, 5 obsolete Colonials from Lagos, Hong Kong, Trinidad, Orange Free State, 3 obsolete British Officials, 2 Argentine, **beautiful set of 3 Peru**, 2 long French, and **finally**, the 12, 15, and 24c. Labuan, which alone are catalogued at 7/6. This superb packet post free for **9d.** to those applying for our famed approval sheets at the **gigantic discount** of 7d. and 6d. in the 1s.

To those not asking to see our sheets, the price of packet is 4s.

SPECIAL.—5 Queen's Head Ceylons, surcharged "Un Service," 2d. the set; 6d. and 1s. South Australia 5d. the pair; 6d. and 1s. Natal, King's Head, 5d. the pair; 10, 25, and 30c. Straits Settlements, King's Head, 5d. the set; 6d., 1s., and 2s. New Zealand, 1s. the set.

A. W. TYRRELL & CO., 75 Little Britain, E.C.
(The oldest stamp shop in the City of London.)

ALL **FOR ONE SHILLING** to clear stock. Collection 200 different stamps from **South Africa, N. and S. America, Oceania**, etc., Catalogue value about 30/-, 2 Empire Pocket Stamp Albums, usually sold for 8d., and year's sub. 4 numbers of the S.C.B., listed at 6d. The above 3 lots post free **1/.**

THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., Horsmonden.

IF YOU WANT to add to your collection, write for this month's **BARGAIN PACKET**, 75 different stamps, many Colonial, price **3d.**, postage 1d. extra, and **ASK FOR APPROVAL SHEETS.** To every purchaser of this packet who asks for approval sheets I will present a set of **6 BRITISH GUIANA.** The Packet contains set of 10 India, set of Canada (Queen), Canada (King), Federated Malay States, Argentine (12c. old issue, scarce), Newfoundland, Cape (King's head), West Australia, Queensland, Transvaal (old issue and King's head), Rhodesia, &c., &c., all postage stamps, price **3d.**, postage 3d extra. **Do not fail to ask for approval sheets.**

NEW APPROVAL SHEETS ready, 50 **per cent. discount**, fine variety, selections of all countries, clean and perfect stamps. **WRITE EARLY FOR SHEETS.** Collections purchased, stamps exchanged. Foreign correspondence desired.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DISBOROUGH RD., PLYMOUTH.

FINE UNUSED BRITISH. **STAMPS OF ALL COUNTRIES.** A large variety in stock, at most reasonable prices. Send list of wants to, or call on, **ARTHUR & CO., 63 & 64 New Broad Street, E.C.** **USED KING'S HEADS.**

MARVEL PACKET. 100 STAMPS, including Austrian Levant 1904, Argentine, Bolivia, China new issue, Denmark, U.S.A. (1903), Great Britain (unperf. 1841), Sweden Official, Mexico, old Spain, Paraguay (Lion Surcharged Official), Costa Rica 1892, Ivory Coast, Venezuela, Spanish Morocco, India King, Travancore (Native State), Mauritius, Trinidad (Queen), Germany (official), &c., &c. **PRICE 3d.**, postage extra. **Selections** sent on **Approval**, priced **Low**, good **Discount.** **W. AINSWORTH, 11 Bethesda Road, BLACKPOOL.**

STAMP COLLECTORS! NOTE THIS!!

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN PACKETS.

2s. 6d. worth of Stamps for 3d.

This Packet, No. 78, contains 100 well mixed Stamps, including following:—Venezuela (Map Stamp scarce), Canada (King's Head), States of Colombia (new issue), Ecuador Jubilee (scarce), Borneo (native), Cuba (baby King), Brazil (old issue), Deccan (Native Indian States), Turkey (obsolete), Greece (latest issue), Argentine, Roumania (old issue), Canada (maple leaves), Spain, India, New Zealand (Universal), Costa Rica (1892), &c., &c. Post free, **3d.**

5s. worth of Stamps for 5d.

This Packet, No. 79, contains 100 well mixed Stamps from all parts of the World, and includes Labuan 12c. (Crocodile, this fine stamp usually sold at 1s.), Hayti (large stamp), Peru (obsolete), Travancore (Native Indian State), Mexico (obsolete issue), Queensland, New South Wales, Persia (old issue), Egypt (official issue), Roumania (latest issue), Bulgaria, Canada (map stamp), Porto Rico (obsolete), Ecuador (1896, rare), Trinidad (old head issue), United States (Buffalo Exhibition Stamp), Jamaica (Waterfalls, obsolete), Portuguese Indies (scarce), Nicaragua (old issue), Reunion (scarce), &c., &c. Post free, **5d.**

SPECIAL NEW YEAR COLLECTIONS.

500 Stamps, all different, Post Free ... **3/3**
1,000 " " " ... **10/9**

These contain all very nice specimens. A large quantity of rare stamps. Price is less than half usually asked for these fine collections. Satisfaction guaranteed. Money otherwise refunded.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount **6d.** in **1s.**
Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

Our Price List, Post Free on Application. Undoubtedly the Cheapest List in the Trade.

EDWARD COOPER & Co.,
14, Archway Road, Highgate, London, N.

STAMP COLLECTIONS AND LARGE LOTS BOUGHT FOR READY CASH TO ANY AMOUNT.

Parcels of stamps from abroad particularly desired. All packages sent should be Registered and contain List and lowest price required. Remittance sent per return of mail. Rare stamps and curiosities also desired, for which we will pay very high prices. The Royal Postage Stamp Album for British and British Colonial Stamps contains 250 pages, well illustrated, with full catalogue of stamps on one side and ruled spaces for stamps on the other page. The most up-to-date and cheapest album published, price 3/6 post free. Catalogue of Colonial Stamps, containing nearly 3000 illustrations, 250 pages, price 2/6, post free. Selections of Colonial Stamps sent on approval to reliable applicants. No rubbish sent, only nice specimens. A fine stock of rare stamps on hand. Lists of wants will have our immediate and careful attention. Our stamps are on sale in nearly 2000 Stationers' and Booksellers'. Send your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you the address of our nearest agent selling our Stamps, Mounts, and Albums.

Cable Address, "STAMPVOL: LONDON."

EDWIN HEALEY & CO.,
14 Wormwood Street, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.
Established over 20 years.

Telephone No. 8258 London Wall.

GRATIS! Bona-fide applicants for my famous Approval Selections enclosing stamp for postage receive gratis—
2 different new AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH and 500 best quality Stamp Mounts.
Everything at lowest possible NETT prices. No fictitious discounts. Colonial Exchange solicited.

Graham Morris, Twickenham.

A SPLENDID PACKET.

Containing 212 varieties, including the following **KING'S HEAD COLONIALS**: Grenada, St. Lucia, Sierra Leone, St. Vincent, Natal, Southern Nigeria, and many other good stamps. A fine selection of stamps on hand very cheap, and big discounts. Triangular Capes, Pence Newfoundlands, Canada, and Old Australians. **10d.** post free.

W. B. KIRKPATRICK,
4 Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W.C.

CHEAP PACKETS.—100 different varieties, 4d.; 30 different British Colonials, 6d.; 100 different Colonials, 1/2.
CHEAP SETS.—10 Brazil, 3d.; 7 Chili, 3d.; 10 Portugal, 3d.; 10 Mexico, 2d.; 10 Uruguay, 4d.; 6 Luxemburg, 2d.; 10 Sweden (official), 3d.; 5 Philippines, 6d.; 7 Tunis, 3d.; 48 Spain, 6d.; 8 Turkey, 3d.; 25 Indians, 1/-
CHEAP SHEETS.—Prices low; discount liberal.
EDWARD ROBERTS, 31 Pym St., Nottingham.

FREE **A 6/- "KLIO" FOUNTAIN PEN** **FREE**

The "NIPPER" Packet.

50 Post Free 4d. Abroad 5d. ALL DIFFERENT. Contains B. Guiana, Dahomey, Reveun, Costa Rica, Trinidad, U.S.A., N.S.W. No Rubbish. *To first sender of 12 couple packets the above Pen*—**GRATIS.** *Special Pen for Colonial clients.*

£5 if not as advertised.
Selections on Approval. Stamps purchased for Cash.
MARTINDALE & CO. (N Dept.), 155 Duke St., Liverpool.

QUALITY A SPECIALITY!

MESSRS. A. H. DINGWALL & CO., of 15 Crooked Lane, London Bridge, E.C., will be pleased to hear from collectors who desire quality more than quantity. During thirty years' collecting they have amassed a very fine stock of old Europeans on pieces of original and on entires, and have a fine assortment of books all ready to send out with varieties of perforation, shades, &c., &c. Old Colonials can also be sent on approval and collections of most sound countries. Only postally used specimens are sold by our firm, and we are buyers to any extent for old collections in good condition. We also have a good stock of King's heads and modern stamps. French and German Colonials, and append a short list of bargains for March. Great Britain King 4d. to 1/- set of five copies 6d., extra fine 9d.; Canada King 20c. 4d.; British Indies new 10c. 4d., 25c. 14d., 30c. brown 6d., 50c. deep brown 3d.; English Levant 5d. (88 paras) 3d.; Morocco Agencies, 25c. blue 3d.; S. Australia long 4d. and 6d. 3d. each, 10d. orange 8d., 1/- brown 4d., 2/6 mauve 1/6; N.S. Wales 8d. red 5d., 9d. Commonwealth 6d., 2/6 green 1/-, 5/- medal type 1/9; Transvaal 4d. brown 2½d., 6d. orange 3d., 1/- brown 4d.; Brit. S. Africa 5d. bistre 1½d., 2½d. blue 1d., 4d. olive 1½d., 1/- ochre, 4d.; U.S. 6d. Louis Exhibition 3c. mauve 3d., 5c. and 10c. 1d. each; extra fine 2d. each, France 2 francs 3d. each.

WANTED.—High values British and British Colonials for spot cash. Many bankers' references. Payment in postal order or cheque, not by stamps.

Address as above only.

COINS AND STAMPS.

Latest Coin List 32 pp., giving prices of over 1,200 Coins, &c. Price **3d.**, Post free, 4d.
1905 STAMP LIST 36 pp., free on application. **MOUNTED COIN LIST** (Spade Guineas, &c.) 4 pp., free on application.
MALTA King Stanley's A.C.A., 1d., 2d., 2½d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 1/-, 2/6 set **GIBRALTAR** (ditto), 1d., 1½d., 2d., 2½d., 6d. **10d. set.** Post 1d. extra. (Collectors are advised to fill in above before all weeks, changes and prices rise.)
King Edward VII. Packet, 50 varieties, used and unused, including British Honduras, Cyprus, East Africa and Uganda Falkland Islands, Gambia, Gibraltar, Malta, Morocco Agencies, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Somaliland, &c., &c. Price **2/6** post free.
A. H. BALDWIN, DUNCANNON ST., CHARING CROSS, W.C.

The Boy with a Brownie

gets double the fun out of his sports and pastimes by taking pictures of them. His powers of perception are sharpened and a new interest in his pursuits is awakened. *No Dark Room is wanted. Loading and Unloading and Development all done in daylight.*

Prices - - 5s. & 10s.

Full Particulars of these and other Cameras of all Dealers, or

Kodak, Ltd., 57-61 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

Branches: 96 Bold Street, LIVERPOOL; 72-74 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW; 59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.; 171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 Strand, London, W.C.

THE WEST-END PHILATELIST

EVERY READER OF THE "CAPTAIN" SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO "THE WEST-END PHILATELIST."

PRICE 1/6 FOR 12 NUMBERS

The Best Magazine for Stamp Collectors.

A Special Bargain offered every month to subscribers at a price that would be a real bargain to a dealer, and therefore much more so to a collector. Do not miss it. Can be sold again at a good profit.

Send for a specimen copy and also for **Price List of Sets and Packets** (now ready).

BOTH POST FREE ON APPLICATION. Telephone No. 4320 Gerrard.

D. FIELD, 4 & 5 Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, London, W.

THE WEST-END PHILATELIST

"EXCELSIOR" 3d. PACKET.

140 Stamps. All Different.

Including **TEN PICTURESQUE BRITISH COLONIALS** (such as **Turk's Island,** Jamaica, Malta, Western Australia, British Guiana, Tasmania), **SET OF TWENTY ROUMANIA,** obsolete United States, Hungary new issue, Japan, Chili, set of 5 India, Portugal, Greece, Sweden, obsolete Holland, Victoria, New Zealand, United States, Columbus, etc. Post free **3d.** (abroad **5d.**). And **Free to Every Purchaser** a **SET OF SEVEN SWEDEN SERVICE** (the scarce issue, used only on official letters).

1905 PRICE LIST,

60 pages, full of information, illustrations, and offers that have never appeared in any of our previous lists. It also contains

A GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING.

SEE IT before buying elsewhere; it is the cheapest and best list in the world, **post free.**

BUTLER'S MONTHLY CIRCULAR

6d. per annum post free. Send a postcard for a specimen. It will interest you.

We have confidence in your future patronage. To induce you to write for **Our List,** we will, upon receipt of **1d.** for postage (abroad 3d.), send it with a packet of 50 stamps, including Bermuda provisional, Brazil, Venezuela, picturesque Barbados, New Zealand, Tasmania, Queensland, Deccan, Egypt, Argentine, Chili, etc., etc.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

A REMARKABLE OFFER!

We are giving a set of 10 CANADA, Jubilee issue, Map, King, &c., to every purchaser of PACKET 23a. It contains 60 DIFFERENT STAMPS, including old Spain, Russia, Japan, Jamaica pictorial (obsolete), Barbados, Argentine obsolete, unused Venezuela, obsolete Brazil, Chili old issue, Java, obsolete New Zealand, Queensland, New issue West Australia, Hungary, Roumania, &c. Price 2½d. post free. Abroad, 4½d. ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

SPECIAL SETS!!

SPECIAL PRICES!!

30 Argentine, **10d.**; 20 Venezuela, **8d.**; 10 Finland, **4d.**; 20 Cuba, **4d.**; 35 Cuba, **11d.**; 50 Spain, **6d.**; 50 Roumania, **8d.**; 15 Wurtemberg, **3d.**; 50 British Colonials, **6d.**, 100 ditto, **1/-**; 300 different stamps, **1/3.** Postage 1d. extra.

GLOBE STAMP CO.,
147 CONSTITUTION HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX **6D.**

Any 3-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. C., 89, Aldersgate St., London. Post Free.

The JAPS at HOME.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

With Eight Illustrations. **Price 6d.; by post 8d.**

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED,
3-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

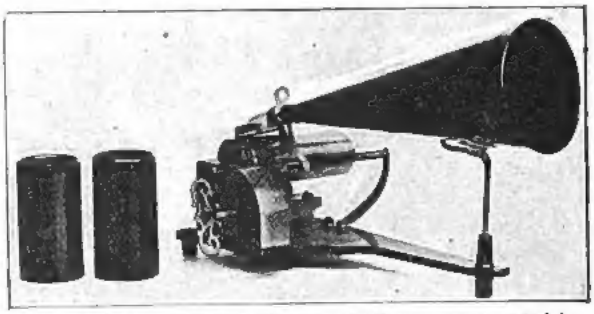
Digitized by Google

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

See page 571.

All Prizes are of the Best Quality.

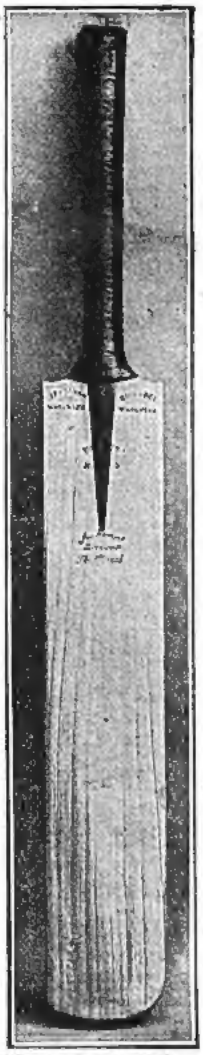
Three 10/6 "Swan" Fountain Pens are awarded in Competition No. 4.



Three of these New Columbia Graphophones are awarded in Competition No. 1.

See Competition No. 5 if you want one of these "Benetfink" Cricket Bats.

See Competition No. 6, if you want to win this "Guinea Cyko" Camera.



Three of these Guinea Cricket Bats, made by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons, are given away as prizes in our "MARCH EVENT" COMPETITION.

Two of these 10s. "Scout" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "SUGGESTION FOR PICTORIAL" COMPETITION.

Books, &c., are awarded as Consolation Prizes in all Competitions.

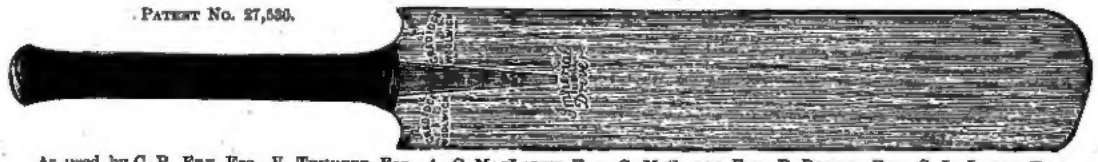
Digitized by Google

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in CRICKET, LAWN TENNIS, RACQUETS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c., &c.

Patentees and Sole Makers of the Famous "Imperial Driver" Cricket Bats.

PATENT No. 27,530.



As used by C. B. FRY, Esq., V. TRUMPER, Esq., A. C. MACLAREN, Esq., C. MCGAHEY, Esq., P. PERRIN, Esq., G. L. JESSOP, Esq., K. S. RANJITSINHJI, C. M. WELLS, Esq., J. DOUGLAS, Esq., G. BRANN, Esq., A. J. TURNER, Esq., E. M. SPROT, Esq., H. GARNETT, Esq., J. T. TYLDESLEY, A. WARD, A. LILLEY, A. E RELF, G. HIRST, H. R. MURRELL, E. H. D. SEWELL, L. C. BRAUND, A. E. TROTT, G. C. B. LLEWELLYN, E. HUMPHREYS, D. DENTON, W. RHODES, and all the leading Players in University, Public School and Club Cricket.

The Gradidge,
Extra Special,
Close Grooved.
The Fishtail.
The Special.
The Club.

LAWN TENNIS
a Spécialite.

EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE GAME.

PRICE LISTS and QUOTATIONS FREE.

Factory: Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

PARLOUR BIOSCOPES £3 3s.
COMPLETE.
Delightful Home Amusement.
CHEAPEST, BEST, AND MOST TECHNICAL in the WORLD.

Pumphenos Oil Lantern, giving 12 ft. brilliant pictures, **£3 3s.** Triple and Biunial Lanterns, high-class effects, as supplied to Mme. Patti, Polytechnic, &c. Grand Illustrated Catalogues, free, 6d. 30,000 Slide List, free, 1d. The Professional Bioscope, **£11 11s.** complete with Lantern. Bioscope Peep-shows, **£12 12s.** Large Illustrated Cinematograph List, free, 6d.

Before purchasing go direct to
Brewster House,
82 Mortimer Rd., Kingsland, London, N.

W. C. HUGHES, Specialist.

A Lasting Cure for NEURALGIA.

ZOX If you are in pain, try it to-day. It costs you nothing. Send us your address and a stamped envelope and we will send you two powders free It depends then on your free experiment whether you have faith in ZOX to cure Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, and Nerve Pains. Mention CAPTAIN MAG.

Of all Chemists at 1/- and 2/6 per box, or post free from—
The ZOX CO., 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

DO YOU EARN

£5 or more Weekly? If not then I want to send you free particulars of how you can do so. We have trained thousands of people to leave the ordinary and poorly-paid trades, and enter the field of Electricity. We can do the same for you, and ensure you a good salary. We train you by post, direct to your home & in your spare time.

INVESTIGATE THIS
for yourself, by writing to-day for our **FREE** book "How to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer." It tells you what we have done for others, and what we can do for you.

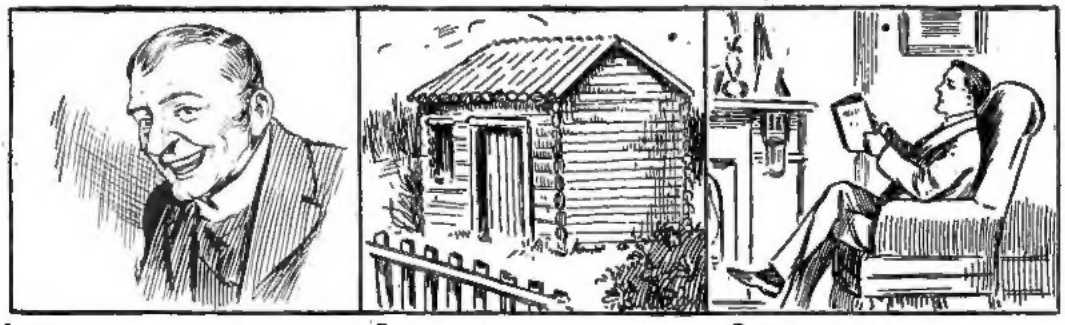
Write for a free copy to-day, to the SECRETARY,
Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction
491, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

Salary
£5
Weekly

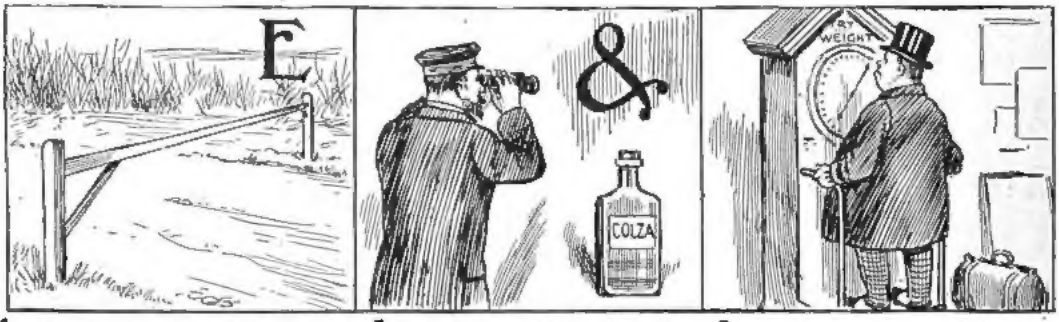
Digitized by Google

"HIDDEN AUTHORS" COMPETITION.

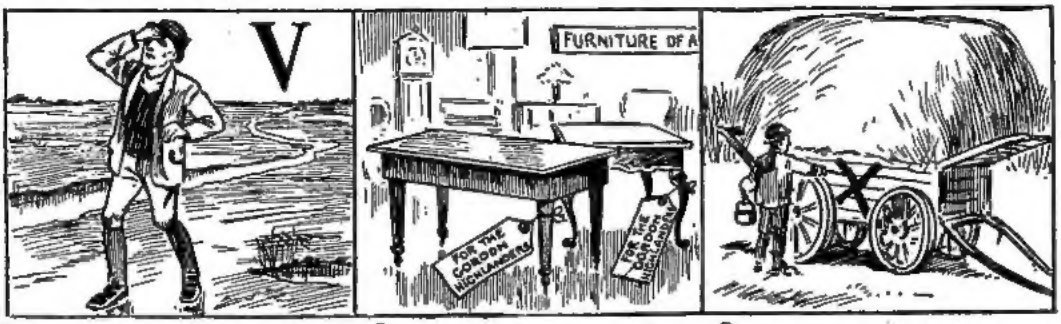
See "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS for MARCH, page 571.



1.—..... 2.—..... 3.—.....



4.—..... 5.— ..... 6.—.....



7.—..... 8.—..... 9.—.....

10.—..... 11.—..... 12.—.....

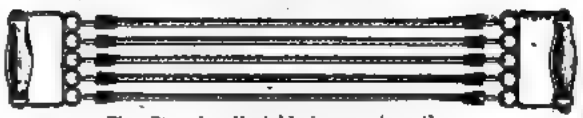
Name..... Address.....

Class..... Age ....

Digitized by Google

City Sale & Exchange

CHEST EXPANDER.



Five Strands adjustable to any strength.

Prices.

Ladies'	3/-
Men's	4/-
Athletes'	5/-

Postage, 4d.

THE WHITELY HEALTH EXERCISER.

Guaranteed English made. Packed in neat Box, complete, with Hooks for Door Attachment, Chart and full instructions.

Ladies'	3/-
Gents	4/-
Athletes'	5/-

Postage, 4½d.

SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER.

(Combination of Rubber Exerciser and Dumb-bells.) Each apparatus consists of:—Rubber Developer with Steel-plated Fittings Pair Handsome Nickel-plated Detachable 1 lb. Dumb-bells. Foot Attachment and Hooks. Course Photographic Anatomical Chart. Packed in strong Box, 12/6, carriage paid.

IRON DUMB-BELLS.

Octagon shape, uncovered, 1½d. per lb. All weights. Carriage extra.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on application (*mention "Captain"*).

BOXING GLOVES.

Buff Chamois	4/6 set.
Superior ditto	6/6 ,,
Gold Cape, stuffed hair ...	7/6 ,,
Superior Gold Cape; ventilated	11/9 ,,

THE PORTABLE STRIKING BAG.

No. 1.—With Spiral Spring, weighted with heavy Iron Stand, 29/6

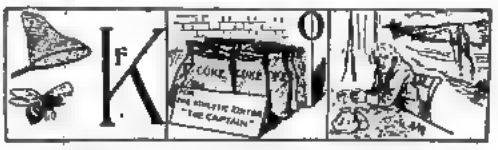
Carriage extra.

90, 91, 93, & 94

FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Correct Solution to the "Hidden Advertisers" Competition, from the Jan. Number, 1905.

See Competition Results.



1. Benetfink. 2. Fry's Cocoa. 3. Richford.

4. Gamage. 5. Diploma College. 6. Macmillan.

7. Riley. 8. Piggott. 9. Bassett-Lowke.

10. Clark's College. 11. Grasidge. 12. Redding.

NEWNES' LIBRARY OF RECREATIONS

A series of Books of useful and delightful amusements for Girls and Boys. Profusely Illustrated. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s. net each.

THE BOY'S HANDY BOOK. By D. C. Beard.

THE JACK OF ALL TRADES. By D. C. Beard.

WHAT A GIRL CAN MAKE AND DO. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard.

THE GIRL'S HANDY BOOK. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard.

HANDICRAFT AND RE-CREATION FOR GIRLS. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. With 700 Illustrations.

The Lady: "In fact, it is difficult to find anything in the way of work or play that is not represented, and the lucid instructions are supplemented by a great number of excellent sketches and diagrams."

At all Booksellers.

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED,
3-12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Circle of Death.

A STORY OF UNUSUAL SENSATION.

Wandering blindly one night into the unlighted engine room of a mine, the author fell into the great drum of the winding engine, only recovering consciousness when the great wheel was in motion, with himself a helpless prisoner inside! This appears in the **MARCH** issue of the

Wide World MAGAZINE.

THERE ARE OTHER ITEMS!—

a few of which are described below, but the **"THE CIRCLE OF DEATH"** is honestly worth the price of the Magazine by itself.

Yet the **SEVENTEEN** remaining items are quite up to the WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE'S usual excellence—they would not have been inserted otherwise!

READ

LONE STAR this month. The famous scout, in search of "Sitting Bull," was menaced by death in many horrible forms.

THE "DEAD ROOM" AT LITTLETON. The story of a queer dream—and its stranger fulfilment.

MY INITIATION. The terrible experiences which the author underwent during his first cruise are here detailed most graphically.

THE ELDORADO RUSH. A good, strong story of mining days in America, with some humorous incidents.

A MONTANA MAN-HUNT. A tale of escape and pursuit.

A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT is so good as to defy description—you must read it to appreciate the position of the author!

There is really no room to detail the numerous others—but they are all well worth a perusal.

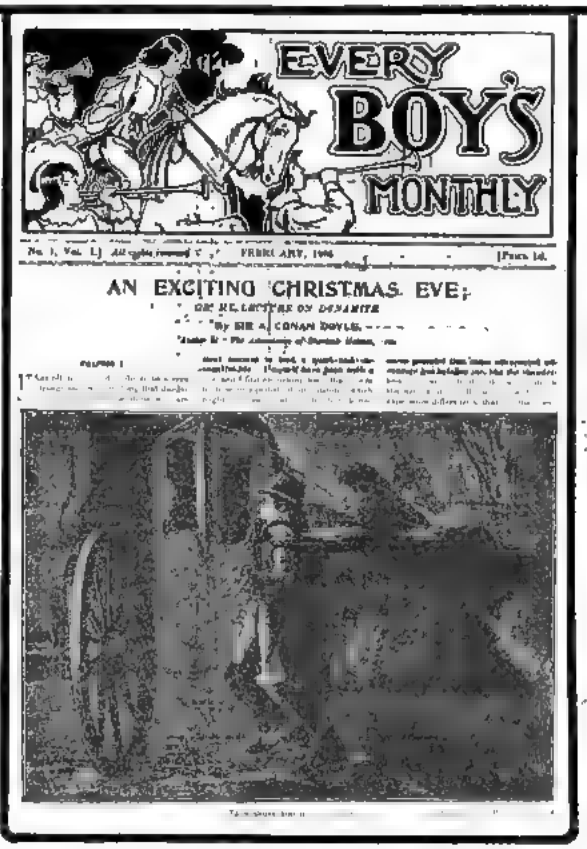
PRICE SIXPENCE.

JUST READY. **A New Magazine for our Lads.**

Price ONE PENNY.

EVERY BOY'S MONTHLY

PREPARED by the EDITOR of the BOY'S OWN PAPER.



24 PAGES (size of the Boy's Own Paper), ONE PENNY Each Month.

The First Number of the "E. B. M." contains

AN EXCITING CHRISTMAS EVE; or, My Lecture on Dynamite.

By SIR A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

AT CLOSE QUARTERS. By J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A.

THROWING FOR LIFE. By David Kerr.

A DOG-WATCH YARN. By J. A. Higginson, late Royal Mail Service.

WAS HE A COWARD? By Fairleigh Owen.

THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS, A PARADISE FOR BOYS. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., F.R.C.S.

HOW TO MAKE A NEW SHADOW GAME AND PUZZLE. By Eustace Baird.

LIVING CHAIRS. By Somerville Gibney.

ENTOMOLOGY IN FEBRUARY. By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.R.S.

PAPER TEARING. By J. W. Atkinson.

SOME ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS' SPORTS CHAMPIONS.

SLAVER-HUNTING UP THE 'BIQUE. By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N.

SPORT EXTRAORDINARY. By Cutcliffe J. Hyne.

HOW TO MAKE A SWISS TOBOGGAN. By F. J. Erskine.

THE ODD HALF-HOUR. By William Crompton.

Published Mid-Monthly, ONE PENNY, at the B.O.P. Office, 4 Bouverie St., E.C.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

is a jolly thing to amuse yourself and friends by MODELLING CARICATURES and GROTESQUE ANIMALS!

GREAT FUN AT HOME for the Winter Evenings !!

Tin Box, with Tool, 1s. 3d. post free.

PLASTICINE STUDIO, BATHAMPTON, BATH.

"THE MODEL ENGINEER" ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOKS.

Price, **6d.** each. Post free, **7d.**

A Splendid Series of instruction books for Amateurs and Students.

No. 1. Small Accumulators: How Made and Used.
No. 2. The Slide Valve Simply Explained.
No. 3. Electric Bells and Alarms.
No. 4. Telephones and Microphones.
No. 5. Electric Batteries.
No. 6. Model Boiler Making.
No. 7. Metal Working Tools and their Uses.
No. 8. Simple Electrical Working Models.
No. 9. Simple Mechanical Working Models.
No. 10. Small Dynamos and Motors.
No. 11. Induction Coils for Amateurs.
No. 12. Model Steamer Building.
No. 13. Machinery for Model Steamers.
No. 14. Small Electric Motors.
No. 15. Simple Scientific Experiments.
No. 16. Acetylene Gas: How to Make and Use it.
No. 17. The Locomotive Simply Explained.
No. 18. Simple Experiments in Static Electricity.
No. 19. X-Rays Simply Explained.
No. 20. Patents Simply Explained.
No. 21. Mechanical Drawing Simply Explained.
No. 22. Electric Lighting for Amateurs.
No. 23. Model Steam Turbines.
No. 24. Small Electrical Measuring Instruments.
No. 25. The Beginner's Guide to the Lathe.

PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO.
26c, POPPIN'S COURT, FLEET STREET. LONDON, E.C.

OUR AIM

in advertising in *The Captain* is to induce every reader to purchase either a **KING or PRINCE AIR RIFLE.**

These well-made air rifles shoot darts or BB shot, and only cost

3/6 each.

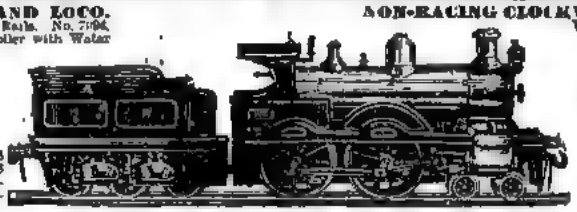
Unrivalled for amusement and instruction in shooting. Beware of imitations. Write for booklets to MARKT & CO., 30 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

SCALE MODEL MIDLAND LOCO.
Tender and complete set Oval Rails. No. 2 Gauge. Outside or Enameled Brass Boiler with Water Gauge. D.A.S.V. Cylinders, fitted with Reversing Eccentrics worked from Cab, Safety Valve, Whistle, Steam Dome, Outlet Cock &c. The whole splendidly Finished and Lined Correct Colours. Prices, with Complete Oval of Rails and Carriage Paid.

No. 1 Gauge	(not reversing)	31/6
No. 2 "	(reversing)	42/6
No. 3 "	" "	75/-
No. 4 "	" "	100/-

All Sizes in Stock, and also in Midland, L. & N.W. and L. & S.W., same price.



No. 2 Gauge. Length of Engine and Tender, 21 inches.

NON-RACING CLOCKWORK RAILWAYS.
Will not derail but run at uniform speed.

No. 1 Engine with Patent Regulator, Tender, Two Carriages, Guard's Van, and Oval Set of Rails. Brake worked from box Rail and Cab, 15/- post free.

No. 2. Ditto, larger, 25/- post free.

No. 3. Ditto, but reversing, 21/6 post free.

We also stock Electric Motors, Dynamos, Shock Coils, &c. Send for Engine and Electrical Novelty List Post Free

C. RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.
BRANCH DEPOT: 52a High Holborn, W.C.

RULES of FOOTBALL, with Special Information to Players, Referees, and Linesmen, &c.
RULES of HOCKEY, with Notes to Players and Umpires. Handy size for Pocket.
RULES of BADMINTON, with Particulars about Indoor Play.
Rules of all Indoor & Outdoor Games, **Free 3 Stamps each.**

AYRES CRICKET COMPANION, 1906 contains special article on CRICKET AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE, price **6d.**

Football Scoring Cards, 3d. per dozen.
WRIGHT & CO., 23 Paternoster Square, London.

H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP

MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound TECHNICAL and GENERAL EDUCATION to boys desirous of entering the MERCANTILE MARINE and other professions. SEVERAL NOMINATIONS to ROYAL NAVAL CADETSHIPS. Physical culture a special feature.

For full particulars and prospectus apply to the Commander, Lieut. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

P. F. Warner, Athletic Editor.

Editor, The Old Fag.

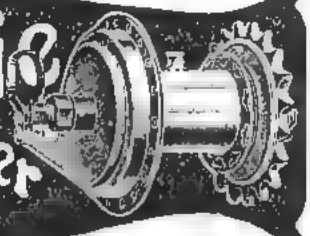
Contents for March, 1905.

		PAGE
FOLLOWING OUT INSTRUCTIONS	*Back of Frontispiece*	481
HE FIRED AS HE SPOKE, AND THE CHINAMAN FELL HEAVILY SIDEWAYS ... ... Drawn by ALFRED PEARSE.		482
AT HICKSON'S. (No. 6.—THE PERIL OF THREE.) ... .. Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.	F. L. MORGAN	483
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (SOME GREAT RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS.) With Illustrations from Photographs.	P. F. WARNER	489
OUR "PICNIC" AT KALASTRI ... ... Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.	H. HERVEY	496
SOME PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS CRITICISED		504
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER.)	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS	506
OUR CHRISTY MINSTREL SHOW ... . Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	STUART WISHING	509

(Further contents on next page.)

Keep your Bicycle up-to-date by having it fitted with an

Eadie Coaster HUB



enabling you to ride up hill, down hill, or against a head-wind with the greatest ease and pleasure.

By having one of the

EADIE SPECIALITIES,

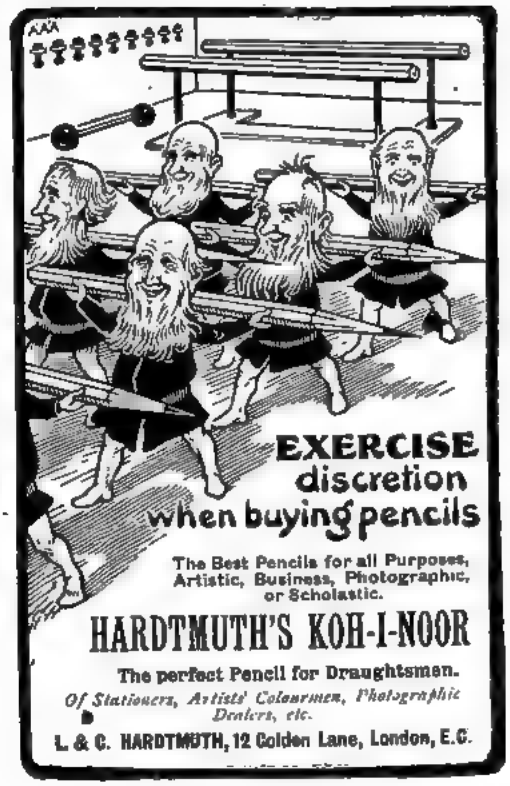
viz., either an

EADIE COASTER HUB, FAGAN 2-SPEED HUB, or HYDE FREE WHEEL,

you can convert an old-fashioned machine into one entirely modern and unmatched for comfort.

Write for Booklet and Gear Table, Dept. IX

EADIE MFG. CO., LTD Redditch



EXERCISE discretion when buying pencils

The Best Pencils for all Purposes, Artistic, Business, Photographic, or Scholastic.

HARDTMUTH'S KOH-I-NOOR

The perfect Pencil for Draughtsmen.

Of Stationers, Artists' Colourmen, Photographic Dealers, etc.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12 Golden Lane, London, E.C.

Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
THE CYCLING CORNER. (The Coming Season.)	Archibald Williams	514
THE SULTAN'S VIEWS ON CATS Illustrated by Rex Osborne.	Jaquetta C. Lemm	517
THE HEAD OF KAY'S. (Conclusion.) Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	P. G. Wodehouse	522
NATURALISTS' CORNER Illustrated by M. E. Step.	Edward Step, F.L.S.	534
TALES OF THE FAR WEST. (No. 12.—A Trapper's Protégés.) Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	F. W. Calkins	536
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (The Stamps of Monaco.) With Illustrations and New Issues.	E. J. Nankivell	541
THE DUFFER. (Conclusion.) Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.	R. S. Warren Bell	545
OUR BOOK CORNER Illustrated.		560
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	A. E. Johnson	564
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		567
COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH		571
"THE OLD FAG"		572
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		575
RESULTS OF JANUARY COMPETITIONS		576

The Captain is published monthly by the proprietors, George Newnes, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. IX., X., XI., and XII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. each. Vols. I. to VIII. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

C. B. FRY'S LATEST TIP TO ATHLETES.

"I can with complete confidence "recommend

BARLEY WATER

"made from

Robinson's Patent Barley

"as a drink very valuable to "Athletes during training, and "to anyone engaged in severe "physical exertion."

(Signed) **C. B. FRY.**

(*Vide* letter 3rd September, 1904.)

THE WORLD'S CURE FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

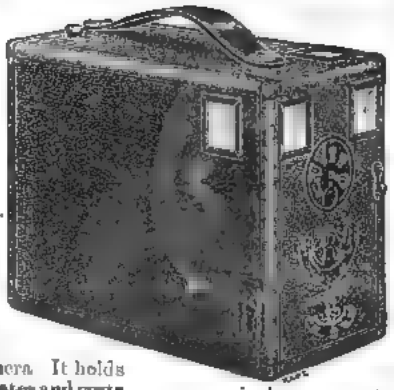
The enormous Success of Owbridge's Lung Tonic could not have been won, and continue to increase after ***30 YEARS,*** *apart from its great intrinsic merit as the most efficacious remedy ever known.*

Beware of Substitutes; ask for ***"OWBRIDGE"*** *when buying Lung Tonic and* ***TAKE NO OTHER.***

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT

Get a Camera for the .. Easter Holidays . .



There is no need to spend a lot of money on a camera nowadays. Modern machinery and modern methods have improved cameras and reduced their cost. Take a camera like the **No. 4 Mascot**, illustrated here. It has a Rapid Achromatic Lens, Everset Time and Instantaneous Shutter with Adjustable Speeds and Magnifiers for taking portraits at a distance of three feet or six feet from the camera. It holds 12 quarter-plates and costs **10s.** only. For those who are prepared to pay more, there is the most popular of all box-form cameras—the **GUINEA KLITO.** The 1905 model is about as perfect as a camera of this kind well can be. The focussing is done by a rack. There is a best quality Rapid Achromatic Lens, Iris Diaphragm, and a Yellow Screen for taking clouds. The "Klito" Shutter gives exposures of 1 second up to $\frac{1}{125}$. There are Brilliant Finders and a divided back door for removing exposed plates. A **GUINEA "KLITO"** will hold 24 flat films or 12 quarter-plates. Write to

THE FINEST GUINEA CAMERA IN THE WORLD

HOUGHTONS, LTD.,
88 and 89 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.,
for full particulars of cameras of all kinds and at all prices, from 4s. up. If you mention "The Captain," the lists are sent free.

Hobbies
ONE-PENNY
A WEEKLY JOURNAL · FOR · AMATEURS · OF · BOTH · SEXES

PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOBBIES contains a Weekly Article on **STAMPS**, written by an expert of the highest standing. *See also* **HOBBIES** for Photography, Fretwork, Metal Work, and all other pastimes.

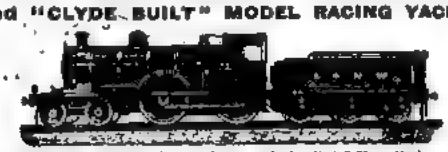
Ask your Newsagent for a Specimen Copy, or write direct to

HOBBIES LIMITED,
12c, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Established 1793. Contractors to the Admiralty.

BRITISH MADE

SCALE MODEL WORKING LOCOMOTIVES,
and "CLYDE-BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.



Brass tubular boilers, internal furze, outside D.A.S.V. cylinders, steam pressure gauges, whistle, safety valve, glass water gauges, &c. Length, 21 ins. Complete, with full directions. Tested under steam, and guaranteed gauge 1¼ = 2¼. May be had, pattern and enamelled and lined in correct colours, of the under-mentioned well-known engines: **Caledonian Railway Co.'s famous express engines; London and North-Western Railway Co.'s latest express passenger engines, &c.,** price 17/6, carriage free.

Illustrated Catalogue of above, and Engines of all kinds, Yachts, Signals, Cars, Wagons, and all rolling stock, &c., over 200 engravings, FREE, on receipt of stamp for postage. *To readers of Captain!*

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT,
Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians,
ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

"Beat of all!"

Which is really the best bargain?

A very "cheap" bicycle which will last about a year, or a machine costing a little more which can be absolutely relied on to wear for at least 6 years?

Price is a consideration, but . . .
QUALITY IS THE ESSENTIAL.

There is nothing second class about

Singer CYCLES

which are always characterised by refinement of detail. Prices from £8 10s. complete, with Free Wheel, Two Brakes, Plated Rims, etc.

But investigate for yourself. Our lists of

Singer CYCLES, MOTOR CYCLES, MOTOR CARS (from 225 Guineas, double cylinder engines), post free on request to—

SINGER & CO., Ltd., COVENTRY.
London: 17, Holborn Viaduct.

BENETFINK & Co.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.

COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR CRICKET, RUNNING, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET BATS.

Boys', Half Cane, No. 4, 3/3; No. 5, 3/8; No. 6, 4/6		Wisden's "Crawford's Excelsior"	16/9, 20/-
Do., All Cane (as illust.), No. 5, 5/3; No. 6, 6/-		Odd's "Flexible"	20/-
Ditto, "Resilient," Selected, No. 6,	8/3	Gradidge's Selected "Imperial" Driver	20/-
Men's, All Cane	6/-	Gardiner's "Best"	20/-
Ditto, Ditto, Super	8/5	Dark's Selected Cork Handled	20/-
Ditto, Ditto, Selected	9/6	Cobbett's "Jubilee" Driver	16/3
Clapshaw's "Resilient"	15/6	Ayres' International	13/9, 16/6, 21/-
Warsop's "Conqueror," Improved	16/6		

Single Bat sent Post free.

Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Odd's, Gradidge, Clapshaw Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, Bryan, Gardiner

CRICKET BALLS.

Duke's SUPER	5/3	Wisden's Special School Boys'	3/10
Dark's CROWN	5/-	Ditto, Crown Match Ball	5/-
GRASSHOPPER	4/10	Per dozen, 57/-. *Post free.*	
Benotfink's Practice 8-seam	3/6	"ECLIPSE" Compo., 5½ oz.	1/9
Ditto, B.C.B. (Warranted)	4/6	Composition	8d., 10d.
Ditto, Ditto, Boys'	3/1	*Postage*, 2d.	

LEG GUARDS.

Boys White Twill	3/3
Ditto, Leather	4/11
Ditto, Super White Leather	6/3
Men's White Twill	3/6
Ditto, Leather	5/6
Ditto, Super White Leather	6/11
Ditto, White Leather Skeleton	7/6
Ditto, Ditto, Featherweight Skeleton	8/9
Men's White Kid Featherweight Skeleton	10/-

All Postage Free.

CRICKET STUMPS.

	Boys'.	Men's.
Polished Ash	1/5, 1/11	2/6
Brass Ferrules	2/4, 2/6	3/-
Ditto, Steel Shod	—	4/-
Solid Brass Tops	—	5/3, 6/6, 10/-
Ditto, Revolving Tops	—	7/-, 8/-

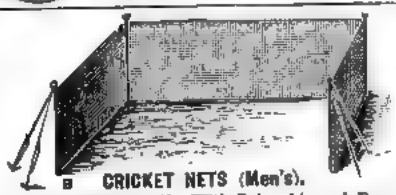
Postage, 7d.

CRICKET BAGS.

Fancy Carpet	5/9
Plain ditto	7/10, 8/10
Ditto, ditto (as illustration)	8/6, 10/-
Ditto, ditto ditto with Leather Ends	12/9
All Leather	23/-, 26/6, 28/-

Postage, 7d.

CRICKET NETS (Men's).



BACK NETS ONLY. With Poles, Lines, & Pegs.

18 ft. by 6 ft.	18 ft. by 7 ft.	18 ft. by 8 ft.
7/11 nett.	9/- nett.	9/10 nett.

WITH SIDE WINGS (as illustration). With Poles, Lines, and Pegs.

42 ft. by 6 ft.	42 ft. by 7 ft.	42 ft. by 8 ft.
17/9 nett.	19/10 nett.	21/9 nett.

STEAM TARRED.

19/6 21/6 23/6

Write for CRICKET CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Please mention "THE CAPTAIN."

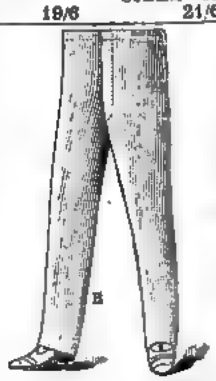
MEN'S BATTING GLOVES.

Padded Fingers	3/6 pair.
Grey Rubbered	4/- "
"Surrey" Shields	4/6 "

Postage free

Boys', 3d. per pair less. *Post free.*

CRICKET TROUSERS.



	Boys	Men's
White Flannel, shrunk	4/6, 5/6, 7/6,	4/11, 5/11, 7/11
Best Quality Flannel, well shrunk,		9/11 nett.
Best White Duc Cloth, guaranteed London shrunk		15/6
Plain Grey or Striped Flannel		7/6, 10/6
White Drill		5/11, 7/6

Postage, 4d. under 10/-

CRICKET SHIRTS.

	Boys'.	Men's.
White Flannelette	2/3	2/6
Ditto, Flannel	3/-, 4/-	3/3, 4/6
Twill Flannel	5/11	6/11
THE CLUB Canvas, White		1/11, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6
Umpires' Coats		4/11, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6

Postage, 4d.

CRICKET BOOTS.

The "UNIVERSAL" White Canvas, Leather or Red Rubber Sole	Men's 4/11
The "SPECIAL," White Mock Buck, Spiked, equal in wear and appearance to real Buck (as illustration)	8/11
The "MARYLEBONE" Buck Dressed Pyramid Spikes (Round or Square Toes)	10/6
The "LORDS" Real Buck Skin, Guaranteed Machine Welted, equal to Hand Sewn, Pyramid Spikes	16/6

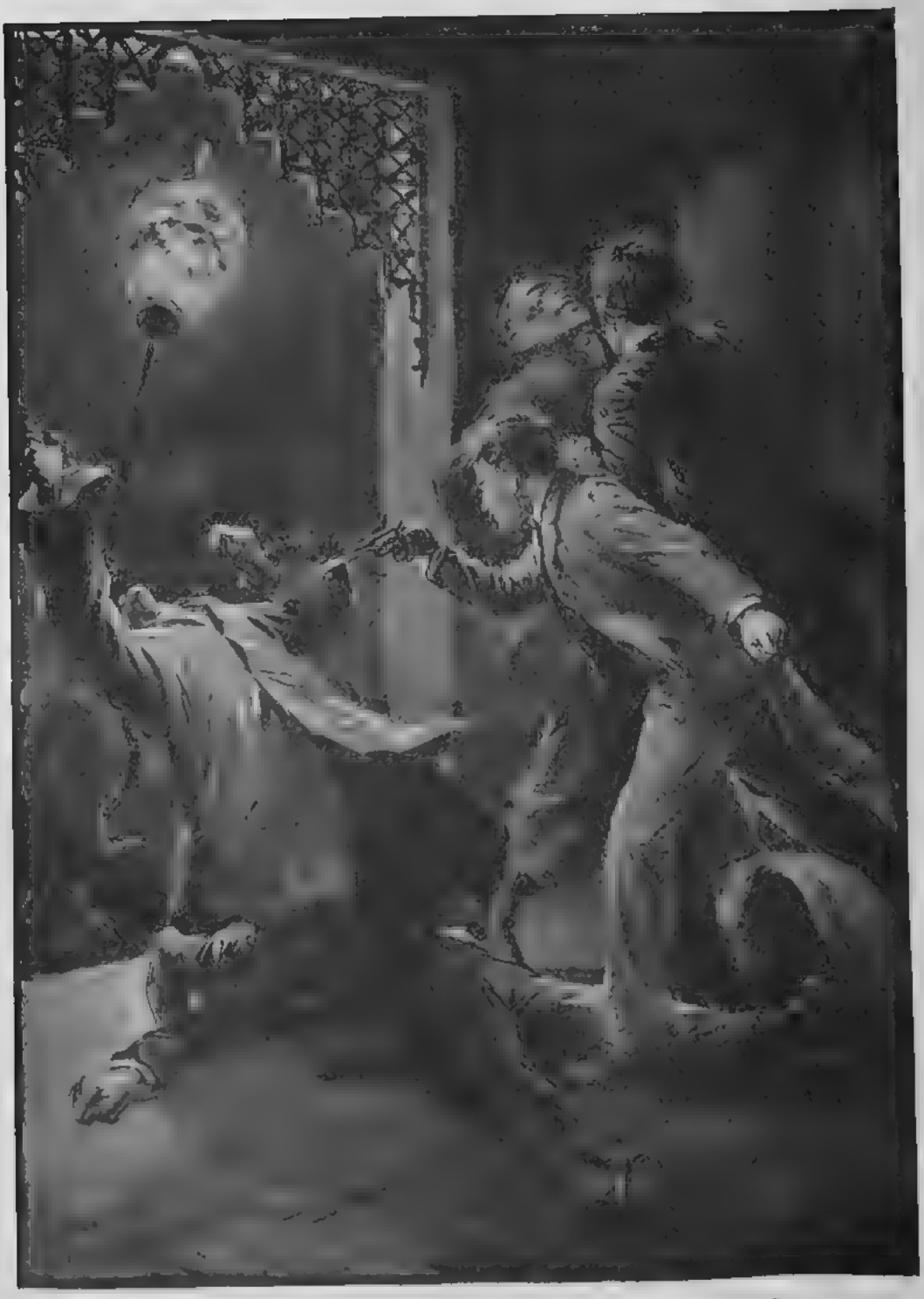
Postage under 10/-, 5d. pair.

Address:— (Dept. "V.") 107 & 108, **CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

[To Face back of Front.

FOLLOWING OUT INSTRUCTIONS.

Beetle Athlete (as a dewdrop falls):—"A shower-bath and a walk before breakfast—that's what C. B. Fry says, isn't it?"



"HE FIRED AS HE SPOKE, AND THE CHINAMAN FELL HEAVILY SIDEWAYS."

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 6.—THE PERIL OF THREE.

I.

JULIUS POLLARD stood at Hickson's gates with melancholy strong upon him. It was the last day of the term, and he faced the dismal outlook of three long weeks at Hickson's—*solus*. That there might be others in the same predicament did not cross his mind until a few words from two of Carr's blackest sheep, overheard just as the last 'bus was leaving the College, brought home to Julius the fact that he was to have at least one companion in his solitude.

Hodgson, large, bold, and ruddy, was climbing into the 'bus, while a pale and agitated Wodman (of the fifth, and known to Pollard only by a doubtful reputation) hung hold of the door-handle.

"Hodgson—swear you'll send the money. They'll kill me. I'm clean broke—swear you'll send it!"

With a burly laugh and an unconvincing "Take my giddy oath!" from Hodgson, the 'bus rumbled away, and Wodman turned, with a gesture of despair, to meet the part inquiring, part quizzical, and wholly contemptuous gaze of Julius Pollard of the sixth—a man of high repute, forced by certain untoward and unforeseen family reasons to spend the Easter vac. at Hickson's.

Wodman lowered his eyes and strolled away with elaborate indifference. More than once he had been censured by Carr's prefects for doubtful dealings, and neither he nor Pollard felt any pleasure at the prospect of the other's company for three weeks.

"One thing," reflected Julius, "I needn't have anything to do with the bounder. Hickson's is large, and San Francisco is at hand."

Just at that moment, a voice, soft and of the tenor persuasion, spoke at Pollard's elbow.

"Greetin', Pollard," it said; "mighty cheerful prospect, eh?"

Julius turned, and beheld a small but well-made form, with a singularly mild expression of countenance. Though, before this, Julius had exchanged only the every-day civilities with the fellow, he did not resent the familiar address. Indeed, even an Englishman could scarcely have taken offence, so friendly was the smile in the wide blue eyes. Without answering, Pollard stared up at Hickson's—red, dismal, deserted. Then his thoughts reverted to home sociable, jovial, united; and he sighed. The small one, who was called David Sharpe, and whose innocent countenance belied the weight of his seventeen years, regarded him sympathetically.

"I know," he said; "I'm feeling just like that, right now. They've got fever up my home, that's why I'm stopping here. Beastly, isn't it?"

"Rather," answered Julius, suddenly realising that Sharpe's company would be preferable to Wodman's, and evincing some personal interest in the youthful-looking fellow, who had a reputation in the fifth for eccentricities of the wildest and most varied description. "We can go into San Fran. though."

"Oh, yes," rejoined David, secretly pleased by Pollard's use of the plural pronoun; "we need only turn up here to eat and sleep. Wodman can show us San Fran. if we like. He spends all the vacs. here, so he ought to know the place."

Julius Pollard looked down sharply.

"Tha-anks," he drawled; "I rather think I should prefer not to have Wodman for a guide."

David Sharpe's eyes looked thoughtfully after the retreating Wodman, and he remarked:—

"He was whining to Hodgson for money just now. Obvious deduction—he's in debt. If we were Christians we should inquire into the trouble and haul him out of it. We accidentally overheard that he's in a

mess of some sort, and responsibility comes with knowledge, whether we will or no."

"I don't agree with you," said Julius, warmly; "Wodman is an unsavoury animal by all accounts, and I for one won't be mixed up in his dollar difficulties. The fellow has got himself into a mess, and—— "

"And therefore must get himself out of it. Of course!" laughed David Sharpe, with a faint sneer glinting for an instant in his large blue eyes.

Pollard looked thoughtfully after him as he walked away. What did the fellow mean?

The days went by without excitement. By mutual consent, Pollard and Sharpe paired off together, and it was certainly a case of two being company. Wodman apparently regretted this not at all, for he went off by himself each day; never speaking to the other two, and meeting them only when hunger made it unavoidable.

On the seventh day, Pollard experienced a slight disturbance, and on the eighth day he unburdened his mind to Sharpe. Said he:

"Do you know, young feller, last night about six o'clock I met a Chinee coming out by the Coll. gates."

Scarcely had his voice ceased, when a remarkable sight met the eyes of the two collegians. As if conjured up by Pollard's words, a Chinaman (within ten yards of them) was squatting on the ground *within* Hickson's gates, peacefully smoking a pipe.

The heathen Chinee is the white elephant of the Pacific coast—and particularly of San Francisco. Not but what he is fairly common all over the States. But it is in San Francisco that he has become a racial problem, and has annexed unto himself (by right of sheer filth) a part of the town. The whites, finding the Chinee an unsanitary neighbour, have left with common consent the Chinese quarter, which, though built for Westerners, has been absolutely orientalised. By reason of all this, and of his tendency to drain America of its dollars in order to enrich his own country, the Chinee, who for over thirty years has built houses and railways, nursed babies, cleaned, cooked, and washed for the whites, is, in the Pacific States, a reptile. Therefore immediately and with one accord, the Hicksonians fell upon the peacefully smoking Oriental, and kicked him beyond the College gates.

This done, David rearranged his cap and danced on the grass, to remove the impress of the reptile's form. While he was thus engaged, Wodman came up. His face was pale and drawn, and his appearance more unkempt than usual. He peered through the gates, glanced hesitatingly at Pollard, and then walked away again.

David Sharpe looked thoughtful.

"Obvious deductions," he muttered; "Chinee came to see Wodman. Pollard," he added aloud, "if Wodman asks you to lend him some money, what shall you do?"

"Refuse!" replied Julius, briefly, walking slowly towards Carr's doorway, meaning to wash and brush up before tea. Half way along the corridor he met Wodman.

"Pollard—could you lend me five or six dollars? I'm beastly hard up and——"

"No!" said Julius decisively, without pausing on his way.

* * * * * *

"Excuse native curiosity—but *did* Wodman want cash?" whispered David Sharpe, suddenly appearing at the door of Pollard's cubicle, about ten minutes after lights out, that night. It was one of the fifth form dormitories, but all holiday men occupied the same dormitory for the sake of company.

"Yes," replied Julius; "and I told him I wouldn't lend him any. It's some wretched affair he and that brute Hodgson have got into."

"You're right, my boy," said David, taking a temporary seat at the foot of Pollard's bed. "Imagine Hodgson, Wodman and a Chinaman—what a savoury concoction! All the same, I reckon we might rid Hickson's of the Chinee atmosphere—or at least we might try!"

Pollard frowned fiercely in the dark. Then, quite suddenly, he gave in.

"All right, young feller—anything for a little variety! What you've got in your mind about Wodman I don't know, but anyway, if anything can be done for the young fool, I'm with you."

Without a word, David felt in the dark for the hand of Julius, and gave it a hearty grip—grinning a grin of victory as he did so. Then he crept noiselessly out of the cubicle, and proceeded immediately to the sixth door on the left.

"Wodman," he whispered, "may I come in?"

"Yes—what is it?"

Wodman's voice was husky, and David had his suspicions.

"Can you tell me why you want money? Because——"

"No. Git!" said Wodman, savagely.

David went; and, as he closed the door, a stifled sob confirmed his suspicions.

II.

A WEEK later saw Wodman walking aimlessly down Market Street, San Francisco. At a discreet distance, and apparently with equal aimlessness, Pollard and Sharpe followed him—David with a pistol in his pocket. This was the third visit to San Francisco; twice before had the three cycled from Hickson's, put up their machines, and wandered down Market Street—the two unknown to the one. Each time, after about twenty minutes' shop-gazing at the rate of one mile an hour, sometimes in one street and sometimes in another, the investigators had suddenly lost sight of Wodman—whom they were determined to make some attempt to rescue, in spite of himself.

The afternoon was waning, and the two fellows were well-nigh tired of their slow progress, when David gripped Pollard's arm.

"Look, man—that Chinee we kicked out of Hickson's has just joined Wodman. We're in luck this time."

It was true. The Oriental and the Hicksonian were walking side by side. Pollard nodded.

"It was just here," he said, "that we missed him before, and—they've disappeared! Come on, young feller!"

Quickening their pace, the two came to a narrow turning, something between a doorway and a gate.

"They went down here," said Julius.

THE HICKSONIANS FELL UPON THE ORIENTAL AND KICKED HIM BEYOND THE COLLEGE GATES.

"Are you sure?"

"Dead cert."

Sharpe at once turned down the uninviting-looking passage. Dark it was, narrow, and strangely twisting. Before them, dimly, could be seen the forms of Wodman and his Eastern companion. The noise of San Francisco seemed to be deadened and shut out; only the faint whirr of the electric tram-cars could be heard, as if from a distance. After walking for some seconds in

silence, the two Hicksonians turned suddenly into a street lighted with lamps and lanterns and busy with shops. Painted balconies stood out from the houses, with coloured streamers and huge signs in golden, un-English characters. Men with loose blouses, wide trousers, slippers, and pig-tails down to their knees, paraded the street. Pollard and Sharpe paused simultaneously. They had come into the Chinese quarter—Chinatown, a city of dirt and colour, of superstition and debauchery; a city built by Westerners, yet absolutely oriental. Both fellows knew that it was not a particularly wholesome or safe place to be in, yet neither hesitated to go on.

"Let's follow Wodman, anyhow," said Julius; "he's up to no good, I'll bet."

David was rather more versed in the undercurrent of Chinatown's lawlessness than was Pollard. David knew of the terror and anarchy which are the real rulers of this East within West; of its secret societies which rob, blackmail and murder at will. He knew something of the cruelty and large share of personal vice which the San Francisco tame-cat Chinee lets loose in the precincts of Chinatown. Yet, with the sublime recklessness of youth, David pressed forward with his friend, only pausing to rescue a tiny child from the rough treatment of a half-friendly, half-hostile dog, and hand it to a solemn-looking Chinaman, who received his offspring with guttural mumblings of gratitude.

Wodman, whose pace had increased, disappeared with his companion into a dark and apparently empty house. His would-be rescuers paused involuntarily in the evil-smelling doorway. Peering down a flight of rickety steps, they saw the glimmer of a light and heard the sound of voices—Wodman's raised in protest. In Julius was born a burning desire to go on; in David, a warning that to descend into an unknown basement in the Chinese quarter would be more than foolhardy. At length, however, the feel of the six-shooter in his breast-pocket, and the voice of Julius whispering, "Come on, feller; Wodman's down there!" overcame his caution, and the two collegians felt their way down, staring curiously around them as they came into the light below.

The place was a dark, foul-smelling courtyard, round which rose several storeys of wooden rooms, with verandahs. Through an open door at one end could be seen the interior of a doss-house, where in tiers of filthy bunks a score of men were smoking opium. Before the Hicksonians could take in further details of the place, they were surrounded by silent and stealthy Chinamen, two of whom, armed with pistols, took immediate guard over the steps leading up into the street.

Wodman, his face white and his voice shaking, turned on them angrily.

"You fools!" he cried. "Why have you come here?"

Without noticing him, David addressed the Orientals.

"You speakee Inkelis?" he asked, in his best pidgeon-English.

"What for numpa one piecee foleign devil in Chinee house?" responded one, whose portly and prosperous appearance suggested the merchant.

"We wantee this idiot foreign devil," said Sharpe, indicating Wodman; "he must come with us, right now—savvy?"

"Idiot-foleign-devil owe Chinee muchee dollars galaw!" answered the Chinaman, quick to pick up the extra word.

"Allee money paid later," returned David; "he must come now at once—right away—understandee?."

The Chinaman shook his head. "No can do so fashion," he said. "Numpa one piecee gentlemans come play. P'laps foleign devils win allo dollars!"

Julius stood firm as a general move was made towards the doss-house.

"I'll not go into that beastly place," he said. "Here, Dave, let's get out of this!"

"For heaven's sake don't be such an ass, Pollard," said Wodman, in a low tone; "don't you see they are all armed?"

Through the doss-house, and up a flight of stairs, led them into another room. Filthy, like most habitations of Chinatown (for the Chinee seldom cleans his clothes or his bedding, his floors or his furniture, or anything that is his), it was better lighted than the doss-house, draped in many colours, and contained already about a dozen men. These glanced up, evincing some surprise at the entrance of the Hicksonians. Several, however, greeted Wodman with much Eastern politeness, and soon all else was lost in dice, dominoes, cards, and several Chinese inventions which contain special advantages for gambling.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed David, "it's a gambling den! Wodman, have you been here before?"

"Yes," replied Wodman, miserably; "I

came first with Hodgson. He and I owe them about thirty dollars, and I haven't a cent!"

He turned with a white face and a pitiful show of pluck to the Orientals, who made as if to draw him towards the gamblers.

"No!" he said, loudly; "me no wantee. Me no play more."

"Amelican gentlemans no play? Foleign devils Chinaman's plisoners for litee piecee while galaw!" rejoined the Oriental, indicating to the Americans that they were to take up their position in a corner of the room, where two men, apparently servants, armed with pistols, were set to guard them.

The swinging lamps, Eastern figures, and close smell, the strange mutterings of the gamblers as the rustling paper money passed from one to the other, at first kept the minds of Sharpe and Pollard so occupied that they did not realise the danger of their position until an hour had passed away.

"How long will this last?" asked Julius, suddenly; "it's past six, and I'm mighty hungry."

"They keep on like this all night," replied Wodman. "As they grow tired they go down to the doss-house."

"Wodman," put in David, "tell us how you came to such a hole."

"YOU FOOLS! WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?"

III.

And Wodman told. It was a miserable tale of an orphaned and neglected childhood; of solitary vacations, bad company, and consequent bad habits; of efforts to reclaim himself, and of constant failures. Hodgson had introduced him to the Chinese quarter the preceding holidays, when they had contracted debts which several stolen visits during the term had not lessened.

"I made up my mind never to come here again. I thought I would give all this up and start afresh. But the Chinese know I stay at the Coll. for the holidays, and they sent a chap to persuade me to come and play again. They said they'd split to the Head if I didn't. At first I wouldn't. I asked Pollard to lend me five dollars—I thought that might keep them quiet until Hodgson comes back—but he couldn't lend it me, and I—I had to come."

The other two were silent. Both wished they had not given Wodman such a large share of cold shoulder, and Julius would have rejoiced had his pocket been lighter by the sum mentioned.

"Are you sure you owe it?" asked David, suddenly recollecting that the Chinee has a genius for fraud and treachery of any kind.

"I suppose so. And—but look, Pollard, there's not nearly so many Chinese in the room now!"

"No," rejoined David; "they're certainly thinning. Why, there's a chap giving them

pipes and getting rid of them as quickly as he can!"

What Sharpe said was the truth. A solemn-faced Chinaman was moving from one to another of the gamblers, giving them pipes and chatting genially with each one. He was apparently a man of great importance, for on all sides he met with deferential politeness.

Julius suddenly leant forward, white with excitement and hope.

"David—David, that's the man whose kid you hooked up out of the road! He's getting rid of the others to help us—to give us a chance of escape!"

There certainly appeared to be some motive in the deliberate way in which the solemn-faced Oriental inveigled his countrymen out of the gambling-den. When there remained only six men in the room besides the two keeping guard over the Hicksonians, Julius murmured:—

"Guess we might tackle them now!"

"The odds are too great—wait a bit," replied David. "There goes another down to the doss-house, and one more out of the door. Look, you chaps, he's trying to persuade the other three to go, and they won't take it on. Yes—yes, there goes one more! Fellers, I'll evermore respect Chinamen for the sake of that one who has emptied this den for us."

The friendly Oriental, having done his best for the whites, left the gambling-den by the door.

The Hicksonians stared round the room; at the two men throwing dice; at the motionless, yet armed, servants.

"Quick, fellers," said Julius, "before any more come in. Let's stick together, and tackle the two armed men first."

With a sudden movement, he neatly tripped up the Chinee nearest him, and immediately closed with the other. Wodman turned to face the two players, who had risen to the aid of their countrymen; and David hovered between the two groups, encouraging the Hicksonians and tripping up the Chinese—for David was no fighter. It was Wodman who knocked up a pistol, so that the bullet intended for Pollard whistled harmlessly over his head, and it was Julius who laid two men low on his own account—one with a broken nose. But the whites were both lighter and fewer, and the Orientals gained heart as the Hicksonians, beginning to show signs of exhaustion, were pressed backwards towards the flight of stairs. Suddenly David, seeing his friends were almost overcome, wormed his small form from the grasp of a Chinee, and, catching up a long bamboo pole, ran round the room, dashing out the lights as he went.

"The door—make for the door!" he cried.

Julius, freeing himself with a straight, hard left, followed immediately by an equally straight and somewhat harder right, was at David's side in a moment.

"Wodman—where are you?"

"I'm down! Go on, you chaps—don't wait for me!" came in muffled tones out of the darkness

As he ceased speaking, a portly form, carrying a lamp, came shuffling up the stairs from the doss-house. By the light of this lamp, which cast swinging shadows on the walls and gave life to the laboured breathing, the two Hicksonians at the doorway saw the fallen Wodman lying at the top of the stairs, with a Chinee apparently sitting on his head.

Sharpe drew out his pistol.

"Feller—put up the gun—you might kill Wodman!" shouted Julius.

David's young face hardened, looking suddenly many years older, and his blue eyes shone with a steady gleam.

"Come, Wodman!" He fired as he spoke, and the Chinaman fell heavily sideways, rolled down the stairs, and knocked his ascending countryman backwards into the doss-house, the lamp shivering into a thousand pieces.

In a second Wodman was on his feet, and, narrowly missing a bullet fired by one of the remaining Orientals, the three ran stumblingly through the darkness, out into the street.

A Chinaman hurried towards them. It was the one who had befriended them.

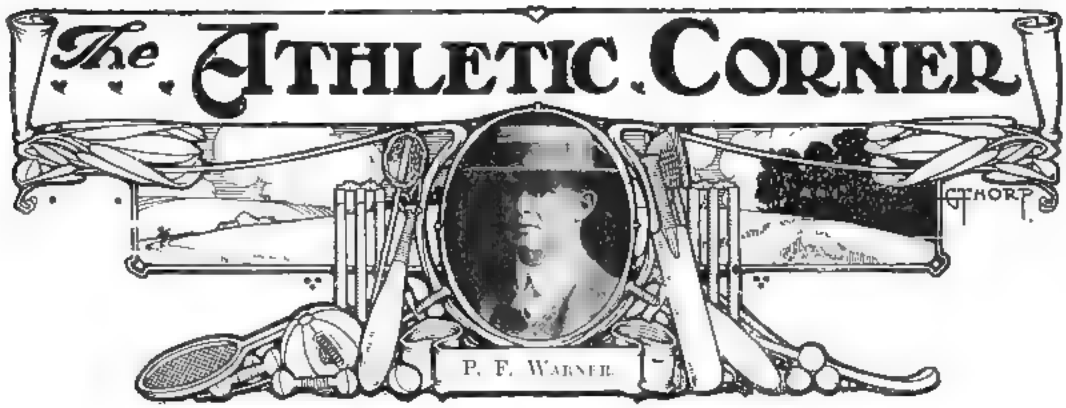
"Allo lightee?" he said, eagerly. "Quick—follow Chinaman!"

In a few minutes the Americans found themselves once more in the cheerful, orderly bustle of Western civilisation.

"I reckon you saved my life, Wodman," said Julius, holding out his hand; "I should have been a sure billet for one of the Chinee's bullets if you hadn't knocked up the beggar's gun."

They shook, and with square shoulders and a new light in his eyes, Wodman replied:—

"You chaps have saved my life in more than one sense, I guess."



SOME GREAT RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

I PROPOSE, in this article, to deal with a few of the best known English Rugby Football players of the present day. The majority of CAPTAIN readers are probably far more conversant with Association football, and know all details connected with the shining lights of that game, while they have very likely never so much as heard of many of the fine athletes and sportsmen connected with the Rugby Code; but as Rugby Football is one of the finest games that has ever been invented, I shall try in this article, by taking well-known players as instances, to show the way in which the game should be played.

The casual spectator of a Rugby match, who has never played the game himself, wonders what amusement eight men on each side can find in putting their heads down in a scrummage, and apparently trying to shove the opposite eight over—and, when this has been successfully accomplished, setting to work to form another scrummage and repeat the process. It does not interest him in the least to watch this performance. What he has come to see is an open game, with plenty of passing amongst the backs. Then he goes away satisfied, but still with a great pity in his heart for the forwards. The forward's lot in Rugby Football is, of course, not as miserable a one as our casual spectator thinks, but I am bound to admit that the prevailing custom of continually heeling-out to feed the backs, makes one feel that a position behind the scrummage is preferable to one in it. The brilliant points of the game, in the very great majority of cases, go to the backs, and the hard work to the forwards; but still, if the forwards fail to accomplish their hard work satisfactorily, sad is the lot of the backs. Hence we arrive at this point—that the backs do not have their opportunities if the forwards do not make them.

The forward, then, as the hardest worker—the man who gets most of the kicks and fewest of the halfpence—shall be discussed first. Personally, I think the day of the gigantic forward has gone, and as long as the four three-quarter game lasts, which of necessity makes the forwards more or less heeling machines, it will not return. A very good height for a forward is 5ft. 10in. or 11in.—with a playing weight of about 13 stone or a few pounds more. The big hulking forward of well over 6ft. and 14 stone is, of course, very useful for certain points of the game, but is apt to be a nuisance in the scrummage—and must never find himself in the front row, as he is almost impossible to pack with, and quite upsets the general comfort, and very often the effectiveness of the others. Certainly

THE TWO BEST FORWARDS OF THE PRESENT DAY

in England, in my opinion, or, at any rate, on last year's form, are Frank Stout, the Richmond captain, and Cartwright, last year's Oxford captain, and both of these, I should think, run to about the height and weight I mentioned.

Frank Stout, as far as International Football is concerned, has had rather a chequered career. He first played for England about eight years ago, and in those days he was a very different player to the Frank Stout

Photo.] [Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

A RUSH BY THE FORWARDS.

of to-day. Then he was so extraordinarily brilliant in the loose—his dribbling, running, and tackling being always so very much in evidence. He was accused—whether rightly I am not at all convinced—of doing no work in the scrummage, and consequently, for quite a number of years—from 1899 till 1902-3—he did not figure in another English side. During the later part of this period he was gradually changing his style of play, and for the last two years, at any rate, no one could have had the slightest doubt as to his doing his own and a good deal more than his own share of the work in the scrummage. This has naturally, to some degree, spoiled the brilliance of his operations in the open, but even to-day he is a fast and clever dribbler, uses his hands well, and is a good tackler. In the scrummage he is an excellent leader of forwards, keeping them well together, while he is clever at getting the ball when it is put in.

FRANK STOUT.
Photo. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

CONCERNING CARTWRIGHT.

J. Daniel, who, though he has now given up the game, was, in his day, the best forward in England, tells me that the first time he saw Cartwright he thought him a great player. This was in September or October, 1901, and Cartwright was playing for the Harlequins against Richmond, just before going up to Oxford. Since that game, four years ago, he has gone on improving, and to-day he is one of the cleverest and most finished performers in the four kingdoms. No one could have played a finer game than he did in the 'Varsity match of 1903. Oxford's success in that match was almost entirely due to him, and if ever any one individual may be said to have won a 'Varsity match by himself, Cartwright is that man. By this I do not in the least mean that Cartwright scored and converted every Oxford try—to the best of my remembrance he did not score at all, and perhaps the unskilled spectator of that game might not have singled him out beyond any other of the Oxford forwards; but, watching him from the touch line, one could see, almost as well as if one was playing in the game, how he was always up first in the middle row of almost every scrummage that was formed, the result being nearly always the same—Oxford got the ball. Cambridge

went up to Queen's an unbeaten side, and were defeated by the skill and genius of one man—and he a forward, the maker of the opportunities for his backs, of which they certainly availed themselves well.

Shall we now turn to

THE HALF-BACKS

—the connecting link between the forwards and three-quarters? The best of forwards with the best of three-quarters will find it a most difficult task to beat another side (granting it is a fairly good one) if the connecting link is weak. The Cambridge team of 1900 had a very good scrummage, I think seven Internationals, and the three-quarters were well up to average 'Varsity form, but halves we could not find anywhere. One, O. V. Payne, was a fair player without being brilliant, and for the other place a dozen different men were tried. The result was that the opportunities made by the forwards were continually wasted, because the halves were unable to feed the three-quarters with any certainty.

A half-back has two distinct games to play; (1) offensive, (2) defensive, and these two games are so different that you seldom find one half-back really excellent at both.

Without giving offence to many other great half-backs, I propose discussing the play of the two 'Varsity captains of this season, to show the difference of style.

Stoop, the Oxford captain, is one of the most brilliant attacking half-backs of the present day. He is wonderfully clever with his hands and feet, makes delightful openings for the men behind him, and passes well. When he takes the scrummage he gets the ball away quicker than almost anyone I have ever seen. Nobody who saw the try he scored in this year's 'Varsity match will need any remarks by me on his running and swerving powers; but perhaps I may be allowed to mention

THE ONE LITTLE SECRET THAT MAKES HIS RUN SO DANGEROUS.

Run and tackle him when he is well under weigh, and you will find that just as you are ready to hurl yourself at him to make the tackle, he has slipped out of range—in short, he has the wonderful faculty of just putting on that extra pace for a few yards to carry him out of danger, when all the time going at full speed. Unfortunately, Stoop's defensive game is not to be compared with his offensive, as, although he tackles well and often picks the ball off the very toes of dribbling forwards, yet he will not go down on it, which is the only certain way of stopping a forward rush.

Photo.] [Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

A SCRUMMAGE.

This now brings us to Mainprice, whose forte is defence; he is a very fine tackler and one of the most difficult half-backs to dribble past. He throws himself down on the ball, and your rush is nipped in the bud at once. He is absolutely fearless, and one frequently sees him lying prone on the ball with a seething mass of feet round him, and the next moment up again quite cheerfully, as if being kicked all over was a pleasure rather than a pain. As an attacking player he is not nearly as quick as Stoop, nor are his passes as certain. This latter is chiefly because he so frequently passes with one hand instead of two, and consequently the direction is as often as not rather inaccurate.

If one could combine Stoop's attacking powers and Mainprice's defensive powers in one person, then you would have your ideal half-back.

THE GREAT RAPHAEL.

The three-quarter, like the half, of course, has two games to play—attack and defence. If his forwards are winning and the halves are sound, it will be practically all attack; on the other hand, if his forwards are losing and his halves are weak, it will be all defence. As an attacking player and a centre, Raphael stands alone amongst English three-quarters. On his day, with winning forwards in front of him, he is practically unstopable, but he is one of the most difficult players in the world to rely on, as you can never tell what he is going to do. When he plays well, I have scarcely ever seen anyone play better; when he plays badly, I cannot imagine anyone much worse. Still, he is a player

J. E. RAPHAEL.
Photo. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

you can hardly leave out of any English side, as he is the one three-quarter in the country who is capable of winning a match by himself, and after all, when you have a man of these possibilities on your side, you are not likely to be beaten. If you want to win International matches you must risk something, and I am not at all sure that the Selection Committee have not of late years been going rather too much for sound mediocrity, which has not been any too successful, and that now they may not try a new line—unsound brilliancy—if one may call it so.

Personally, I think the finest centre three-quarter England has had in the last five years is Jack Taylor, formerly of Yorkshire, and now of Durham. His defence and kicking powers are wonderful. He is the finest drop-kick I have ever seen. The length of his kicks is simply enormous—no matter whether the ball is heavy and wet, or light and dry, or if he is kicking with the wind or against it. As an attacking player he is also very dangerous—more especially when you are anywhere near your opponents' line—as he is very quick on the mark, and has a wonderful way of bursting right through two men. Simpson, of Northumberland, is undoubtedly

THE FINEST WING IN ENGLAND

—and I am not at all sure that the first game he ever played for England was not his best; he certainly could never have played better—and that he played was mere chance. It was the England and Scotland match at Edinburgh in 1902. Cooper, who was the original choice, travelled up to play, but he had been crocked, and it was rather doubtful if he was fit. He was taken on to the ground in the morning, and given a trial spin, when he went fairly well, but the matter was finally left to J. Daniel, and it seemed to him better to play a sound man whom he did not know rather than an unsound man whom he did know; so Cooper stood down and Simpson, who had to mark Welsh, the Edinburgh flier, was the best three-quarter on the field of the four wing men.

At full back, H. T. Gamlin, of Somerset, was as near the ideal as one is ever likely to get. His tackling was extraordinarily powerful—and not quite orthodox, for it was rather high—but it was simply smothering. Instead of waiting for the attacking player to come right up to him, he used to leap to meet him suddenly, unexpectedly, and catch as often as not man and ball together, and crash them to the ground—and it was a case of crash, too, for he was a huge, big man, and very powerful. He was also a fearless stopper of forwards, and would go down on the ball anywhere, even

Photo.] [Geo Newnes, Ltd.

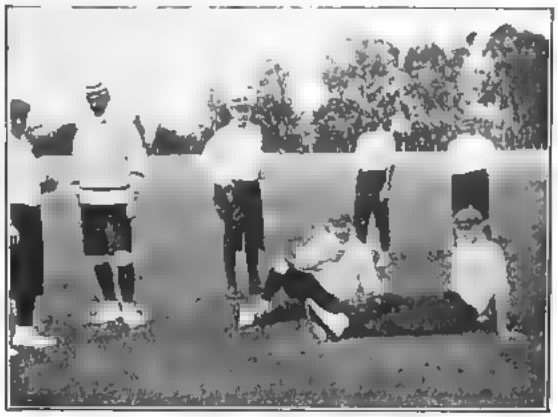
AN UNCONVERTED TRY.

in front of the wildest of Scotch forwards in their tear-away rushes. He was a safe catcher of the ball, and although he used to catch it very far away from his body, he very seldom missed it. He kicked an enormous length, especially with his left foot, which he always used for preference, and rarely failed to find touch.

HOW WE PLAYED FOOTBALL IN AUSTRALIA.

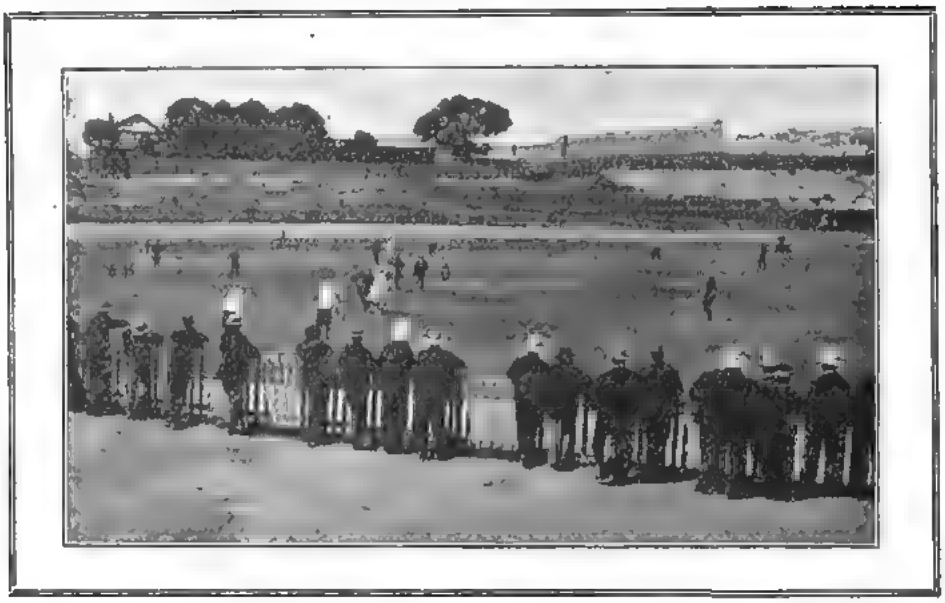
WE went to Australia, of course, to play cricket, and cricket only; to think about it during the day and to dream of it at night; but when the tour was at an end, and the anxiety and strain of the long months were over, we amused ourselves by playing two Association football matches; the first against a South Australian team on the Adelaide Oval, and the second at Fremantle against Western Australia.

Unlike what obtains in England, there is very little "Soccer" in Australia. In Victoria and South Australia there is a hybrid sort of game, which is neither Rugby nor Association, and, in New South Wales, Rugby is fairly popular; but Association is in its infancy, and in Adelaide, if anywhere, it thrives best. At Adelaide it was that we received a challenge to play, and the morning before the match found us busy buying knickerbockers and stockings, and having bars put on our cricket boots. R. E. Foster, the hero of many an international football match, and in his day the equal of even G. O. Smith, captained our side, and was, of course, a tower of strength, taking the ball where he liked, and shooting with staggering velocity. Fielder was in goal,



R. E. FOSTER. G. S. WHITFELD. RELF. HIRST. STRUDWICK. TYLDESLEY. RHODES.

and Lilley, looking very businesslike in a new pair of shin pads, was as cool and reliable at back as he is at the wicket; while



THE MATCH AT FREMANTLE.—R. E. FOSTER WITH THE BALL.

Bosanquet was occasionally forward and occasionally back, playing in a manner befitting a member of an Oxford College which carried off the Soccer Cup. Braund and Tyldesley, too, were as "nippy" as they are in the cricket field; but Hirst was the most interesting figure that afternoon, for his vigour appalled his adversaries, who fell back right and left before his triumphal charge, so that he fairly cleft a passage before him whenever he got the ball. By six goals to love we beat them, and so showed that cricket was not our only game.

From Adelaide to Fremantle is three days and a half by sea, and arriving there early one morning we played Western Australia in the afternoon. This was a different type of game altogether, for our opponents played really well, and though we won by two goals to one we had little the best of things.

Foster was splendid. Nominally he played forward, but whenever we were being pressed he retreated to the vicinity of goal, where he defended heroically, and showed that he might be as great a full back as he is a forward.

It was a stiff game, and the heat was very trying, while, as the ground was as hard as it would be in August after a dry summer, those who fell had cause to remember it. The Australians have much to learn about "Soccer"; but, given the opportunity, there is no reason why they should not excel at it, for they display those qualities of grit, determination, and tenacity, which have made them such formidable antagonists on the cricket field.

LILLEY, THE WARWICKSHIRE WICKET-KEEPER, AS A FOOTBALLER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M. Needham.—The duties of a coxswain

will be found in the chapter on "Steering," in the Badminton Library of *Rowing*.

"Captain" Reader.—I am sorry to hear you have been so ill. Plasmon Cocoa is a splendid thing for pulling one together. Drink it instead of tea at breakfast, and as often as you like during the day. Get plenty of fresh air and exercise, though you must be careful not to overdo the latter.

S. W. Bell (Mashonaland).—Between wicket and wicket means that the ball must pitch within the imaginary line between wicket and wicket. Good luck to cricket in Rhodesia. I played for Lord Hawke's Team at Buluwayo five years ago.

Harry.—I do not know of such a book, but I fancy I have seen Dr. Nikola (and his cat) gazing at me from an advertisement which had something to do with will-power. But I should not bother about such a book if I were you. The cricket and football fields will teach you all the determination that is necessary.

C. W. F.—Just keep fit; no special training is necessary. Early to bed, early to rise, plenty of fresh air, plenty of exercise.

Charles W. Hill.—Many thanks for cutting. I hope to come out to Africa with a cricket team again. I always think Newlands is one of the prettiest grounds in the world.

V. Coen.—I think it will be better for you to use the exercises you mention on alternate mornings. You must be careful not to overdo them. I should take off the dumb-bells. I only reply to letters through these columns.

A. Z. A.—There are so many good manufacturers nowadays that it doesn't matter where you get a bat. Try any of the advertisers in our pages. Cleaning kid pads is rather a delicate matter, so it would be best for you to take them to a shop where they clean kid gloves.

Sportsman.—(1) Perhaps you ran too soon after eating. (2) A very good chance. The Australians will be an excellent side—especially strong in batting.

Ogdenite.—(1) Practically any good-class stationer's. (2) "Cricket in Many Climes," W. Heinemann, 21, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C., price 2s. 6d. "How We Recovered the Ashes," Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. Messrs. George Newnes are bringing out a shilling edition of the latter in April. (3) There is only one county match played on the Beckenham ground every year. At other times the Beckenham Cricket Club play there. (4) Certainly, there will be heaps of matches at the Crystal Palace otherwise than first-class. (5) About Easter. (6) Prices of seats vary from a shilling upwards. (7) I don't think the case you mention would come under the heading of a foul, but it is a question for the referee.

Wadham.—You cannot do better than write to Eustace Miles, Esq., M.A., 191, Wenham House, Bloomsbury, London, W.C., for particulars of his physical culture course.

P. F. Warner

[Mr. Warner will be glad to receive and chronicle in this "Corner" paragraphs of especial interest relating to school athletics. Such communications should be kept as short as possible, and addressed to P. F. Warner, Esq., "Captain" office, 12 Burleigh-street, Strand, London, W.C. Mark envelopes "School News."—Ed. Captain.]

PRACTISING AT THE NETS, M.C.C. TOUR.—ADELAIDE GROUND.
Photo. P. F. Warner.

OUR "PICNIC" AT KALASTRI.

BY H. HERVEY.

A Story of Anglo-India

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE

I.

ALMOST every Anglo-Indian sojourning place boasts of some isolated building in its neighbourhood that is sacred to honeymoons, picnics, and so forth. Putchagoonta—a small civil station, miles off the railway, solitary and retired—had one of these convenient resorts in the shape of a large substantial bungalow, erected in the long past by some officer, who christened it Kalastri. It lay four miles from Putchagoonta, perched on the very brink of a high rocky bluff, and looked sheer down on the Putchayroo River, a good hundred and fifty feet below. It

was a lonely, desolate locality, devoid of jungle, and with no habitations nearer than Putchagoonta itself. Just here, for some distance, the land rising from the rear culminated in a series of bare precipices, forming part of the river's southern bank; and on the highest of these eminences stood Kalastri. Unowned, untenanted, and with nothing particularly attractive about it, the English residents of Putchagoonta—for want of a pleasanter retreat—were content to make occasional use of the place, and they subscribed for its upkeep in good repair. The unnavigable Putchayroo river was rarely filled by the monsoon, and remained for the greater part of the year a gloomy, sluggish stream about three hundred feet wide, hugging the hither shore, and said to be denizened with gavials or crocodiles; a fact that probably accounted for the natives making such little use of the river. The north bank, besides being uninhabited, was notorious for malaria, and consequently remained a *terra incognita* to the indwellers of Putchagoonta.

About a year before my narrative opens, a man named Spynk came to Putchagoonta prospecting for mica. He did not drop cards on us; but from what we saw of him casually he seemed to be a respectable middle-class man; dark complexioned, well set up, about forty years of age, and with remarkably aquiline features He dressed in a *négligé* style, suggestive of his having led an adventurous life in America or somewhere; but beyond giving out that he had come after mica, he said nothing about himself. As to the mica, he had not been misdirected, for the district was known to possess indications of the mineral. Among Spynk's belongings was a gramophone. This being something of a novelty to the longer residents, they occasionally asked to hear it when they happened to be interviewing the man—in the fruitless endeavour of drawing him out. After staying in the travellers' bungalow for ten days, he moved to Kalastri, and we never saw him again, for the next forenoon his two servants came flying into Putchagoonta to report their master's disappearance. They had noted nothing wrong about him the night before; but when early this morning the "boy" took in the usual cup of tea, his master was nowhere to be found. Many of us at once hurried off with the police to Kalastri, but thorough search and inquiry were of no avail, so the only conclusion we could come to was that Spynk must have fallen over the precipice into the river below. Further, when having procured boats we sent the police to examine the river for miles down stream, and drag it with fishing nets, the non-recovery of the corpse or any traces of it led us to surmise that the unfortunate man had been devoured by crocodiles. So, after waiting a week, in the off hope that Spynk might have possibly strayed, and would either return or be heard of, Gomsmith, our magistrate, took charge of the missing man's property on behalf of Government, and had it carried back to Putchagoonta for safe custody. Announcements of the occurrence, a description of the man, and a list of his effects, were sent to the Indian and home Press; for, in spite of a careful investigation of Spynk's papers by the local committee, nothing that identified him, nothing that gave the name of a single relative or friend, was forthcoming. A sum of money—some fifty pounds—was discovered in his desk, mostly in English gold.

Naturally enough, the incident vested Kalastri with a certain gruesome import; and to heighten the idea, a man named Slinger, who left shortly after the tragedy, affirmed that the bungalow was haunted by the ghost of the mica miner. We shunned the spot; and it was not until the immediate time I am writing of, when Captain Muchleigh, our police superintendent, pooh-poohing the local prejudice, passed a couple of days at Kalastri, and returned among us none the worse for his visit, that the feeling against the lone bungalow began to subside.

II.

DURING Christmas week of 1902 the Gomsmiths gave a picnic at Kalastri, to last from Wednesday, the 24th, to the following Friday. There were four ladies and four men, of whom Muchleigh and I were bachelors. Besides providing furniture and all other requisites, such as tents, &c., our entertainers sent up their piano, so we looked forward to a pleasant outing, little dreaming of what was in store for us

"There, now!" cried Mrs. Gomsmith cheerily, as we assembled for our first breakfast; "who says the place is haunted?"

"Sink me, not under its present guise," laughed Fewshire, the Forest Officer.

"And yet what did Mr. Slinger say?" observed Miss Clayton, looking fearfully round the room.

"Nonsense, Mary!" snapped Mrs. Fewshire, her sister. "I am sure Captain Muchleigh would have seen the ghost—if there had been one."

"All very fine, Dido," bridled Miss Clayton; "you know I believe in the supernatural."

"So do I, Mary," put in Miss Muchleigh, with warmth.

"Rubbish! Tommy-rot!" ejaculated her brother, scornfully.

"Sink me," added Fewshire, "if we go talking of Spynk's ghost we shall perhaps see the beggar."

"Oh, don't!" moaned Miss Clayton, imploringly.

"Come, come; this won't do," laughed Gomsmith; "we must not drift into the doldrums. Mallyns"—turning to me—"I hope you've brought your music?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Then you must give us something after breakfast, Mr. Mallyns," said Mrs. Gomsmith, "to exorcise the ghost," she added, smiling at Miss Clayton.

The meal over, we gravitated towards the verandah overlooking the river. We had all been here before at various times, and ever regarded that verandah as a hair-raising danger spot, for its plinth literally extended to the verge of the precipice. There was no balustrade, and if you hung on by one of the pillars and stooped forward a little, you could see right down a hundred and fifty feet into the river beneath. But now, with poor Spynk's fate vivid in our minds, the place possessed a creepy significance for us, and the boldest shrank from approaching the brink. As for me, my heart heaved at the bare idea.

"Albert," presently murmured our hostess, breaking the silence, "do have some barrier put up, before anyone falls over."

"Just what I was going to do," replied Gomsmith, as we retreated into the house.

"It seemed as if I *must* go over," whimpered Miss Clayton, shuddering.

"Ditto," said Fewshire. "Sink me, Gomsmith, if I shouldn't have a railing of some sort up at once."

This was done. While we still lingered about the door, the cool-headed servants stretched tent-ropes breast-high from pillar to pillar, and thus added to the security of the verandah; but it set one's blood freezing to watch the fellows at work.

Being asked to play, I opened the piano and commenced a noisy piece. The others gathered round, listening; but when I had got about half way through, Miss Muchleigh—who was nearest the verandah—suddenly screamed, "Hark!" I abruptly ceased playing, and immediately the air vibrated with an unearthly sound that ascended from the river directly below us! —an uncanny half-bellow, half-roar, floating up in short, quick repetitions! Presently it stopped.

"Oh, what is it?" wailed Mrs. Fewshire, nervously.

"The ghost—perhaps," faltered Miss Clayton.

"Ghost or demon or animal," said Fewshire, "sink me, if I don't believe it is affected by the music. Turn on a cake-walk, Mallyns."

I complied; instantly the hullaballoo recommenced, echoing among the cliffs, and making the welkin palpitate with a sort of tremor. By tacit consent we again made for the verandah, and while the others kept back, Muchleigh, Fewshire, and I, throwing ourselves on our stomachs, each with two servants clutching us by the legs, protruded our heads over the brink and gazed fearfully down, to see—what? a huge gavial swimming frantically about directly below us, bellowing, and occasionally scrabbling at the wall of rock with his forefeet, as if to scale it! When at length he quietened down, I screwed my neck round and signed Mrs. Gomsmith to strum on the piano. No sooner did she do so than the crocodile resumed his movements and his noise! Enough; we drew back: light had been thrown on the mystery of Spynk's disappearance, for now we remembered that on coming to search for him that morning we had seen his gramophone on the table, run out, and with a disc on. He must have set the instrument going during the night; the servants asleep in the outhouses had not heard the music, but the gavial had heard it, and, either charmed or infuriated by the harmony, the huge lizard, swimming to abreast of the bungalow, must have made the same outcry as on the present occasion. Spynk—curious as we were to ascertain the cause—had evidently gone out into the verandah, missed his footing in the dark, and toppled over, right into the jaws of the saurian in the water beneath!

III.

THAT evening, while playing tennis on the level ground to the rear of the bungalow, we saw several figures approaching from the direction of Putchagoonta.

"Halloa!" cried Muchleigh, the first to catch sight of them. "Who are these?"

"Sink me if a European with a gun or something is not heading half-a-dozen coolies carrying his blessed kit," observed Fewshire.

Further comment ceased; for now the row of outhouses screened the people from our view, and we were not particularly curious about them. They were manifestly making for Kalastri, and as the path came out at the end of the outhouses, we would next see them close enough. In due time the party rounded the angle of the intervening block, the European leading; but barely had he shown ere our ladies fled screaming into the house!

Cause, indeed! for either Spynk in the flesh, or Spynk from the other world, stood before us! The same swarthy skin, the same aquiline features, the same half-miner, half-cowboy dress! Signing the coolies to ground their loads, the apparition advanced in our direction.

"A—are—you — S—s—pynk?" queried Muchleigh, with a gurgle.

"I am, sir," replied the "spook" in a very material voice, a voice we recognised as that of the missing man!

"Sink me, then you weren't gobbled up here by a crocodile after all?" remarked Fewshire more composedly; for by this we were satisfied that we were not dealing with a visitant from shadowland.

"Yes," put in Gomsmith, angrily, "and where have you been all this time, sir? giving us no end of trouble, and making me the custodian of your confounded belongings for nearly a year!"

"For whom do you take me, gentlemen?" asked the newcomer, quietly.

"For whom but yourself, Spynk, the man who came here about twelve months ago—after mica," retorted Muchleigh.

"You are in error, gentlemen; but in a very excusable error. I am Nathan Spynk.

"SINK ME, THEN YOU WEREN'T GOBBLED UP BY A CROCODILE?"

He to whom you allude and about whom I have come all the way from Manitoba was my twin brother, Silas. This is not the first time that our strong resemblance has mixed us up. I have much to explain."

Thus the ghost theory exploded. Silas was dead, and we looked on his living double in the person of his brother Nathan.

"The resemblance is truly marvellous,"

half whispered Gomsmith, as we continued staring at the man. "But, look here, there's a vacant room at your disposal, so come along in, have some refreshment, and then tell us your story."

Nothing loth, Nathan Spynk dumb-showed his coolies to follow with their loads, and accompanied Gomsmith into the house. The ladies came out, and we stood in a group discussing the matter. Our fair companions had regained their equanimity now they knew that there was no ghost in the case; nevertheless, something told us to prepare for developments of a startling nature

Spynk rejoined us. He had bathed, changed his clothes, partaken of a snack against eight o'clock dinner, and now looked more than ever like his lost brother. Abandoning all thoughts of further play, we sat ourselves down in the circle of chairs placed between the house and courts. We told him of the morning's occurrences, after which he let out about himself.

IV.

"I WAS at Polglaise township, on Lake Manitoba, ladies and gentlemen," commenced Spynk, "when I read the account of my brother's disappearance, copied from the English papers into the *Canadian Globe*, and I came along as soon as I could settle my affairs. In 1880 Silas and I emigrated from England to America, where we tried our hands at almost everything—from mining to wheat-growing. Anyhow, we made our pile, and all went well till we quarrelled on a matter which concerns no one but ourselves. It ended in a split; I remained out there, Silas went off in a huff, determined—as it turned out—to mask his trail and bury his identity, for I never heard of him again till I read that announcement in the papers."

"Then, sink me," cried Fewshire, "in spite of your tiff there must have been some love left to induce you to travel across half the world to hunt for his bones."

"Not altogether to hunt for his bones. I have a more interested motive. Silas was rich, and I, being his sole surviving relative, am entitled to his money."

"We came across no bonds or securities among his things, if that is what you are thinking of," said Gomsmith. "As we published in the papers, we found about fifty pounds in cash—nothing else."

"He had far more, and I believe he carried it with him. Look you, he never banked a darned cent."

"What then?" queried Muchleigh.

"He commenced by having a gold belt made, and wore it on his body, next to his skin."

"Sink me, that's a rum notion!" exclaimed Fewshire, voicing the general opinion.

"When we parted, Silas was wearing that gold belt round his waist; it was fitted with a hinge on one side, and opened with a spring catch on the other. This belt was the first step; then, each time we shared profits, we would ride into the nearest town, I to bank my surplus, he to buy some precious stone and have it fixed into the belt."

"Strange," muttered Gomsmith. "What do you value the whole thing at?"

"Quite five thousand pounds. He had been at it for eight years, and was always a careful man."

"Sink me, enough to make you come after it," was Fewshire's comment.

Nathan Spynk then showed us papers establishing his identity as well as his claim to rank as his brother's heir.

"Look here, though," said Gomsmith. "All this is quite right and in order. I'll hand over the property without hesitation, but, from what you say, it strikes me that you are hoping to find your brother's remains"

"I am—also the belt."

"Good lor!" gasped Muchleigh, "where?"

"When I was in Florida I saw a good deal of caymans -another name for crocodiles. I know that they do not eat big prey in the water, but prefer some snug corner on land. Therefore, when I read your account, which said that no traces of my brother's body had been found, I guessed that all of you were ignorant of the crocodile's habits, and that the *shore* had *not* been searched for hiding places. I have come to kill that crocodile; I have come to find my brother's remains and give them decent burial, however little of them may be left; I have come to find that belt. Will you help me?"

"Yes — readily," replied Gomsmith, answering for all. "But how will you make sure of your crocodile as the one that ate up your brother?"

"My experience of them, coupled with

your descriptions of what has been taking place here, convinces me that there is only one varmint in the case, at least, in this particular part of the river; he is an old brute, and has been kicked out by his fellows to rub along by himself."

"Sink me, is that so?" murmured Fewshire. "But how can we help you?"

"While dressing just now I took in the 'lay of the land' through the window, and I know what to do. I require a boat, and two mongrel dogs for bait. I shall also want some one to play the piano when necessary. If you get me the boat and the dogs by to-morrow morning, I think I can promise you a sensational Christmas Day, ladies and gentlemen."

V.

BRIEFLY, the morrow came. Our messengers—despatched over-night—had been prompt in carrying out our instructions. By seven o'clock we could see the boat—moored a quarter of a mile up stream, at a spot where a break in the cliffs afforded the only access to the water's edge for miles on either side. The dogs held in leash—had already arrived. We brimmed with suppressed excitement and expectancy; we regarded Nathan Spynk with a species of awe; we hung on his very word, his very look

Breakfast over, we prepared for action, feeling far from "Christmassy" in the true sense.

"Come with me," whispered Spynk, touching my arm; "you are light, and we may have a rough time. You, ladies and gentlemen," he continued to the others, "please take your stand in the verandah. Be silent, and watch us narrowly. At the first wave of a handkerchief, play the piano; at the second, pitch one of the dogs over; at the third, stop the music; at the fourth, start playing again; and at the fifth, drop in the second dog. After that, we can shout—I reckon."

Gomsmith jotted this down on a card, and Spynk, shouldering his rifle, followed me, showing the way. We boarded the boat, crossed the silent, torpid stream to the further sandy shore, and got out. After ordering the boatman back to the mouth of the break, we walked for some distance straight towards the northern bank proper, then, détouring to the right, gradually worked round till we were opposite Kalastri, which we now silently approached. I could see our friends in the verandah, jammed against the interior wall, and watching us, some through binoculars. When about a hundred paces from the water, we tore up two of the bushes that grew here and there in the yielding sand, and, holding them before us as screens, crept forward at a snail's pace. I saw it all now; I had read of such incidents, and here—however, not to anticipate. I know this; my heart simply raced; I was not much of a sportsman, and the situation thrilled me to the marrow!

When within a stone's throw of the water, we halted, relinquished hold of the bushes, and crouched behind them. Our party looked bang down on us; they did so without approaching the ropes on the brink. Spynk cautiously waved his handkerchief under cover of his screen, and almost immediately the notes of the piano—sounding tinpotty and tinkly—reached our ears. Mrs. Gomsmith—it must have been—played on for a few minutes, during which, following Spynk's example, I ranged my eyes over the stream, both ways. Presently, my companion nudged me, and silently pointed to a ripple a short way up stream; the agitation—slight at first—rapidly grew more defined, and then, to my dismay, the hideous snout of a crocodile appeared above the water, as the big lizard swam swiftly down. It came to exactly below the bungalow, and repeated the same performance which I had already witnessed. Hereupon, Spynk gave the second signal; our friends responded by heaving one of the mongrels over the cliff, and the wretched dog fell with a resounding splash into the river. Instantly the gavial ceased bellowing, dashed at the canine, seized it, and swam silently towards the cliff, with the dog held aloft in its cruel jaws. The third signal was waved, and the music stopped.

But what of the crocodile? After reaching the cliff wall, it coasted along to the right, and then, to my added astonishment, it drew out its scaly length on what I now saw to be a ledge, and appeared to enter some opening in the rock! Both ledge and opening were scarcely distinguishable from the other parts of the precipice.

"Thought so!" muttered Spynk, triumphantly; "that's his shore lair, where he eats anything larger than the river fish he otherwise lives on, and which he swallows at a gulp. Let him finish the dog,

and then we'll fetch the ugly brute out with some more music."

About a quarter of an hour passed; my companion signalled for the fourth time, and at once the piano re-started. Spynk now cocked his Mauser, and thrusting the barrel through his bush gazed intently at the spot where the saurian had last been seen

"Be ready to wave your handkerchief when I give the word," he whispered, keeping his eyes on the cleft.

THAT HESITATION DID FOR HIM.

In a few seconds the monstrous head reappeared at the entrance of the aperture.

"Wave!" muttered Spynk, energetically.

I obeyed; and almost immediately, with a sickening "swish," down came dog number two. The crocodile saw it; he scrambled out on to the brink of the ledge, but before taking the water he paused, as if straining for a spring. That hesitation did for him; the whip-like crack of the rifle close to my ear half stunned me; there was no smoke; I heard an indescribably blood-curdling cry; there was a terrible commotion in the water, and presently, when following Spynk's lead I rose to my feet and looked, there I saw the enormous lizard floating belly upward, and slowly drifting down with the current!

"Hurrah!" cried Nathan, "my brother

is avenged at all events. You can go home," he added to the reprieved mongrel, which, having swum to land, began capering about our legs.

"Aloft there!" bawled Spynk, waving his slouch hat to the bungalow, "come down across by the boat—some of you! Bring candles and matches!"

In due course Gomsmith, Muchleigh, and Fewshire came poling the craft to where we were. We embarked, and, guided by Spynk, the boat touched the ledge, which was narrow, and an inch or two only above water. Leaving the boat with the boatman holding it, we examined the aperture which the crocodile had used; it appeared to be the mouth of a cave, to get into which we would have to crawl. Spynk led the way, and, lighting a candle, bid us follow. We obeyed him blindly, and after worming along lizard-fashion for a few feet, emerged into a good sized cavern, lofty enough for us to stand erect in. We ignited more candles and gazed about us. Immediately at our feet the rocky floor showed blood and a shred or two of fur, the remains of the poor mongrel; but further up, towards the other end, what were those sinister-looking, ooze-encrusted objects? What was that "something large and smooth and round" which Spynk picked up and regarded so mournfully?

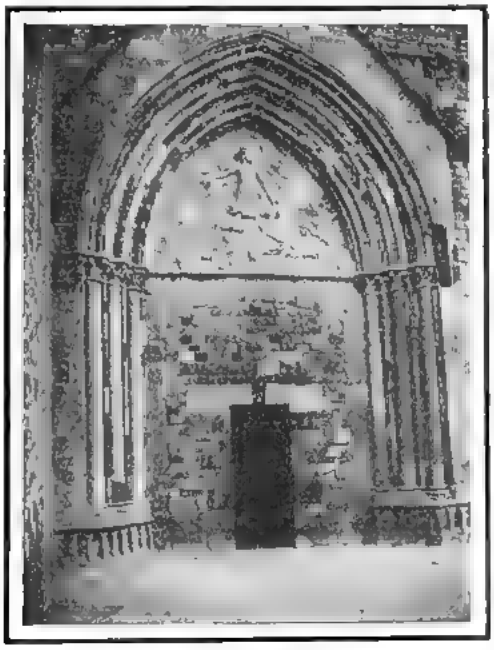
"Sink me, if you've not found them after all," whispered Fewshire sepulchrally.

"Yes; little doubt that they are my brother's bones. No doubt at all if we find the belt. The croc. could not have swallowed it. Help me to search, gentlemen."

The chamber was irregular in shape, with nooks and corners. Each taking a candle, we poked about among the dried ooze and weeds, for evidently, when the river rose, the cavern became filled with water, which sucked in all manner of rubbish. For a long time we maintained the search, till our labours were suddenly terminated by a joyful exclamation from Spynk, who, turning towards us, brought a hoop-like object into the combined light of our candles. It was encrusted with deposit; but a little cleaning disclosed it to be the belt—as described by Nathan.

"Sink me, you're in luck!" exclaimed Fewshire, emphatically; "I congratulate you."

We severally shook him warmly by the hand, though still under the spell of an unbounded amazement at all that had transpired. We gathered up the remains of Silas Spynk, returned to Kalastri, and had a grave dug by the police; and then, with the entire party standing round, and Gomsmith reading the burial service, we consigned what was left of the poor waif to a final resting place.



L. E. BASTABLE.

This photograph shows fine detail, but the camera has been tipped, and the side pillars appear to converge towards the top.

E. G. MEDLEY.

A very artistic picture; the little girl in foreground should have been sitting down. Standing figures facing the camera are generally stiff.

BENNETT ROBINSON.

A "backed" plate should have been used to prevent halation of figures and poles against the sky.

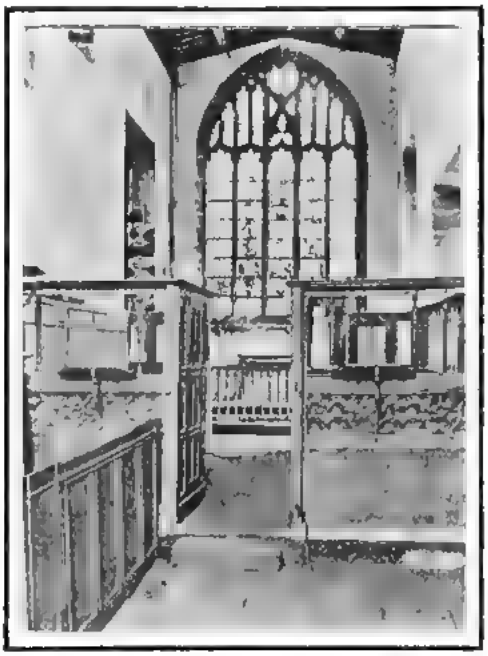
CEDRIC BURRELL.

A very nicely shaded sculpture study. The printing should have been carried a little further.

SOME PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS, CRITICISED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

DOROTHY ALICE HILTON.

The background of this picture should have been darker, to throw the fur into relief. Otherwise, the result is pleasing.

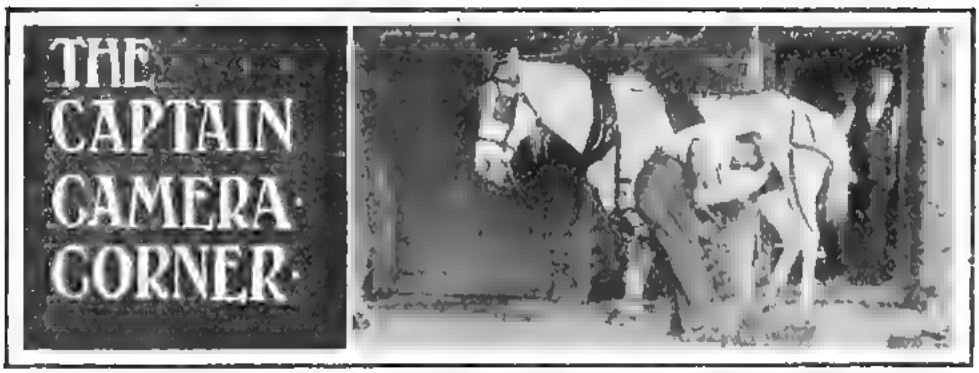


G. S. B. CUSHNIE.

A very successful interior, unusually free from halation.

R. G. JENKINS.

A pretty "bit," rather spoilt by the prosaic notice-board on the right. gradations of tone are very good.



PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER.

SOME months ago an article was devoted to the ordering of a dark-room, and to suggestions as to the construction of one which will answer all reasonable requirements. Let me here say a few words about the various items of apparatus, which, now that the days are lengthening apace, will soon be in full work again. During the winter we are apt to leave things severely alone, the prey of damp and dust: so it will be well for us to take our photographic belongings, and subject them to a mild edition of the "spring cleaning" which rages elsewhere.

First of all the Camera.

Whether hand or stand, clean it well out. A new pair of bellows, or a cycle foot-pump, should be applied to its interior to drive the dust from inaccessible corners, after a soft and perfectly dry cloth has been round the walls of the box or bellows. Then dust carefully again. If there are any areas from which the blacking has worn off, buy a sixpenny bottle of dead-black varnish and put this right, since internal reflected light is very harmful.

The Lens

should next be taken to pieces, one element at a time, and both faces of each glass carefully wiped with a soft handkerchief, a camel's-hair brush, or old wash-leather. The interior of the brass-work should also be re-blacked, if necessary, after all dust has been removed. Many amateur photographers are ignorant of the great obstruction to light afforded by a dusty film on the lens. I should advise users of a stand camera to have a wash-leather bag made for the lens to repose in when the outfit is packed into its case.

Small screws often get loose. Take a fine screw-driver (a bradawl will do) and make sure that they are all tight, especially those which hold a moving part, such as a button.

The Tripod

next claims our attention. If it has been shut up in a damp room, its legs may have contracted the tripodic counterpart of rheumatics, and be a bit "stiff in the jints." Dry the stand before a fire—at a respectful distance—and, if it is still obstinate, apply a slight smear of vaseline to the rubbing parts. Even more maddening than a sulky tripod is a refractory dark-slide; so look over your "double-backs," and lead-pencil the grooves and slides till everything works easily. How many thousands of pictures and tempers have been ruined by that "hop-and-a-jump" motion in which some double-backs indulge?

Then make sure that the

Straps of the Case

are tightly secured. Sometimes the threads fixing them to the canvas or leather rot, and go by the board at an inopportune moment. Canvas cases "tear out" under heavy weights or sudden strains; it is, therefore, wise to have the places where the straps join on "backed" with an extra thickness of canvas, and stitches put right through all.

If you use a stand camera, have a case that is *on the big side*—capacious enough to carry a good-sized focussing cloth, and such "spares" as may be needful on a short tour, *e.g.*, a box or two of plates, or portable ruby-lamp.

The Cloth,

whatever it be made of, should be quite opaque, and sufficiently slippery not to persist in dragging off a cloth cap. I find my velvet cloth very exasperating in this way, and feel that I must get rid of it, or line it with satin. As an old friend, it is worthy of the lining. A tip which you might make a note of, is to sew ½oz. of shot in each corner. On windy days this weight will save you from taking part in a stern chase, which is proverbially long, and from thinking

uncharitable things of photography in general. Before leaving the camera and its appurtenances, I most humbly beg you to ascertain whether your camera *is really light-tight*. So many cameras aren't; and the owner wonders vaguely why his plates suffer from chemical (?) fog. A properly light-tight apparatus should be *capable* of withstanding the sun for a long time, unaided by a cloth, though in practice one would screen it as much as possible.

To test your Camera

get a box of fresh plates and load a back or a sheath, as the case may be, *in the dark*, or by the dimmest possible red light. Then mix your developer, and sally out. If the subject of test be a stand camera, draw the slide half out—keeping the cap on, but no cloth. In the case of a hand camera, the plate should have been partially faced with a piece of orange paper. After the light has done its worst for fifteen minutes, retire to the dark-room and learn what the developer has to say. Light-fog will at once assert itself by the darkening of the exposed part of the plate. You will be able to judge from the density of such darkening how serious the leak is; and the next thing will be to find the point at which light gets in.

This is often at the junction of bellows with woodwork, a frayed fold in the bellows, or the surface on which the dark-slide presses. In the last case the velvet may need renewal. A stand camera is easily examined. Put in a slide and take out the lens. Wrap the cloth round your head and the front end of the camera so as to keep out as much stray light as possible, and peer into the dark interior. When your eye has become accustomed to the gloom, you will, perhaps, see a very faint suggestion of light, which grows in intensity. Then pass a hand over the outside till the leak is suddenly reduced, and you are satisfied as to its exact position. A little careful glueing will probably set things right.

Now for the other end. Replace the lens, cap it, draw the back out a little way, and search eagerly for any traces of light round the lens or front end of the bellows.

An instantaneous shutter should also be tested.

Hand cameras are not always easy to examine; and, if proved leaky, may need a visit to the makers. It will, however, be worth a small outlay to feel that you have a thoroughly reliable instrument to work with.

Printing Frames.

I was looking over my frames the other day—they are some dozens in number—and made a virtuous and wise resolve. Some have seen their best days; their backs are weak; their joints are loosened; they have been warped by the sun. So I determined to burn them and replace them by others *all of the same pattern*. We hear a good deal about standardising parts of machinery, and having them interchangeable. Let us do the same with our printing frames. Before the summer begins I shall have a dozen half-plate "Jaynay" frames to work with; all perfectly fitted, so that when a printing fit is on me, and backs and fronts are in disorder, I can pick up *any* back, knowing that it will fit *any* front. Then no more of the horrid hunting for the correct match, which wastes time and temper!

I choose the "Jaynay" because it has the hinge pins of the back extended to fall into grooves in the frame, which prevent any sliding of the paper over the negative after I have examined the print and closed the back again. To make assurance doubly sure, I arrange my negatives in the frame so that one end is firmly up against the "stops"; and examine the other end. Then the sliding of the spring can't possibly shove anything along.

Exposure Meters.

Stand camerists who mean business should not let another summer come before they have bought one of these. Wynne's Meter (price about 6s. 6d., at Houghton's, High Holborn) is simply invaluable, and soon saves its cost. Instead of being reduced to making wild "guesses at truth," you merely stand in the shade and watch how long it takes a piece of paper to turn to a standard tint. You then move a dial about; and, knowing your stop and plate rapidity (always look for this on the plate-box wrapper), you arrive at the correct exposure; or, at least, far nearer to it than your unaided judgment would bring you to nine times out of ten. The meter is the shape and size of an ordinary watch, and can easily be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

I said above, stand in the *shade*, because, on a sunny day, when part of the subject is in shadow and part not, you should "expose for the shadows," according to the good old rule, and let the high-lights take care of themselves.

Pin-hole Photography.

I got a letter the other day from a correspondent who desired advice about *pin-hole* photography. As I haven't indulged in this variety, I could not refer him to a book on the

subject; but a contemporary, *The Amateur Photographer*, has spoken on the point—itself quoting from an American journal—and I will take the liberty of "cribbing" a few details.

In pin-hole photography the place of the lens is taken by a diaphragm, in which a very minute hole has been made with a needle. This necessitates, of course, a very much prolonged exposure; but the image may be as sharp as that given by a stopped-down lens, and there is the advantage that the picture can be made larger or smaller by altering the position of the plate relative to the diaphragm.

The lens board is replaced by an extra front, easily made from stout card-board covered on both sides with black paper. A hole of ½-inch diameter is cut in its centre, and its sides are blackened. On the front side paste a piece of black paper by two edges, and pierce a hole in it opposite to that in the board, but only ¼-inch in diameter. The piece acts as a slide, in which works a strip of very thin copper, ¾ by 4 inches, pierced with needle-holes of different sizes. To make the holes easily, first anneal, or soften, the copper by heating it to a dull red and plunging it into water. Lay the strip on a piece of wood, and press the end of a knitting needle against the points where the holes are to be—at distances of about ¾-inch apart. This will bulge the copper, which must be filed thin on the bulge. Select sewing needles Nos. 8, 10, 11, 12. Mount them in cork handles, and with one make a hole, gradually, thrusting the point further through each time, and filing off rough edges.

The shutter is only another copper strip, with a hole in it to slide over the first at right angles in a "way" of paper pasted on.

As to exposure, for a full table you had better consult the January 3rd issue of *The Amateur Photographer*. It may be generally helpful to state that a plate which, with a *f*/8 stop, requires 1-100th sec. exposure, would need, with a No. 12 pin-hole, at a distance of 6 inches from the diaphragm, about 33 seconds. Other distances of plate would imply exposures varying in the proportion of the square of the distances. Thus:—at 3 inches, $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4} \times 33 = 8\frac{1}{4}$ secs. would suffice.

For focussing, a hole as big as a pin's head should be used. Mark a scale of inches on the tail-board of your camera, zero being at the diaphragm. With a hand camera you cannot well work this method, as it is practically impossible to focus.

I made an error above in saying that I hadn't tried pin-hole work. I did once, many years ago. The outfit, camera, plates, &c., cost fifteen pence; and the results—well, you can't expect much for that sum!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Abbess." You can't take clouds by moonlight. During the long exposure necessary the clouds would have travelled miles. But you can get a moonlight *effect* by using a "backed" plate and pointing your camera towards the *sun*, and making a very fast instantaneous exposure. The negative will have deep shadows and strong contrasts; such as moonlight is noted for. Some photographers keep the sun itself out of the picture, for fear of halation, and print it (or the moon!) in with a circular (or crescent-shaped) wafer.

John Macnaughten.—To be able to carry your photography right through, you should have: *For development*, two quarter-plate porcelain dishes, 1s.; *for fixing*, one whole plate ditto, 1s. 2d.; *for intensification*, one whole-plate, 1s. 2d.; ruby lamp, "Dual Chimney," 3s. 6d.; *for toning and fixing prints*, two half-plate ditto, 1s. 8d.; *for washing*, a black japanned trough, and removable zinc rack to take 12 plates, 1s.; three printing frames, "Jaynay" pattern, 1s. 4½d.; one 6in. squeegee, 1s. 6d; *chemicals*, pyro soda, two half-pint stoppered bottles, full, 3s. 6d.; 2lbs. hypo-sulphite of soda, 4d.; tube gold chloride, 1s. 9d.; 1oz. sulphocyanide of ammonium, 4d.; 1oz. bi-chloride of mercury (deadly poison!), 6d.; 4oz. bottle ammonia, 6d.; *etreteras*, two 8oz. stoppered bottles for toning and intensifying solutions, 9d.; pair rubber gloves for developing, 5s. 6d. The total is about 24s. I have not included plates, printing paper, &c., but these are the main essentials as "fixtures" and chemicals. The prices are those of Houghton's, Ltd., 88 High Holborn, W.C., to whom you had better go.

New Reader.—(1) Your plates must be "stale," or damaged by damp or gas fumes. Don't store plates on a high shelf, where they may be attacked by foul air. (2) Wash for at least an hour; two hours is a much better practice. (3) Technically, your photo. is a good one, but artistically it needs clouds printing in, and the bare masts are uninteresting. I don't think you would score with it.

"Stramongate."—(1) I don't know your camera, but the charging mechanism must be wrong. A dealer would probably put it right; but ask a price first. Possibly only a little work is required. (2) I believe "Davis's Special" is the very highly refined paraffin I use, but I can't be certain, as I get it through an oil-merchant. Any lantern-maker would tell you. (3) Don't throw magnesium on the fire; rather burn it in a proper apparatus. "Flash powders" are sometimes very explosive. You had better stick to pure magnesium. (4) Your films either haven't been exposed at all, or very insufficiently. Eight a.m. in the winter means very poor light, much too little for most photographic purposes, so that under-exposure is most likely the reason. Films don't turn black unless very much over-exposed. (5) Velox prints probably over-exposed and not properly washed; though impure developer would stain badly. (6) Rotox cards must either be stale or badly prepared to turn black round the edges.

OUR CHRISTY MINSTREL SHOW

BY STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

I.

WHEN Dickie and I decided to get up a Christy Entertainment we experienced no difficulty in finding fellows to join the crowd. The hardship lay in persuading them to keep out of it. The whole house wanted to be members—barring the monitors and bigger chaps, of course. Naturally, this wasn't possible, and some little discontent was caused when we announced that we should only want a limited number. Finally, I hit on the happy idea of charging a small entrance fee of threepence to defray expenses; and this halved the number of would-be actors in a very brief period. Then we sorted out those we wanted from the remainder, and told the rest to run away and play by themselves.

We rehearsed every night for ten days after lock-up, during the half-hour that was vacant before prep. began. We got leave from Gaffin to have an orchestra practice in the dining-hall, on the understanding that we didn't make too much row or pull the house to bits. This we promised cheerfully, and observed our pledge scrupulously until the evening of the performance, when—but I must tell you the rest presently.

Rehearsals went very smoothly, on the whole. We practised coon songs of various kinds, and one fellow knew a step-dance which, he told us, would bring down the house. It certainly brought down the table the first time he attempted to do it; and as he sprained his ankle rather severely, we decided to omit the dancing, and simply rely on our vocal efforts to please the throng. I wrote an excellent song on various fellows of our acquaintance, and Dickie composed a stump-speech—with my assistance. Finally, after all our practice, we decided to give our entertainment on Thursday night, as soon as the tea-things had been cleared away. Thursday is a half-holiday, you see—so we had between five-thirty and seven-thirty for the show.

"We must advertise the exhibition," I said, "in the usual way."

"How?" asked Dickie. "Put a bill on the door of the dining-room?"

"Yes—that's the simplest. I'll do it."

"You're sure to make a mess of it, Tommy. Better let some fellow who can spell and write draw it up."

"Don't talk rot," I said, severely. "Am I the captain of the company or are you? . . . Very well, then—it's clearly my duty to do the bill-sticking."

"It's about all you're fit for," was the coarse reply. "It's the writing—not the sticking—that I object to."

But I carried my point, and drew up the following snappy announcement, which attracted large crowds.

O YEZ! O YEZ!! O YEZ!!!

Notice!—To all whom it may concern, and all whom it doesn't! To-morrow night, Thursday, at five-thirty precisely, the Gaffinite Concert Party will give their world-renowned entertainment. "A Refined and Pleasing Company." *See Press* Testimonials from all the Nobility! As performed daily at the Hippodrome!!

Smart Songs! Witty Jests! Harmonious Music!
Once Heard, Never Forgotten!
A Scream from Start to Finish!!!
Entrance fee—one penny.
No money returned—unless it is bad.

II.

GAFFIN proved singularly sweet when we asked if we might give a small concert. Probably he thought that we should get into mischief anyway after tea, and it would be better for us to employ ourselves with a musical evening than breaking the furniture.

"You must put the room tidy, of course, after your entertainment is concluded," he said.

"Of course, sir," we replied amiably. "There won't be much to do—just sticking a few forms in for the audience, and that sort of thing, you know."

"Very good," said he; and we departed, joyful at having got permission so easily.

We collected a few kids to put the finishing touches to the room, and made them into a kind of slave-gang, labouring under the fear of death. They weren't very keen on the job; and the most pushing of them—Weatherly—demanded that they should be admitted free as a reward. Naturally, such a claim could not be allowed for a moment, and we pointed out, at great length and with some violence, how unfair it would be to the other fellows.

Well, at five-thirty our audience began to file into the room. We managed to attract a good lot in; and as Dickie and I took the money at the door, we made sure of no unauthorised person entering. The monitors and senior fellows, being sidey, did not appear. I suppose they thought it might compromise their precious dignity.

"Better not keep all this money loose," I suggested, when the last paying guest had planked down the needful. "Why not store it in the study till after the show? There *might* be a little disturbance."

THE WHOLE CROWD OF US CAKE-WALKED ON TO THE STAGE.

"Good idea," said Dickie. "We don't want a Hidden Treasure hunt under the forms."

So we removed it to safer quarters, and then returned to the concert room. Events afterwards proved that we were wise.

We had made a little curtained-off recess behind the platform—a raised dais-thing at which the masters dine—and in this secure retreat we made-up. We had bought some black grease-paint as being superior to burnt cork, so it took us only a short time to transform ourselves into niggers of the ordinary type. Then the whole crowd of us cake-walked on to the stage in two lines, and a roar of cheering greeted our appearance.

After we had settled ourselves in chairs, I stood up to address the meeting.

"Gentlemen," I said, "or, rather, as many of you as *are* gentlemen—(hisses)—I beg to introduce to your notice my famous troupe of minstrels. Each will do his best to entertain you. Need I say more?"

And I sat down in face of a Babel of sound.

"The first item," I said, rising once more, to the manifest dissatisfaction of the audience, "is the overture—a sweet thing by Mendelssohn, I believe. Unfortunately, the composer could not see his way to be present to-night to conduct his own masterpiece."

And we gave them "Bill Bailey" on the zuzzers, while they stamped to keep us in correct time. It made rather a noise, but of course we couldn't be held responsible for that. Nobody minded—unless it was Gaffin—and I noted with pride that our entertainment looked as if it would be a complete success. After "Bill Bailey" had run his wild career, Dickie rose to make his stump speech.

"Unaccustomed as I am——" he began.

"Oh, chuck that, Vaughan!" remarked some boor in the background. "We all know you've been rehearsing for weeks."

"If you interrupt me, Hooky," returned my chum, "I'll attend to you in a fatherly way afterwards. . . . Now, where was I? . . . Ah, yes . . . to public speaking, I feel compelled to address you to-night. You see before you the youth and beauty of England. ("Oh, oh!") I repeat, the youth and beauty of England. You ask, where is the beauty? ("We do!") Well, modest as I am known to be, I cannot refrain from naming one splendid specimen—Richard Vaughan. (Loud dissent.) Anyone who wishes may, on payment of the purely nominal sum of two-and-six, be presented with a majestic photograph of myself—carte-de-visite. You must book orders early, as there are only a few copies left. (Cheers.) I cannot say much ("Question!") in favour of the features of my companions—(Unrest among the minstrels)—but their faces are honest, if ugly; and I ask you to remember that the black will come off in the morning, as they are all cleanly animals. (Laughter.) I now approach the next division of my speech——"

But he got no further, for an indignant fellow-comedian pulled him backwards by the coat, and Dickie subsided gracefully into his chair.

I took his place to announce the next item.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I must beg you to express your satisfaction in the usual way—not by heaving books about. The song I am about to sing you is an excellent song—a topical song—and will, no doubt, give great pleasure to all it concerns. It is entitled: 'The Name on His Collar.'"

Then I began the famous verses which I had composed to suit a well-known air. As they were the cause of the subsequent trouble, perhaps I'd better give you a few selections. It started like this—

You all know a slack sort of card,
A "Weary Will" kind of a man,
Who never does anything hard,
Or anything else, if he can.
He is last out of bed in the morn -
He is first in the snoring at night—
-He must wish he had never been born!
And the name on his collar is——

Here I paused impressively, and turned to the minstrels for information. They all sang with one accord, "*White!*" dropping the zuzzer accompaniment meanwhile.

The song caught on; fellows yelled and cheered, and everybody looked quite happy, except, perhaps, White himself. So I went on to the second verse.

There's another whom Nature has cursed
With a fit-giving sort of a face;
His temper is one of the worst—
In fact, he's a slight on the race.
His eyes are a greenery-blue—
His nose is a handful of mud—
And I think you'll acknowledge it's true,
That the name on his collar is——

The audience didn't wait for the minstrels, but rose as one man and shouted "*Rudd!*" in an ear-piercing yell. I felt I had my house with me, and, after bowing my gratitude, proceeded to verse three.

There's a youth you may meet in the street
Who never is happy, unless
You admire on his dear little feet
His boots—or the rest of his dress.
He buys him a buttonhole trim,
Whenever he visits the town—
And I'm sure you can recognise him,
For the name on his collar is——

"*Brown!*" yelped the audience, hitting each other in sheer unrestrainable glee, while Brown, the dandiest chap in Gaffin's, glared blue fire at your humble servant.

There was a lot more, of course—about seventeen stanzas altogether—which I had composed very carefully. As it happened, I only got to the end of the tenth. You see,

by that time there was quite a heavy contingent whom I—and the audience—had named. Somehow, they weren't overjoyed at the advertisement we'd given them. So they combined against me and laid a plot. The plot was simple and was this—as soon as I had sung ten verses, they were to make a simultaneous rush and attack the concert-party. They impressed half-a-dozen of their pals into their service, and became quite a strong body. The whole business was done very quietly, and we none of us had the least suspicion that such a low-down trick was about to be played. Accordingly, just as the audience was chanting the tenth missing word, the malcontents made their onslaught, and took us entirely by surprise. I went down like a ninepin, and Dickie followed suit, while the rest of the hearers joined in the fray eagerly, helping whichever side they chose.

As I crawled up from under a form, I had an idea, remembering the account of an election meeting at home. Without saying anything to anybody, I made a dash for the gas-chandelier which hung in the middle of the room. With a bound I sprang at the taps—turned them off one after the other—and plunged the whole room into total darkness!

Then I had another notion, and crawled back cautiously to our dressing-room.

THERE STOOD GAFFIN, HIS FACE ALL BLACK!

What I wanted was the grease-paint, for I thought it would be an excellent wheeze to leave my mark on a few of our foes. The crowd buzzed beneath me as I emerged. Just as I was preparing to descend, I heard a tramp of feet outside and the door open.

"Hullo!" I thought. "The monitors are coming in to have a dust-up! Sportsmen! . . . By Jove! If I could bag a monitor!"

Of course, I was an ass; but at the time there was reason for my action. You see, it was pitch-dark—the room was a kind of roaring butcher's-shop—and there was no risk of being spotted. So I went round, keeping close to the wall, and when I got near the door I saw a tallish figure looming dimly, and—apparently—shouting.

"Yorke!" I determined. "He lammed me, too, yesterday, the brute! I'll have my revenge!"

I rushed at him—collared him low—and brought him to the ground with a really cheery thud. Getting to work at once before he had time to resist, I smeared the grease-paint well over his face and mouth, and then fled, leaving my victim gibbering. Laughter was all I needed now.

Just then there was a lull in the storm, and I heard Gaffin's voice shouting, "Stop this noise at once and light the gas!"

We were rather sick at his coming in to spoil sport, but nobody dreamed of the impending disaster. Somebody struck a match, lit the gas, and there—there stood Gaffin, his face all black!

Well, I never want to feel again as I did then. Of course, you can guess what had happened, and what was going to happen. Owing to my jumping to idiotic conclusions there was the biggest row even I have ever known. I must say Gaffin behaved decently, on the whole, for he didn't try to sack me. He accepted my explanation that it was a great and much-to-be-regretted mistake, but I spent a painful five minutes in his study, and we all of us had to write thousands of lines for the rest of the term. The one drop of consolation was the Minstrel Feed we enjoyed next day at the grub-shop. But we haven't given another concert since that eventful occasion.

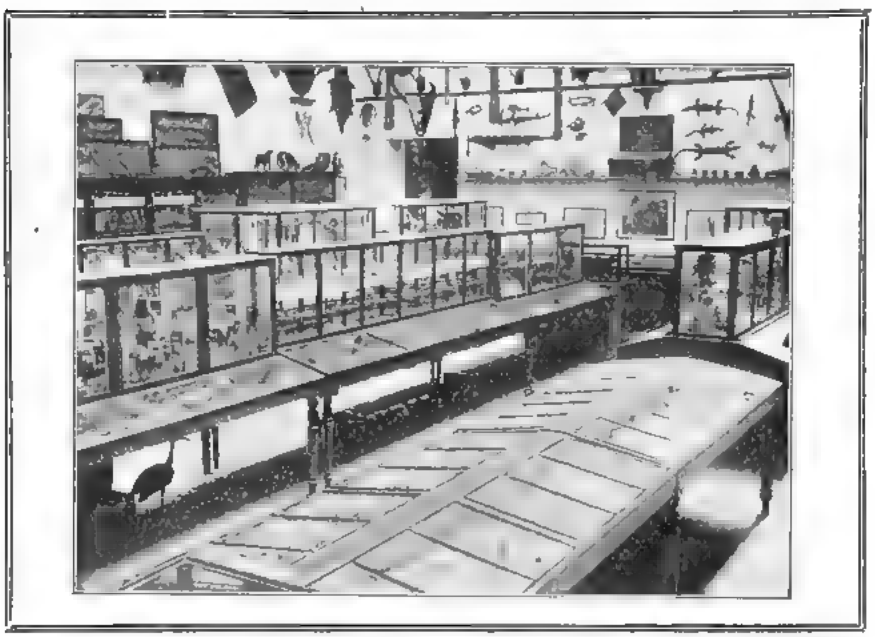
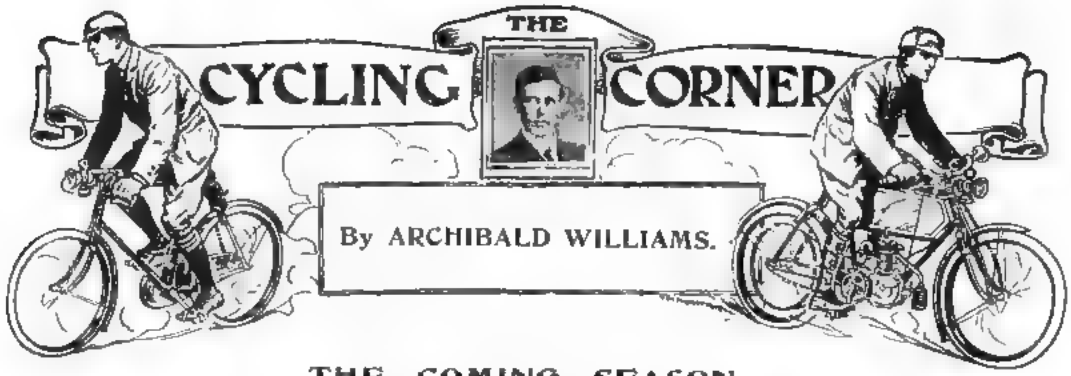


Photo. by E. C. Pinder.

THE MUSEUM, CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.



THE COMING SEASON.

The Cyclist's Diary—Post-Card Maps—Motor Licences—Motor Lamps.

IN the Spring the cyclist's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of future summer days, which are, perhaps, more appreciated in anticipation than in fact. After their arrival, well, the days *are* long; every day is long. We don't have to light up till after nine o'clock; and get so used to it that when the time is contracted we suddenly become aware that summer is on the wane.

Now, every hobby or pastime is more valuable if indulged in systematically, or at least appears to be so, after the event. I therefore suggest that of the cycling season of 1905 a record of some sort be kept—photographic, literary, cartographic; or all combined. To begin with, we may use our cameras whenever we break fresh ground, taking notes of the place and date of exposures. The photographs should be mounted consecutively in the album, with interesting details under each, and perhaps a sketch map of the roads traversed, the spots being marked at which each picture (numbered) was made. In this way we shall accumulate a pictorial guide to our wanderings which will be very nice to traverse again when the summer is no more.

Individuals of a literary bent might well

Keep a Diary,

in which to register impressions of new country—first impressions often being the most pleasurable. References should be made to photographs by number. Some cynical people hold that a diary is a mistake. They are wrong. Records of any kind are valuable, not merely for their own sake, but also on account of the stimulus which they give to the powers of observation and to the expression of ideas or experiences. In after years you will be very glad that you expended time in this way.

Map-Marking.

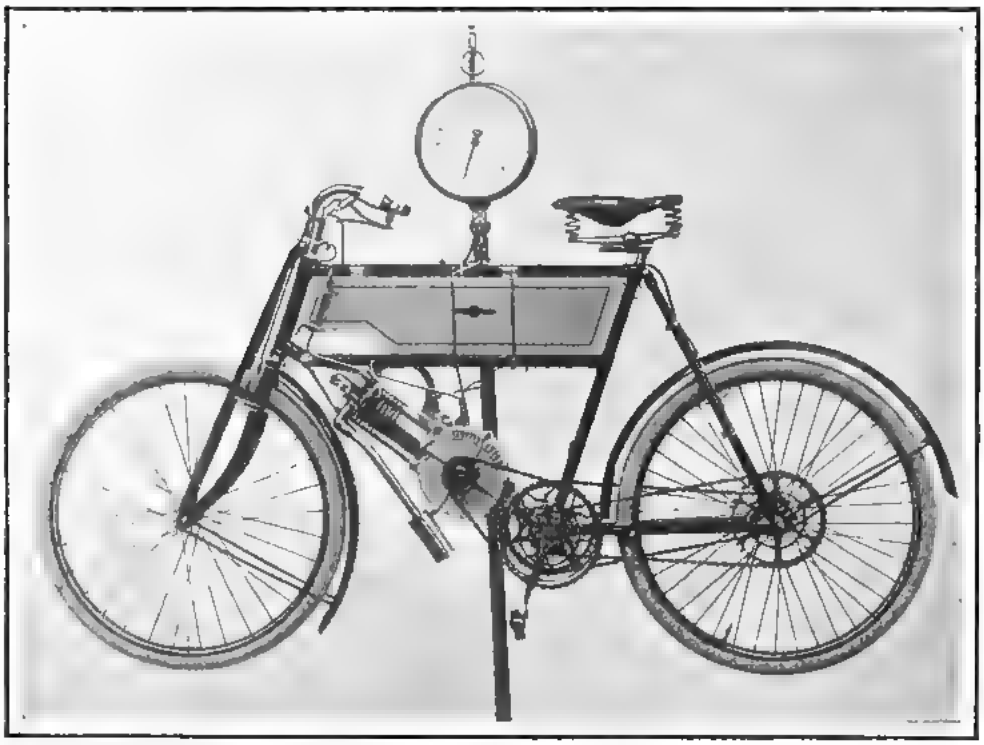
Should you jib at the pen, you can at least mark every route taken, in red ink, with date at the side. On a tour each day's journey should be terminated by a cross-line; and you might add remarks such as "interesting," "very hilly," "bad roads," &c., in small but legible characters. This becomes very interesting work, if done regularly. A reliable cyclometer is a valuable ally for estimating the actual road distances; while a "rotameter" (price 3s. 6d.) will enable you to run over the map routes to check the figures. The cyclometer gives the more accurate results; but the other is useful for determining to within the fraction of a mile (on a correct map) how far it is from any one point to any other. Measuring with "dividers" is not so satisfactory, as it is difficult to make proper allowances for curves and corners.

Post-Card Maps.

In this connection I may mention the Cyclist Touring Club's Map-Post-cards, issued in 6d. packets of eight maps each. These maps are on the scale of ten miles to the inch and clearly indicate the following main roads:—London to Brighton; London to Gateshead (Great North Road); Gateshead to John o' Groats; London to Exeter, *viâ* Bristol and *viâ* Salisbury; and from Exeter to Land's End *viâ* Plymouth and *viâ* Okehampton. The subsidiary roads are marked with a dotted, the main roads with a solid, red line. Taken as a whole, these maps are very well produced and their accuracy and handiness will recommend them to many riders. A map that can be consulted during a dismount only, and which requires much folding-up, is often a nuisance.

Motor-Cyclists and Licences.

As this season will witness many accessions to the ranks of motor-cyclists, let me warn all and sundry that not only must every rider of a cycle, whether owner or not, have a "licence to drive," but he must also be able to produce it when requested to do so by the police. This latter requisition seems somewhat unreasonable and will doubtless be rescinded in time; but while the law stands as it is, let the rider beware! Officious police sometimes make quite a nice little scoop by an outburst of licence-hunting. So don't borrow your friend's motor-cycle unless you have a licence; or, if you don't happen to possess one, don't be surprised and injured to learn that you are acting illegally, if found riding. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. *Experto credo.*



THE NUMBER LIGHTWEIGHT MOTOR BICYCLE: WEIGHT, 72LB.; 2½H.P.; CHAIN DRIVEN. THIS MOTOR CYCLE IS ONLY JUST DOUBLE THE WEIGHT OF AN ORDINARY ROADSTER PEDICYCLE.

From a Photograph.

Motors and Manners.

This paragraph is intended particularly for the younger of my motoring readers. Boys—and some girls—often display a great recklessness in their use of an ordinary pedicycle: dashing round corners without ringing; flying hills without thought of whether the brakes are in proper condition; whizzing past pedestrians and drivers without warning. These habits, dangerous on a pedicycle, would be intolerable with a motor, which has a far greater capacity for doing damage to both rider and other users of the road. At present the motor is on its good behaviour, and a serious outbreak of "road-hog"-ism may lead to much stricter legislation than prevails to-day; though many motorists find *that* irksome enough. The *letter* of the law prescribes twenty miles an hour as the speed limit, with a much lower limit in certain localities, according to the byelaws of the district. The *spirit* of the law aims at the suppression of furious driving "to the danger of the public"; for any reasonable person will understand that the open road and the crowded street cannot both be covered by any one standard. Five miles an hour in dense traffic may be more dangerous than thirty in the deserted stretches of our country highways.

Learning to ride a Motor.

Don't begin on a new machine by choice; a motor smash *is* a smash and may include a limb as well as metal. Don't attempt motoring until you are absolutely expert and self-confident on a "pusher." It is certainly unwise to make one's motoring *début* on a powerful machine; 1½ to 2 h.p. will be quite sufficient for the first few lessons. Again, before taking to the sport, buy a treatise, such as the "Motor Manual," and learn something about the mechanism of the engine and the necessary operations that every rider must perform if he is to avoid disaster. Don't for a moment imagine that a motor will stand the treatment meted out to many a cycle—*i.e.*, utter neglect. It is a locomotive, and its dignity demands that you must give it some of the care that the engine-driver lavishes on his express "flier." At the same time, *given* proper attention, the motor will run hundreds, often thousands, of miles without causing any serious trouble; though you must expect every now and then to be called upon to show what sort of a "handy man" you are mechanically.

For a light rider—eight to ten stone—a 1½ h.p. engine and a mount of 100lbs. gross weight will suffice; if it be in *good going order* and well designed. You may pick up a secondhand mount of this power very cheap; though I warn you not to trust to your own judgment in making a choice if you are ignorant of motors. There are many rubbishy second-hand machines on the market and also some very good bargains.

Acetylene Lamps.

For motoring there is no other kind to touch these. The rider *must* have plenty of light to illumine the road at least thirty yards ahead. Before the acetylene came into practical use, I had several very narrow escapes from serious accidents while riding at night. On one occasion, I thought I saw a glint in front of me and instinctively pulled to my side. The glint was from the tyre of a lightless cart which, being of the same colour as the road, was practically invisible in the rays of my oil-lamp. But for that warning reflection I should have crashed into the tail-board—and might not be writing these lines. Another night, while descending a hill, I struck a brick which had fallen from a cart, and performed a flight of some feet. Luckily, the motor alit well and I escaped with a bad shaking. One or two such experiences render the motorist devoutly grateful to the makers of good acetylene lamps.

Carrying Carbide.

The capacity of some lamps is very limited; and with the best a renewal of carbide is necessary on a long journey. Now, a box of the chemical is both bulky and awkward to carry; while, if unprotected, the substance soon deteriorates. For some months past I have kept odd pieces of tin-foil that have come in my way, hoping that they might prove useful for something. But that "something" didn't turn up till the other day, when it suddenly occurred to me that lumps of carbide, wrapped up in the foil, might defy the atmosphere. I at once enveloped some pieces and stood them in my dark-room sink, where the air is very moist. After two days they were practically unchanged: and now I carry pieces, so protected, in my wallet or pockets.

Trouble with acetylene lamps is generally due to an imperfect or clogged burner. Keep a few spare ones by you and make a change when the lamp turns sulky.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. H. Wodehouse.—(1) The entrance fee to the Cyclists' Touring Club is 1s.; the yearly subscription 5s. If more than one person of a household join, each member after the first is admitted on payment of the 1s. entrance fee, and an annual 3s. They are not entitled to receive any of the club's publications, but, as the member paying full subscription gets them, this is a matter of no consequence. (2) The best guide to the Somersetshire roads is the C.T.C.'s roadbook, dealing with all the country south of the Thames and Severn. Price 4s.

"Breaker."—I don't think 33lb. heavy for a touring machine. If it is in good condition, *i.e.*, bearings quite sound so that they can be adjusted to a nicety without jamming; enamel and plating still uninjured to any great extent; then it would be worth your while to have a Pedersen or Sturmey Archer three-speed gear fitted. I don't see any object in getting rid of a machine which does its work well, and to which you are thoroughly accustomed, merely for the sake of purchasing one a few pounds lighter. You would drop money over the transaction, whereas the expenditure of fifty to sixty shillings on a change-speed hub for your back wheel would put you in possession of a practically up-to-date mount.

"Constant."—Thanks! glad to hear you like the motoring flavour now given to the Corner. I hope that you will have had experience of the joys of motoring before you are much older.

THE SULTAN'S VIEWS ON CATS.

By JAQUETTA C. LEMM,

Author of "The Sirdar," "Screamer and Skilful," &c.

Sketches by Rex Osborne.

I WAS not at all surprised when he spoke—in fact, I had been expecting every day for weeks to hear him do so. Month after month he had sat there while I worked, staring solemnly at me, always with such a contemptuously superior air as to show that he had taken my measure.

On this particular morning he was more aggressive than usual, and he had such a self-satisfied grin on his face that he drove me nearly frantic.

I had a specially tough article to write, and did not in the least know how to set about it. In order to put off the evil moment as long as possible I had carefully oiled my Blick, and fixed on a new ink pad. Then I neatly typed the heading, and sat patiently waiting for an inspiration.

The Sultan, a large, old-fashioned tabby, chose his position in front of the fire and looked on. He was an uncommonly well-groomed, handsome grimalkin, and had taken up his quarters in my parlour as a matter of course. At first I had resented this, strongly but uselessly. If I put him out of the room he simply waited until some one opened the door, and then came in again, or else he climbed in through the window; so, for the peace of my soul, I let him stop.

If only the editor had wanted a paper on *dogs* then all would have been plain sailing, but cat-lore was to me a mystery profound.

"Although you do not know anything about them, you have not sense enough to make inquiries," said an unfamiliar voice. I started, for it was the Sultan who had given vent to his feelings, and he looked both indignant and offended.

I do not think that I should have taken the trouble to argue the matter, only I wanted sympathy, and I wanted a few guineas still more, so I temporised with him.

"Cats were never much in my line," I said, regretfully, "and now I have no means of finding out anything about them."

"If you only pay attention," went on the Sultan, "I can put you in the way of earning those guineas you're hankering after. Take this down."

So I posed my fingers humbly above the keys, and awaited his pleasure.

"Cats," he began, "are much underrated and misunderstood. They are considered by the majority of human beings (who are most strangely ignorant on the subject) to be selfish, treacherous, comfort-loving animals, attaching themselves to places rather than to people. You often hear it said that cats find their way back to empty houses, even after they have been taken miles away. This is certainly true, but the cats do not know that the houses are empty—they simply return to the place where they have been accustomed to receive food and attention, expecting to find the inmates there as usual. This action is a proof of pussy's fidelity rather than an instance of her callousness, as is generally supposed.

"The great naturalist, the Rev. J. C.

THE WILD TYPE.

Wood, M.A.,' he continued, "holds very sensible views on the character of cats, and he says that those which he has known 'have been as docile, tractable, and good-tempered as any dog could be, and have displayed an amount of intelligence which would be equalled by very few dogs and surpassed by none.' He certainly understands our race."

"How many kinds of cat are there?" I inquired.

"Ah!" said the Sultan, "there are many. Foremost comes the good old-fashioned tabby like myself, which, in spite of the numerous innovations of fancy breeds, still holds its own with people of sense. It is an institution in all well-regulated households, and is rightly considered to be an indispensable ornament to the hearth. The typical tabby is compact and comfortable-looking, short in the forelegs and small in the ears, though, of course, every few years bring a change of fashion. The head in the male should be round and massive, and the eyes should wear a contented expression. This particular species is, for the most part, good-natured, courageous, and enduring, and more devoted to its offspring than any of the fancy cats. Its fur should be thick and even, and the ground colour a tawny brown or dun shade, on which the striping should be heavy and of a rich, clear black. The bars across the chest should take a semicircular direction, and should not be less than three in number. Correctly speaking, there should be no white about a true tabby, though in my opinion a nice white waistcoat or neat parsonic tie is most becoming, especially to a country cat, who is little apt to soil it."

"What can I say about the red, silver, and grey tabbies?" I inquired.

"These cats you now mention are merely freaks," answered his Imperial Majesty scornfully, and he puffed himself out until he looked larger than ever. "They give good accounts of themselves on the show bench," he admitted, "but they are not to be compared with *us* for mousing or all-round abilities. The red are, I believe, supposed by cat fanciers to be the most valuable, but they are stupid and indolent, and not worth their salt, excepting as far as winning prizes goes.

"Then come the parti-coloured cats," he reminded me. "They have no particular recommendation beyond being homely, affectionate animals; they are either black

"VARIETIES."

or white, with heavy patches of the contrasting colour, or maybe of a tawny brown.

"We must not forget the black cat," he went on. "With some it is a great favourite, and, indeed, many of the sleek, well-proportioned specimens are very handsome, especially if the eyes are of that lovely green shade which is never seen in the eyes of any other-coloured cat. The whiskers are also thicker in texture, and in a pure black cat they should match the colour of its fur. These particular cats have always been credited with more intelligence than their feline brethren, and in olden days they were supposed to be the accomplices of witches, of whom we read as bestriding their broomsticks accompanied by a black cat. Even now they are looked upon as somewhat uncanny, and they play important parts in exciting stories. Most of us, for instance, are familiar with the famous black cat that was such a faithful comrade of Dr. Nikola's in Guy Boothby's interesting novel.

"Then," added the Sultan, "there is that strange though very beautiful arrangement of colours,' the tortoiseshell. It is a most fascinating species as regards the tinting of its fur, and the male animal is much in request, being exceedingly rare and of great value. These cats are of a rather excitable nature, but at the same time they are loving, faithful companions, and grateful for any kindness."

"What about Persian cats?" I asked. "How can one distinguish them from Angora?"

"The Persian cat," explained my authority, "is a very fine fellow indeed. He has always an air that Shakespeare would describe as 'an aspect of princes.' He is noted for the breadth and bushiness of the fur on his tail, which exceeds the size of any other cat's tail, and for the long hair with which his ears are lined. His coat is crisper to the touch than that of the Angora, and his face is more alert and less massive. He is fond of roaming, and is a thorough-paced poacher. In France, Persian cats are treated with as much consideration as the English bestow on their dogs, and they are, in consequence, far more companionable and fearless. Every café has its pet cat, and it is no uncommon sight to see puss following the visitors about the grounds. They may be more handsome than we English cats, but they are less hardy, and the damp of our climate affects them to such an extent that consumption is not unknown among them. There is also one other serious drawback, namely, that the famous Persian cats are invariably blue-eyed, and almost without exception deaf, and this is a distinction which they alone of all the cat-tribe enjoy.

Facts about Pussy.

"And now," said his Imperial Majesty, "you must put in a few odd scraps of information, just to make your paper interesting. First of all, there is a great deal of electricity in our composition, which is one of the reasons why we are such good weather prophets. You observe your cat a few hours before a storm, and see how playful and frisky she is. Most people know that if you take pussy into a dark room on a frosty day, and smooth down her fur, you will see sparks; but everyone does not know that under certain conditions your pet is

THE WITCH'S BLACK CAT.

capable of giving you an electric shock. Yet it is so. Choose a dry day, and, taking your cat in your lap, place your left hand on her breast, and gently stroke the fur on her back with your right hand. One by one the sparks will come, and suddenly you will experience a smart shock, chiefly about your wrists. There is little doubt that puss herself feels the shock, for she is not caught napping a second time.

Cats' Whiskers.

"Secondly, there are our whiskers, and these very ornamental portions of our anatomy play a most useful and important part, for they are the organs of touch.

OUR WHISKERS ARE THE ORGANS OF TOUCH.

Each single hair is in connection with the nerve running through the lip, and is also attached to a little gland underneath the skin. Directly they come in contact with any object the sensation is communicated through the lip-nerve by the hairs, which are themselves insensitive. Hence the secret of puss's stealthy movements when in search of prey. Crawling through thickets or under shrubs when bird-stalking, she can judge exactly when to spring on her quarry, for her whiskers, touching some blade of grass or dry twig, tell her that to move one more step would be to betray her presence.

Cat Lore.

"People have very strange ideas about us," went on the Sultan, meditatively; "some indeed have a rooted antipathy to all cats, and amongst them is Lord Roberts, of whom it has been said that were he blindfolded he could tell if a cat were in the room. Very different from the attitude of Sir Walter Scott, whose consideration for his cat was almost equal to that with which he treated his fellow men. In English a black cat is said to be lucky, and if a stray one come to the house he is considered to bring good fortune with him, while to meet one when starting on a journey betides prosperity. A carroty cat, on the contrary, is the harbinger of misfortune, for, if it be the first living thing seen in the morning, everything during that day will go wrong.

"In some of the remote hamlets in the West of England, amongst the uncultured, the belief is rife that during the month of February witches take the form of cats, and come down the chimney at dusk. For this reason stray pussies have a bad time of it. Another queer notion is that cats suck the breath of sleeping infants if left in the room with them. In Sicily, where the cat is dedicated to St. Martha, the patron saint of good housewives, cats are held in great veneration, and the unfortunate person who injures one is supposed to meet with the same fate as he who, in England, breaks a looking-glass, namely, seven years of ill-luck."

"We have said nothing about the treatment of cats," I observed. Then Grimalkin fired away like some famous preacher concluding a special discourse.

"They only need to be treated in a common-sense, rational manner," he declared," and they will repay with interest all the care lavished on them. The great mistake which people so often make is in thinking that so long as pussy has her saucer of milk she needs nothing else to drink. There are times when we enjoy a sip of water quite as much as do dogs, and a shallow bowl of clean water should always be left within our reach. Again, at dinner-time, some owners fancy that when they have thrown a chunk of liver to the cat they have done their duty; far from it—cats are quite as dainty in their tastes as dogs, and a well-brought up puss enjoys a change of diet and expects her share of vegetables. Then there is a great fuss about taking Fido for a run in the grass, so necessary for the dear dog's health. So it is, but does any one ever think of grass for the cat? One of my former mistresses," continued the Sultan, "was very thoughtful about this; we were then living in a town, so it was not always convenient to get grass, but she overcame the difficulty. She kept an old sponge moist, and all over it she sowed grass seeds, so that when they grew I had a constant supply ready to hand.

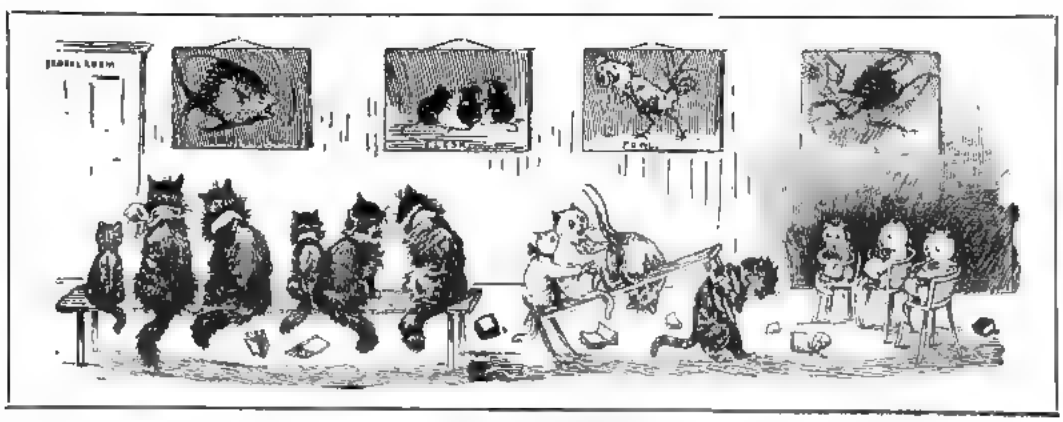
"As regards our toilet there is not much to be said; most self-respecting cats take sufficient pride in themselves to keep their coats smart and spruce. With some of the long-haired varieties, however, it is as well to keep a comb and a soft brush, and pussy's appearance after a good grooming well repays the trouble.

"In the matter of ailments few understand us. A cat that is well cared for is seldom ill; the diseases to be most dreaded are bronchitis, which chiefly attacks badly fed cats and the more delicate varieties, and consumption, which is all but incurable.

"I have said nothing about white cats, for they are not by any means popular, which is strange, considering that our present Queen is very partial to them, and always takes a favourite of this particular colour with her when she travels.

"Perhaps it may be news to you that there is a famous monastery for cats attached to the ancient church of San Lorenzo, in Florence. It is a refuge where any ancient member of the cat tribe may go into retreat for the remaining span of its life."

I felt deeply grateful to the Sultan for all he had told me, and, although he did not quite convert me to cat-worship, I began to think that the old maids who are laughed at for their penchant for pussy are in reality to be envied.



Drawn by Louis Wain.

THE HEAD OF KAY'S

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

Fenn is head of Kay's—the most disorderly house at Eckleton. His task in ruling such a crew is unsatisfactory enough, but Mr Kay renders it doubly so by his unreasonable behaviour towards the captain of the house. Fenn is the finest cricketer in the school—having been selected to play for his county in the holidays—and entirely by his efforts Kay's get into the final of the house matches. But Mr Kay, who takes no interest whatever in the athletics of his house, keeps Fenn in on the afternoon of the match, and Kay's crack bat only appears in time to go in last, the consequence being that Kay's lose the match. Feeling naturally runs high against Mr Kay, who, owing to the illness of a colleague, is called upon to preside over the grand term-end concert—always a solemn and classical affair. Fenn is a performer. Having played a serious piece, an encore being demanded, he breaks into a giddy trifle called the "Coon Band Contest," which sets hundreds of feet stamping. The uproar (led by Kay malcontents) rises to such a pitch that the concert has to be brought to a premature close, and it is feared that the authorities will take action in the matter. When the school reassembles for the winter term Fenn is deposed from the headship of Kay's, a prefect named Kennedy being put in his place. The new appointment is regarded with resentment by Kay's, where Fenn was immensely popular as captain. To make matters worse, Fenn and Kennedy, formerly such excellent friends, fall out, the result being that Kennedy has to battle with the whole house single handed. The leader of the malcontents is Walton, a big dunce, who exasperates Kennedy to such a degree that the latter determines to fight—and, if possible, thrash—him. They decide to have it out in a dormitory, and Jimmy Silver, a chum of Kennedy's, agrees to act as time keeper. In spite of the unfair tactics adopted by Walton, Kennedy gives him a sound licking, and the lesson thus administered has good effects, for, thereafter, open rebellion ceases in Kay's. But a great deal remains to be done in the way of reformation, and what annoys Kennedy more than anything is the knowledge that if only Fenn would lend a hand in the management of the house, their combined authority would be irresistible. Fenn, however, shows no inclination to make up his quarrel with Kennedy. While matters are in this strained condition, a series of adventures befalls the ex-head of Kay's. While returning from an illegal expedition to the theatre, he is relieved of his watch by a pick pocket. Giving chase, Fenn misses his man in the fog and knocks down a stranger, whom he helps into his house, where the prefect unfortunately leaves his cap. After an unsuccessful attempt to regain the cap, Fenn makes his way back to the school. On the following day he calls at the house in the High-street, but again fails to regain his cap—a fact which causes him grave anxiety, as, should the cap ultimately fall into the hands of the headmaster, it will afford proof of its owner's illegal visit to the town. About this time Jimmy Silver makes a determined and successful effort to restore amicable relations between Fenn and Kennedy. They have just made up their quarrel when a fag appears, and hands Fenn his cap, which has been sent to the prefect by the headmaster. The fag adds that the Head desires Fenn's immediate attendance in his study.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH AN EPISODE IS CLOSED.

"THANKS," said Fenn.

He stood twirling the cap round in his hand as Spencer closed the door. Then he threw it on to the table. He did not feel particularly disturbed at the thought of the interview that was to come. He had been expecting the cap to turn up, like the corpse of Eugene Aram's victim, at some inconvenient moment. It was a pity that it had come just as things looked as if they might be made more or less tolerable in Kay's. He had been looking forward with a grim pleasure to the sensation that would be caused in the house when it became known that he and Kennedy had formed a combine for its moral and physical benefit. But that was all over. He would be sacked, beyond a doubt. In the history of Eckleton, as far as he knew it, there had never been a case of a fellow breaking out at night and not being expelled when he was caught. It was one of the cardinal sins in the school code. There had been the case of Peter Brown, which his brother had mentioned in his letter. And in his own time he had seen three men vanish from Eckleton for the same offence. He did not flatter himself that his record at the school was so good as to make it likely that the authorities would stretch a point in his favour.

"So long, Kennedy," he said. "You'll be here when I get back, I suppose?"

"What does he want you for, do you think?" asked Kennedy, stretching himself, with a yawn. It never struck him that Fenn could be in any serious trouble. Fenn was a prefect; and when

the headmaster sent for a prefect it was generally to tell him that he had got a split infinitive in his English Essay that week.

"Glad I'm not you," he added, as a gust of wind rattled the sash, and the rain dashed against the pane. "Beastly evening to have to go out in."

"It isn't the rain I mind," said Fenn; "it's what's going to happen when I get indoors again," and refused to explain further. There would be plenty of time to tell Kennedy the whole story when he returned. It was better not to keep the headmaster waiting.

The first thing he noticed on reaching the School House was the strange demeanour of the butler. Whenever Fenn had had occasion to call on the headmaster hitherto, Watson had admitted him with the air of a high priest leading a devotee to a shrine of which he was the sole managing director. This evening he seemed restless, excited.

"Good evening, Mr. Fenn," he said. "This way, sir."

Those were his actual words. Fenn had not known for certain until now that he *could* talk. On previous occasions their conversations had been limited to an "Is the headmaster in?" from Fenn, and a stately inclination of the head from Watson. The man was getting a positive babbler.

With an eager, springy step, distantly reminiscent of a shopwalker heading a procession of customers, with a touch of the style of the winner in a walking-race to Brighton, the once slow-moving butler led the way to the headmaster's study.

For the first time since he started out Fenn was conscious of a tremor. There is something about a closed door, behind which somebody is waiting to receive one, which appeals to the imagination, especially if the ensuing meeting is likely to be an unpleasant one.

"Ah, Fenn," said the headmaster. "Come in."

Fenn wondered. It was not in this tone of voice that the Head was wont to commence a conversation which was going to prove painful.

"You've got your cap, Fenn? I gave it to a small boy in your house to take to you."

"Yes, sir."

He had given up all hope of understanding the Head's line of action. Unless he was playing a deep game, and intended to flash out suddenly with a keen question which it would be impossible to parry, there seemed nothing to account for the strange absence of anything unusual in his manner. He referred to the cap as if he had borrowed it from Fenn, and had returned it by bearer, hoping that its loss had not inconvenienced him at all.

"I daresay," continued the Head, "that you are wondering how it came into my possession. You missed it, of course?"

"Very much, sir," said Fenn, with perfect truth.

"It has just been brought to my house, together with a great many other things, more valuable, perhaps,"—here he smiled a headmagisterial smile—"by a policeman from Eckleton."

Fenn was still unequal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. He could understand, in a vague way, that for some unexplained reason things were going well for him, but beyond that his mind was in a whirl.

"You will remember the unfortunate burglary of Mr. Kay's house and mine. Your cap was returned with the rest of the stolen property."

Just so, thought Fenn. The rest of the stolen property? Exactly. *Go* on. Don't mind me. I shall begin to understand soon, I suppose.

He condensed these thoughts into the verbal reply, "Yes, sir."

"I sent for you to identify your own property. I see there is a silver cup belonging to you. Perhaps there are also other articles. Go and see. You will find them on that table. They are in a hopeless state of confusion, having been conveyed here in a sack. Fortunately, nothing is broken."

He was thinking of certain valuables belonging to himself which had been abstracted from his drawing-room on the occasion of the burglar's visit to the School House.

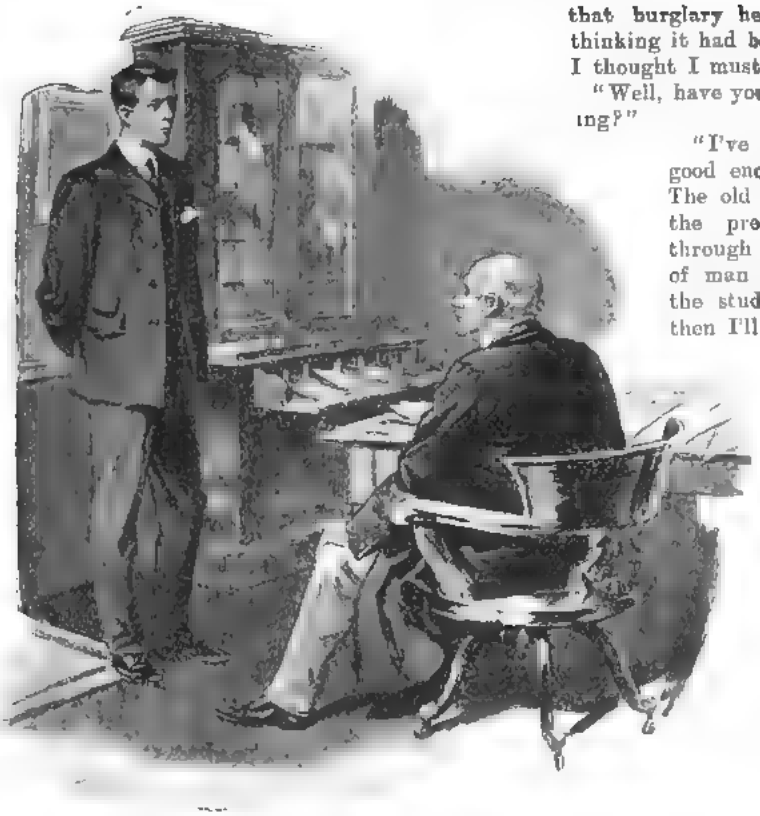
Fenn crossed the room, and began to inspect the table indicated. On it was as mixed a collection of valuable and useless articles as one could wish to see. He saw his cup at once, and attached himself to it. But of all the other specimens of this private collection he could recognise nothing else as his property.

"There is nothing of mine here except the cup, sir," he said.

"Ah. Then that is all, I think. You are going back to Mr. Kay's? Then please send Kennedy to me. Good-night, Fenn."

"Good-night, sir."

Even now Fenn could not understand it. The more he thought it over the more his brain reeled. He could grasp the fact that his cap and his cup were safe again, and that there was evidently going to be no sacking for the moment. But how it had all happened, and how the police had got hold of his cap, and why they had returned it with the loot gathered in by the burglar who had visited Kay's and the



"YOU ARE WONDERING HOW YOUR CAP CAME INTO MY POSSESSION?"

School House, were problems which, he had to confess, were beyond him.

He walked to Kay's through the rain with the cup under his mackintosh, and freely admitted to himself that there were things in heaven and earth—and particularly earth—which no fellow could understand.

"I don't know," he said, when Kennedy pressed for an explanation of the reappearance of the cup. "It's no good asking me. I'm going now to borrow the matron's smelling-salts: I feel faint. After that I shall wrap a wet towel round my head, and begin to think it out. Meanwhile, you're to go over to the Head. He's had enough of me, and he wants to have a look at you."

"Me?" said Kennedy. "Why?"

"Now, is it any good asking *me*?" said Fenn. "If you can find out what it's all about, I'll thank you if you'll come and tell me."

Ten minutes later Kennedy returned. He carried a watch and chain.

"I couldn't think what had happened to my watch," he said. "I missed it on the day after that burglary here, but I never thought of thinking it had been collared by a professional. I thought I must have lost it somewhere."

"Well, have you grasped what's been happening?"

"I've grasped my ticker, which is good enough for me. Half a second. The old man wants to see the rest of the prefects. He's going to work through the house in batches, instead of man by man. I'll just go round the studies and rout them out, and then I'll come back and explain. It's perfectly simple."

"Glad you think so," said Fenn.

Kennedy went and returned.

"Now," he said, subsiding into a deck-chair, "what is it you don't understand?"

"I don't understand anything. Begin at the beginning."

"I got the yarn from the butler—what's his name?"

"Those who know him well enough to venture to address him by name—I've never dared to myself—call him Watson," said Fenn.

"I got the yarn from Watson. He was as excited as anything about it. I never saw him like that before."

"I noticed something queer about him."

"He's awfully bucked, and is doing the Ancient Mariner business all over the place. Wants to tell the story to everyone he sees."

"Well, suppose you follow his example. I want to hear about it."

"Well, it seems that the police have been watching a house at the corner of the High-street for some time—what's up?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"But you said, 'By Jove!'"

"Well, why shouldn't I say 'By Jove'? When you are telling sensational yarns it's my duty to say something of the sort. Buck along."

"It's a house not far from the Town Hall, at the corner of Pegwell-street—you've probably been there scores of times."

"Once or twice, perhaps," said Fenn. "Well?"

"About a month ago two suspicious-looking bounders went to live there. Watson says their faces were enough to hang them. Anyhow, they must have been pretty bad, for they made even the Eckleton police, who are pretty average-sized rotters, suspicious, and they kept an eye on them. Well, after a bit there began to be a regular epidemic of burglary round about here. Watson says half the houses round were broken into. The police thought it was getting a bit too thick, but they didn't like to raid the house without some jolly good evidence that these two men were the burglars, so they lay low and waited till they should give them a decent excuse for jumping on them. They had had a detective chap down from London, by the way, to see if he couldn't do something about the burglaries, and he kept his eye on them, too."

"They had quite a gallery. Didn't they notice any of the eyes?"

"No. Then after a bit one of them nipped off to London with a big bag. The detective chap was after him like a shot. He followed him from the station, saw him get into a cab, got into another himself, and stuck to him hard. The front cab stopped at about a dozen pawnbrokers' shops. The detective Johnny took the names and addresses, and hung on to the burglar man all day, and finally saw him return to the station, where he caught a train back to Eckleton. Directly he had seen him off, the detective got into a cab, called on the dozen pawnbrokers, showed his card, with 'Scotland Yard' on it, I suppose, and asked to see what the other chap had pawned. He identified every single thing as something that had been collared from one of the houses round Eckleton way. So he came back here, told the police, and they raided the house, and there they found stacks of loot of all descriptions."

"Including my cap," said Fenn, thoughtfully. "I see now."

"Rummy the man thinking it worth his while to take an old cap," said Kennedy.

"Very," said Fenn. "But it's been a rum business all along."

CHAPTER XXII.

KAY'S CHANGES ITS NAME.

FOR the remaining weeks of the winter term things went as smoothly in Kay's as Kay would let them. That restless gentleman still continued to burst in on Kennedy from time to time with some sensational story of how he had found a fag doing what he ought not to have done. But there was a world of difference between the effect these visits had now and that which they had had when Kennedy had stood alone in the house, his hand against all men. Now that he could work off the effects of such encounters by going straight to Fenn's study, and picking the housemaster to pieces, the latter's peculiar methods ceased to be irritating, and became funny. Mr. Kay was always ferreting out the weirdest misdoings on the part of the members of his house, and rushing to Kennedy's study to tell him about them at full length, like a rather indignant dog bringing a rat he has hunted down into a drawing-room, to display it to the company. On one occasion, when Fenn and Jimmy Silver were in Kennedy's study, Mr. Kay dashed in to complain bitterly that he had discovered that the junior day-room kept mice, and similar small deer, in their lockers. It seemed to him enough to cause an epidemic of typhoid fever in the house, and he hauled Kennedy over the coals, in a speech that lasted five minutes, for not having detected this plague-spot in the house.

"So that's the celebrity at home, is it?" said Jimmy Silver, when he had gone. "I now begin to understand more or less why this house wants a new head every two terms. Is he often taken like that?"

"He's never anything else," said Kennedy. "Fenn keeps a list of the things he rags me about, and we have an even shilling on, each week, that he will beat the record of the previous week. At first I used to get the shilling if he lowered the record; but after a bit it struck us that it wasn't fair, so now we take it on alternate weeks. This is my week, by the way. I think I can trouble you for that bob, Fenn?"

"I wish I could make it more," said Fenn, handing over the shilling.

"What sort of things does he rag you about generally?" inquired Silver.

Fenn produced a slip of paper.

"Here are a few," he said, "for this month. He came in on the 10th because he found two kids fighting. Kennedy was down town when it happened, but that made no difference. Then he caught the senior day-room making a row of some sort. He said it was perfectly deafening; but we couldn't hear it in our studies. I believe he goes round the house, listening at keyholes. That was on the 16th. On the 22nd he found a chap in Kennedy's dormitory wandering about the house at one in the morning. He seemed to think that Kennedy ought to have sat up all night on the chance of some-

body cutting out of the dormitory. At any rate, he ragged him. I won the weekly shilling on that; and deserved it, too."

Fenn had to go over to the gymnasium shortly after this. Jimmy Silver stayed on, talking to Kennedy.

"And bar Kay," said Jimmy, "how do you find the house doing? Any better?"

"Better! It's getting a sort of model establishment. I believe, if we keep pegging away at them, we may win some sort of a cup sooner or later."

"Well, Kay's very nearly won the cricket cup last year. You ought to get it next season, now that you and Fenn are both in the team."

"Oh, I don't know. It'll be a fluke if we do. Still, we're hoping. It isn't every house that's got a county man in it. But we're breaking out in another place. Don't let it get about, for goodness' sake, but we're going for the sports' cup."

"Hope you'll get it. Blackburn's won't have a chance, anyhow, and I should like to see somebody get it away from the School House. They've had it much too long. They're beginning to look on it as their right. But who are your men?"

"Well, Fenn ought to be a cert for the hundred and the quarter, to start with."

"But the School House must get the long run, and the mile, and the half, too, probably."

"Yes. We haven't any one to beat Milligan, certainly. But there are the second and third places. Don't forget those. That's where we're going to have a look in. There's all sorts of unsuspected talent in Kay's. To look at Peel, for instance, you wouldn't think he could do the hundred in eleven, would you? Well, he can, only he's been too slack to go in for the race at the sports, because it meant training. I had him up here and reasoned with him, and he's promised to do his best. Eleven is good enough for second place in the hundred, don't you think? There are lots of others in the house who can do quite decently on the track, if they try. I've been making strict inquiries. Kay's are hot stuff, Jimmy. Heap big medicine. That's what they are."

"You're a wonderful man, Kennedy," said Jimmy Silver. And he meant it. Kennedy's uphill fight at Kay's had appealed to him strongly. He himself had never known what it meant to have to manage a hostile house. He had stepped into his predecessor's shoes at Blackburn's much as the heir to a throne becomes king. Nobody had thought of disputing his right to the place. He was next man in; so, directly the departure of the previous head of Blackburn's left a vacancy, he stepped into it, and the machinery of the house had gone on as smoothly as if there had been no change at all. But Kennedy had gone in against a slack and antagonistic house, with weak prefects to help him, and a fussy housemaster; and he had fought them all for a term, and looked like winning. Jimmy admired his friend with a fervour which nothing on earth would have tempted him to reveal. Like most people with a sense of humour, he had a fear of appearing ridiculous, and he hid his real feelings as completely as he was able.

"How is the footer getting on?" inquired Jimmy, remembering the difficulties Kennedy had encountered earlier in the term in connection with his house team.

"It's better," said Kennedy. "Keener, at any rate. We shall do our best in the house matches. But we aren't a good team."

"Any more trouble about your being captain instead of Fenn?"

"No. We both sign the lists now. Fenn didn't want to, but I thought it would be a good idea, so we tried it. It seems to have worked all right."

"Of course, your getting your first has probably made a difference."

"A bit, perhaps."

"Well, I hope you won't get the footer cup, because I want it for Blackburn's. Or the cricket cup. I want that, too. But you can have the sports' cup with my blessing."

"Thanks," said Kennedy. "It's very generous of you."

"Don't mention it," said Jimmy.

From which conversation it will be seen that Kay's was gradually pulling itself together. It had been asleep for years. It was now waking up.

When the winter term ended there were distinct symptoms of an outbreak of public spirit in the house.

The Easter term opened auspiciously in one way. Neither Walton nor Perry returned. The former had been snapped up in the middle of the holidays—to his enormous disgust—by a bank, which wanted his services so much that it was prepared to pay him £60 a year simply to enter the addresses of its outgoing letters in a book, and post them when he had completed this ceremony. After a spell of this he might hope to be transferred to another sphere of bank life and thought, and at the end of his first year he might even hope for a rise in his salary of ten pounds, if his conduct was good, and he had not been late on more than twenty mornings in the year. I am aware

that in a properly-regulated story of school-life Walton would have gone to the Eckleton races, returned in a state of speechless intoxication, and been summarily expelled; but facts are facts, and must not be tampered with. The ingenious but not industrious Perry had been superannuated. For three years he had been in the Lower Fourth. Probably the master of that form went to the Head, and said that his constitution would not stand another year of masters in the school. He was a keen athlete and a tactful master. Fenn and Kennedy knew him well, through having played at the nets and in scratch games with him. They both liked him. If Kennedy had had to select a housemaster, he would have chosen Mr. Blackburn first. But Mr. Dencroft would have been easily second.

Fenn learned the facts from the matron, and detailed them to Kennedy.

"I WISH WE COULD WIN THE FOOTBALL CUP, TOO, FENN."

him, and that either he or Perry must go. So Perry had departed. Like a poor play, he had "failed to attract," and was withdrawn. There was also another departure of an even more momentous nature.

Mr. Kay had left Eckleton.

Kennedy was no longer head of Kay's. He was now head of Dencroft's.

Mr. Dencroft was one of the most popular

"Kay got the offer of a headmastership at a small school in the north, and jumped at it. I pity the fellows there. They are going to have a lively time."

"I'm jolly glad Dencroft has got the house," said Kennedy. "We might have had some awful rotter put in. Dencroft will help us buck up the house games."

The new housemaster sent for Kennedy on

the first evening of term. He wished to find out how the Head of the house and the ex-Head stood with regard to one another. He knew the circumstances, and comprehended vaguely that there had been trouble.

"I hope we shall have a good term," he said.

"I hope so, sir," said Kennedy.

"You -er—you think the house is keener, Kennedy, than when you first came in?"

"Yes, sir. They are getting quite keen now. We might win the sports."

"I hope we shall. I wish we could win the football cup, too, but I am afraid Mr. Blackburn's are very heavy metal."

"It's hardly likely we shall have very much chance with them; but we might get into the final!"

"It would be an excellent thing for the house if we could. I hope Fenn is helping you get the team into shape?" he added.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Kennedy. "We share the captaincy. We both sign the lists."

"A very good idea," said Mr. Dencroft, relieved. "Good-night, Kennedy."

"Good-night, sir," said Kennedy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

THE chances of Kay's in the inter-house Football Competition were not thought very much of by their rivals. Of late years each of the other houses had prayed to draw Kay's for the first round, it being a certainty that this would mean that they got at least into the second round, and so a step nearer the cup. Nobody, however weak compared to Blackburn's, which was at the moment the crack football house, ever doubted the result of a match with Kay's. It was looked on as a sort of gentle trial trip.

But the efforts of the two captains during the last weeks of the winter term had put a different complexion on matters. Football is not like cricket. It is a game at which anybody of average size and a certain amount of pluck can make himself at least moderately proficient. Kennedy, after consultations with Fenn, had picked out what he considered the best fifteen, and the two set themselves to knock it into shape. In weight there was not much to grumble at. There were several heavy men in the scrum. If only these could be brought to use their weight to the last ounce when shoving, all would be well as far as the forwards were concerned. The outsides were not so satisfactory. With the exception, of course, of Fenn, they lacked speed. They were well-meaning, but they could not run any faster by virtue of that. Kay's would have to trust to its scrum to pull it through. Peel, the sprinter whom Kennedy had discovered in his search for athletes, had to be put in the pack on account of his weight, which deprived the three-quarter line of what would have been a good man in that position. It was a drawback, too, that Fenn was accustomed to play on the wing. To be of real service a wing three-quarter must be fed by his centres, and, unfortunately, there was no centre in Kay's—or Dencroft's, as it should now be called—who was capable of making openings enough to give Fenn a chance. So he had to play in the centre, where he did not know the game so well.

Kennedy realised at an early date that the one chance of the house was to get together before the house-matches, and play as a coherent team, not as a collection of units. Combination will often make up for lack of speed in a three-quarter line. So twice a week Dencroft's turned out against scratch teams of varying strength.

It delighted Kennedy to watch their improvement. The first side they played ran through them to the tune of three goals and four tries to a try, and it took all the efforts of the Head of the house to keep a spirit of pessimism from spreading in the ranks. Another frost of this sort, and the sprouting keenness of the house would be nipped in the bud. He conducted himself with much tact. Another captain might have made the fatal error of trying to stir his team up with pungent abuse. He realised what a mistake this would be. It did not need a great deal of discouragement to send the house back to its old slack ways. Another such defeat, following immediately in the footsteps of the first, and they would begin to ask themselves what was the good of mortifying the flesh simply to get a licking from a scratch team by twenty-four points. Kay's, they would feel, always had got beaten, and they always would, to the end of time. A house that has once got thoroughly slack does not change its views of life in a moment.

Kennedy acted craftily.

"You played jolly well," he told his despondent team, as they trooped off the field. "We haven't got together yet, that's all. And it was a hot side we were playing to-day. They would have licked Blackburn's."

A good deal more in the same strain gave the house team the comfortable feeling that they had done uncommonly well to get beaten by only twenty-four points. Kennedy fostered the

delusion, and in the meantime arranged with Mr. Dencroft to collect fifteen innocents, and lead them forth to be slaughtered by the house on the following Friday. Mr. Dencroft entered into the thing with a relish. When he showed Kennedy the list of his team on the Friday morning, that diplomatist chuckled. He foresaw a good time in the near future. "You must play up like the dickens," he told the house during the dinner-hour. "Dencroft is bringing a hot lot this afternoon. But I think we shall lick them."

They did. When the whistle blew for No-Side, the house had just finished scoring its fourteenth try. Six goals and eight tries to nil was the exact total. Dencroft's returned to headquarters, asking itself in a dazed way if these things could be. They saw that cup on their mantelpiece already. Keenness redoubled. Football became the fashion in Dencroft's. The play of the team improved weekly. And its spirit improved, too. The next scratch team they played beat them by a goal and a try to a goal. Dencroft's was not depressed. It put the result down to a fluke. Then they beat another side by a try to nothing; and by that time they had got going as an organised team, and their heart was in the thing.

They had improved out of all knowledge when the house-matches began. Blair's was the lucky house that drew against them in the first round

"Good business," said the men of Blair. "Wonder who we'll play in the second round."

They left the field marvelling. For some unaccountable reason Dencroft's had flatly refused to act in the good old way as a doormat for their opponents. Instead, they had played with a dash and knowledge of the game which for the first quarter of an hour quite unnerved Blair's. In that quarter of an hour they scored three times, and finished the game with two goals and three tries to their name.

The School looked on it as a huge joke. "Heard the latest?" friends would say on meeting one another the day after the game. "Kay's—I mean Dencroft's have won a match. They simply sat on Blair's. First time they've ever won a house-match, I should think. Blair's are awfully sick. We shall have to be looking out."

Whereat the friend would grin broadly. The idea of Dencroft's making a game of it with his house tickled him.

When Dencroft's took fifteen points off Mulholland's the joke began to lose its point.

"Why, they must be some good," said the public, startled at the novelty of the idea. "If they win another match they'll be in the final!"

Kay's in the final! Cricket? Oh, yes, they had got into the final at cricket, of course. But that wasn't the house. It was Fenn. Footer was different. One man couldn't do everything there. The only possible explanation was that they had improved to an enormous extent.

Then people began to remember that they had played in scratch games against the house. There seemed to be a tremendous number of fellows who had done this. At one time or another, it seemed, half the school had opposed Dencroft's in the ranks of a scratch side. It began to dawn on Eckleton that in an unostentatious way Dencroft's had been putting in about seven times as much practice as any other three houses rolled together. No wonder they combined so well.

When the School House, with three first fifteen men in its team, fell before them, the reputation of Dencroft's was established. It had reached the final, and only Blackburn's stood now between it and the cup.

All this while Blackburn's had been doing what was expected of them by beating each of their opponents with great ease. There was nothing sensational about this, as there was in the case of Dencroft's. The latter were, therefore, favourites when the two teams lined up against one another in the final. The School felt that a house that had had such a meteoric flight as Dencroft's must—by all that was dramatic—carry the thing through to its obvious conclusion, and pull off the final.

But Fenn and Kennedy were not so hopeful. A certain amount of science, a great deal of keenness, and excellent condition, had carried them through the other rounds in rare style, but, though they would probably give a good account of themselves, nobody who considered the two teams impartially could help seeing that Dencroft's was a weaker side than Blackburn's. Nothing but great good luck could bring them out victorious to-day.

And so it proved. Dencroft's played up for all they were worth from the kick-off to the final solo on the whistle, but they were over matched. Blackburn's scrum was too heavy for them, with its three first fifteen men and two seconds. Dencroft's pack were shoved off the ball time after time, and it was only keen tackling that kept the score down. By half-time Blackburn's were a couple of tries ahead. Fenn scored soon after the interval with a great run from his own twenty-five, and for a quarter of an hour it looked as if it might be anybody's game. Kennedy converted the try, so that Blackburn's only led by a single point. A fluky

kick or a mistake on the part of a Blackburnite outside might give Dencroft's the cup.

But the Blackburn outsides did not make mistakes. They played a strong, sure game, and the forwards fed them well. Ten minutes before No-Side Jimmy Silver ran in, increasing the lead to six points. And though Dencroft's never went to pieces, and continued to show fight to the very end, Blackburn's were not to be denied, and Challis scored a final try in the corner. Blackburn's won the cup by the comfortable, but not excessive, margin of a goal and three tries to a goal.

Dencroft's had lost the cup; but they had lost it well. Their credit had increased in spite of the defeat.

"I thought we shouldn't be able to manage Blackburn's," said Kennedy, "What we must do now is win that sports' cup."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SPORTS.

THERE were certain houses at Eckleton which had, as it were, specialised in certain competitions. Thus, Gay's, who never by any chance survived the first two rounds of the cricket and football housers, invariably won the shooting shield. All the other houses sent their brace of men to the range to see what they could do, but every year it was the same. A pair of weedy obscurities from Gay's would take the shield by a comfortable margin. In the same way Mulholland's had only won the cricket cup once since they had become a house, but they had carried off the swimming cup three years in succession, and six years in all out of the last eight. The sports had always been looked on as the perquisite of the School House; and this year, with Milligan to win the long distances, and Maybury the high jump and the weight, there did not seem much doubt of their success. These two alone would pile up fifteen points. Three points were given for a win, two for second place, and one for third. It was this that encouraged Kennedy in the hope that Dencroft's might have a chance. Nobody in the house could beat Milligan or Maybury, but the School House second and third strings were not so invincible. If Dencroft's, by means of second and third places, in the long races and the other events which were certainties for their opponents, could hold the School House, Fenn's sprinting might just give them the cup. In the meantime they trained hard, but in an unobtrusive fashion which aroused no fear in School House circles.

The sports were fixed for the last Saturday of term, but not all the races were run on that day. The half-mile came off on the previous Thursday, and the long steeplechase on the Monday after.

The School House won the half-mile, as they were expected to do. Milligan led from the start, increased his lead at the end of the first lap, doubled it half-way through the second, and, finally, with a dazzling sprint in the last seventy yards, lowered the Eckleton record by a second and three-fifths, and gave his house three points. Kennedy, who stuck gamely to his man for half the first lap, was beaten on the tape by Crake, of Mulholland's. When sports day came, therefore, the score was School House three points, Mulholland's two, Dencroft's one. The success of Mulholland's in the half was to the advantage of Dencroft's. Mulholland's was not likely to score many more points, and a place to them meant one or two points less to the School House.

The sports opened all in favour of Dencroft's, but those who knew drew no great consolation from this. School sports always begin with the sprints, and these were Dencroft's certainties. Fenn won the hundred yards as easily as Milligan had won the half. Peel was second, and a Bedell's man got third place. So that Dencroft's had now six points to their rivals' three. Ten minutes later they had increased their lead by winning the first two places at throwing the cricket ball, Fenn's throw beating Kennedy's by ten yards, and Kennedy's being a few feet in front of Jimmy Silver's, which, by gaining third place, represented the only point Blackburn's managed to amass during the afternoon.

It now began to dawn upon the School House that their supremacy was seriously threatened. Dencroft's, by its success in the football competition, had to a great extent lived down the reputation the house had acquired when it had been Kay's, but even now the notion of its winning a cup seemed somehow vaguely improper. But the fact had to be faced that it now led by eleven points to the School House's three.

"It's all right," said the School House, "our spot events haven't come off yet. Dencroft's can't get much more now."

And, to prove that they were right, the gap between the two scores began gradually to be filled up. Dencroft's struggled hard, but the School House total crept up and up. Maybury brought it to six by winning the high jump. This was only what had been expected of him. The discomforting part of the business was that

CRAKE'S LEGS GAVE WAY, AND HE ROLLED OVER.

the other two places were filled by Morrell, of Mulholland's, and Smith, of Daly's. And when, immediately afterwards, Maybury won the weight, with another School House man second, leaving Dencroft's with third place only, things began to look black for the latter. They were now only one point ahead, and there was the mile to come: and Milligan could give any Dencroftian a hundred yards at that distance

But to balance the mile there was the quarter, and in the mile Kennedy contrived to beat Crake by much the same number of feet as Crake had beaten him by in the half. The scores of the two houses were now level, and a goodly number of the School House certainties were past.

Dencroft's forged ahead again by virtue of the quarter-mile. Fenn won it; Peel was second; and a dark-horse from Denny's got in third. With the greater part of the sports over and a lead of five points to their name, Dencroft's could feel more comfortable. The hurdle-race was productive of some discomfort. Fenn should have won it, as being blessed with twice the pace of any of his opponents. But Maybury, the jumper, made up for lack of pace by the scientific way in which he took his hurdles, and won off him by a couple of feet. Smith, Dencroft's second string, finished third, thus leaving the totals unaltered by the race.

By this time the public had become alive to the fact that Dencroft's were making a great fight for the cup. They had noticed that Dencroft's colours always seemed to be coming in near the head of the procession, but the School House had made the cup so much their own that it took some time for the school to realise that another house—especially the late Kay's—was running them hard for first place. Then, just before the hurdle-race, fellows with "correct cards" hastily totted up the points each house had won up-to-date. To the general amazement it was found that, while the School House had fourteen, Dencroft's had reached nineteen, and, barring the long run to be decided on the Monday, there was nothing now that the School House must win without dispute.

A house that will persist in winning a cup year after year has to pay for it when challenged by a rival. Dencroft's instantly became warm favourites. Whenever Dencroft's brown and gold appeared at the scratch the school shouted for it wildly till the event was over. By the end of the day the totals were more nearly even, but Dencroft's were still ahead. They had lost on the long jump, but not unexpectedly. The totals at the finish were, School House twenty-three, Dencroft's twenty-five. Everything now depended on the long run.

"We might do it," said Kennedy to Fenn, as they changed. "Milligan's a cert for three points, of course, but if we can only get two we win the cup."

"There's one thing about the long run," said Fenn; "you never quite know what's going to happen. Milligan might break down over one of the hedges or the brook. There's no telling."

Kennedy felt that such a remote possibility was something of a broken reed to lean on. He had no expectation of beating the School House long distance runner, but he hoped for second place; and second place would mean the cup, for there was nobody to beat either himself or Crake.

The distance of the long run was as nearly as possible five miles. The course was across country to the village of Ledby, in a sort of semi-circle of three and a half miles, and then back to the school gates by road. Every Ecklestonian who ran at all knew the route by heart. It was the recognised training run if you wanted to train particularly hard. If you did not you took a shorter spin. At the milestone nearest the school—it was about half a mile from the gates—a good number of fellows used to wait to see the first of the runners and pace their men home. But, as a rule, there were few really hot finishes in the long run. The man who got to Ledby first generally kept the advantage, and came in a long way ahead of the field.

On this occasion the close fight Kennedy and Crake had had in the mile and the half, added to the fact that Kennedy had only to get second place to give Dencroft's the cup, lent a greater interest to the race than usual. The crowd at the milestone was double the size of the one in the previous year, when Milligan had won for the first time. And when, amidst howls of delight from the School House, the same runner ran past the stone with his long, effortless stride, before any of the others were in sight, the crowd settled down breathlessly to watch for the second man.

Then a yell, to which the other had been nothing, burst from the School House as a white figure turned the corner. It was Crake. Waddling rather than running and breathing in gasps; but still Crake. He toiled past the crowd at the milestone.

"By Jove, he looks bad," said someone.

And, indeed, he looked very bad. But he was ahead of Kennedy. That was the great thing.

He had passed the stone by thirty yards, when the cheering broke out again. Kennedy this time, in great straits, but in better shape

than Crake. Dencroft's in a body trotted along at the side of the road, shouting as they went. Crake, hearing the shouts, looked round, almost fell, and then pulled himself together, and staggered on again.

There were only a hundred yards to go now, and the school gates were in sight at the end of a long lane of spectators. They looked to Kennedy like two thick, black hedges. He could not sprint, though a hundred voices were shouting to him to do so. It was as much as he could do to keep moving. Only his will enabled him to run now. He meant to get to the gates, if he had to crawl.

The hundred yards dwindled to fifty, and he had diminished Crake's lead by a third. Twenty yards from the gates, and he was only half-a-dozen yards behind.

Crake looked round again, and this time did what he had nearly done before. His legs gave way; he rolled over; and there he remained, with the School House watching him in silent dismay, while Kennedy went on and pitched in a heap on the other side of the gates.

* * * * * *

"Feeling bad?" said Jimmy Silver, looking in that evening to make inquiries.

"I'm feeling good," said Kennedy.

"That the cup?" asked Jimmy.

Kennedy took the huge cup from the table.

"That's it. Milligan has just brought it round. Well, they can't say they haven't had their fair share of it. Look here. School House. School House. School House. School House. Daly's. School House. Denny's. School House. School House. *Ad infinitum.*"

They regarded the trophy in silence.

"First pot the house has won," said Kennedy at length. "The very first."

"It won't be the last," returned Jimmy Silver, with decision.

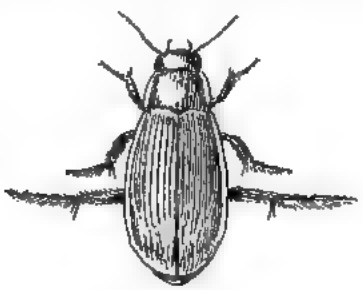
THE END.

The Russian Army, although it has not shone much in war, evidently believes in enjoying itself even under the most trying circumstances. For instance, the officers with Kuropatkin for some time engaged a troupe of Chinese Jugglers to help pass away their evenings pleasantly. Now these men, the Chunchuses, have left the seat of war and are nightly amusing large audiences at the Alhambra. The above picture shows the jugglers and their late patron, General Kuropatkin.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Entomological.—"Corn" (Hurworth-on-Tees) sends me a dead butterfly he found in the house, and asks for its name. It is the Meadow-brown Butterfly (*Epinephele ianira*), a species that is generally common on grass lands and heaths throughout the summer. "Corn" may be interested to learn that both matchbox and insect were smashed in the post-office. In this case it did not matter, for a few fragments are sufficient for the identification of so common an insect; but this habit of sending specimens in chip or cardboard boxes mostly results in a mere waste of postage stamps. The stamping methods of the post-office involve destruction to any fragile articles not enclosed in metal or stout wood.—A. J. Aldridge (Horsham) is wiser, for he sends me for identification a live water-beetle in a tin box filled with damp moss, and it reaches me in a lively condition, with all its limbs intact. Its name is *Dytiscus punctu-*



WATER BEETLE.

latus, distinguished at a glance from the slightly larger *D. marginalis* by its underside being black instead of yellow. It is a female specimen. I give a life-size drawing of it. The other beetle to which A. J. A. refers is probably *Acilius sulcatus*, but it is impossible to say certainly without seeing it. I presume that these beetles proved harmless to the fish because they had a sufficient supply of meat for their wants. Without seeing it, I could not tell what is the white growth on the beetles—probably the aquatic fungus that sometimes attacks fishes, etc., in an aquarium.—H. F. F. (Streatham), who wrote about his Swallow-tail moth larva (*see* December CAPTAIN), now writes (1) to say I was right—"as soon as this cold weather set in, it immediately buried itself amongst the leaves at the bottom of the cage." (2) I cannot say why a Red Admiral should come out in a winter fog, but it was probably disturbed in its hibernation by the removal of a faggot-stack, or other shelter it had selected. I do not suppose it stirred itself voluntarily on such a day. (3) Moths afflicted by "grease" should be soaked in benzole (not *benzine*) from one day to a fortnight, according to the badness of their condition, then covered above and below with powdered French chalk and left to dry, when the chalk may be blown off.

Book on Birds.—Molly Bickman (Uckfield) wants a book on the British Birds with coloured illustrations, and does not mind it being an expensive work. Then by all means get "British Birds," by Butler and others, illustrated by Frohawk, published by F. Warne and Co., in six vols., price £3 12s. The plates of eggs only are coloured.

Food for Starling.—T. W. Whitefoot (Bridgnorth) wishes to know how to feed a Starling. Though its food in nature consists chiefly of insects, snails, &c., the starling is a pretty general feeder, and will eat grain and fruit of various kinds. This affords you a wide choice, and you may give it such things as fall under these heads that may be most convenient to you. Scraps of meat, meal worms, beetles, grasshoppers, small snails, grapes, berries, apple, breadcrumbs, and so forth. Give him plenty of clean water for drinking, and let him have a frequent bath.

Tame Mice.—In answer to H. Hoyes (Loughborough), I believe I have answered a similar query lately, but cannot turn it up. Stale bread (three or four days old) soaked in milk should be given every day, always clearing away any that is not eaten, as the milk turns sour and may cause trouble. Other food should consist of oats, bran, canary-seed or millet. Do not give hemp or any other oily seeds. In winter a little finely chopped suet or lean meat (boiled) may be given once or twice a week. A little carrot occasionally will be appreciated as a change. I should omit the cheese of your present bill of fare.

Rabbits.—"Casa" (Wohill). No, brown bread and apples will not harm your rabbit. It is a strange fancy for him to sit out on his box at nights during the winter; but does this mean that it is not so comfortable inside? I should see to this, or you may find him dead one morning.

Bird-stuffing.—"Jumbo" (Brighton) wants a book on "Bird-stuffing," and expresses the opinion that THE CAPTAIN is "a perfect mine of useful information." That is so. You see, the O. F. is so very particular that if any of his trained specialists were to fail his readers they would be handed over to the tender mercies of that awful office dog at once. We have to be very careful. The book you require is Wood's "British Bird Preserver" (F. Warne and Co., 1s.), or if you want a bigger book get "Practical Taxidermy," by Montagu Browne (L. Upcott Gill, 7s. 6d.).

Seaweeds.—In answer to B. C. E. P. (Drayton Park), (1) I have not Gray's book at hand as I write, but if I recollect rightly he uses the names of Harvey's great work "Phycologia Britannica," where *Ascophyllum nodosum* is called *Fucus nodosus*. (2) Better mount *all* your specimens on sheets of the same size; it is less confusing. Arrange according to Holmes and Batter's "Revised List of British Marine Algæ" (H. Frowde, 2s. 6d.). (3) Murray's "Introduction to the Study of Seaweeds" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.).

Conchology.—"Land Shell" (Malvern) will find that the *Journal of Conchology* (1s. 6d. quarterly) is what he wants. Glad you have got such a good district for your study.

Name of Shark.—G. C. Vaughan (Cheltenham) sends me a rough pencil sketch of a shark he got at Weston-super-Mare in the summer, and which is now in spirit. It was caught in a shrimper's net, and as G. C. V. carried it home by its tail, it continually tried to wound him with its spines, bending round and twisting about. "It is about a foot long. Above, it was greenish-brown, and white beneath. It had a few spots above, but I hardly think enough to be the Spotted Dog-fish. Perhaps it is the Spur Dog-fish? The skin is rough, not scaly. Before death its eye was a most beautiful iridescent green, but it became quite dull afterwards." G. C. V. is a careful observer, and all young naturalists should note points like these in the living creatures they come across. He is quite correct in his suggestion that it is the Spur Dog, also called Picked Dog, and Spiny Dog-fish. It is one of the commonest of our smaller sharks, and one that commits great damage to the fishermen's nets. I have had an illustration made, partly from G. C. V.'s sketch, to show other readers its spines, &c. When full grown, it reaches a length of two feet, and by that time the light spots on the upper side have usually disappeared.

Wild Flowers.—I am sorry that Will Parsons (Barnsley) has been disappointed in his efforts to obtain my *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms*, which has been "out of print" for some time; but I am pleased to tell him that a greatly improved edition is on the way, and will be issued this spring. I hope he can wait a little longer for it.

Tortoise.—Jack Moody (Cricklewood) has a tortoise which he brought into the house for the winter, and when the cold weather came it withdrew head and limbs into its shell, so that he does not know whether it is dead or asleep. The probability is that it is asleep. Put it in a box with some straw, and keep an eye upon it when the mild weather comes. Should it be dead, your sense of smell will inform you before long.

SPUR DOG-FISH.

Guinea Pig.—W. Tingle (Leytonstone) asks whether it is usual for guinea pigs to eat flesh? He has one that has lately acquired a taste for cooked meat. It is not the guinea pig's natural food, but animals living under unnatural conditions do unnatural things if they are allowed or encouraged to do so. It is pretty certain that the taste for meat would not have been acquired had not the meat been supplied. Many unwise things of this sort are done by the keepers of pets, and then they wonder why the animals become unhealthy and die. Give it proper vegetable food, and see that it has no further opportunity for indulging this unnatural acquirement.

THEY SHOT INTO THE MOUTH OF A CAÑON LIKE RABBITS BOBBING INTO A BURROW

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 12.—A TRAPPER'S PROTÉGÉS.

IN the summer and autumn of 1875 I was one of a company who perilously located placer claims on French Creek, in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Around our camp-fires was gathered a group of frontiersmen whose like could not have come together in a later decade. Many tales were told—humorous, exaggerated, truthful—the truth of the true ones easily felt, as when one listens to the narrative of a truthful child.

It was at the tent of California Joe's partners that I listened to that old pioneer's sober narrative of a trapping expedition, in which he rescued and fed two Crow children, who did him a good turn in the end.

"When I came back across the mountains from my first California trip," Joe said, "I reached Fort Laramie so ragged and poverty-struck that I was ready for any enterprise which would turn me an honest dollar. Luckily Jim Bridger was at the fort, and he put me on my feet with a trapping outfit, pack-ponies and provision, with a year's credit and longer if I should need.

"'Now, Joe,' says Jim, 'there's plenty of room to scatter this season—smallpox among the Blackfeet and Crows, and good free ground in the Yellowstone country. If you've got the grit to live out by yourself you'll have something to lay by at next summer's meet.'

"I thought I knew where to go, and three weeks later found me trailing my ponies down a branch of the Little Missouri. I began putting out traps after first frost and took beaver nearly every day. As I saw no fresh signs of Indians, I was beginning to feel as happy as a man can in a lonesome country, when, one morning, as I took an extra lap down-stream, I ran plump upon a Crow tepee and plenty of trouble. Inside that tepee, upon some old skins, I found a single Crow squaw in the last stages of smallpox, and two starving papooses, so weak and wan they were pitiful to look at.

"I'd had smallpox and so had no fear; but here was a responsibility I certainly hadn't been yearning for. I had to take it up. There had been other lodges of Crows there, but the Indians had pulled up stakes, left a few scraps of meat with the woman and her children and abandoned them—fleeing from the dreaded disease.

"The young ones had had the fever, probably light, and they were now simply starving. One was a girl of nine or ten, and the other a boy a year or so younger. I made soup for the young ones, which they could hardly eat at first, they were so nearly gone.

"In three days the woman died and I buried her. Then I moved the tepee to a clean spot and began housekeeping. There was nothing for it, of course, but to take care of those little Crows until some of their kind could be found. They got well fast, once they began to eat. I fed 'em on beaver tails at first, and in a few days they could eat anything—and lots of it.

"We talked in sign-language until I picked up some Crow words from them. They wouldn't try to learn English. I learned after a time that the little girl's name was Umentukken, which means 'the mountain lamb'; so I called her Lamb. The boy's name was too much for my understanding, so I named him 'Jim,' after Bridger.

"After their shyness wore off the girl proved to be spry and uncommonly intelligent for an Indian—a willing little kit to do what she could to help. The boy was just

a lazy, ordinary, small limb of a buck who ate so much at times that he reminded me of a pumpkin on two sticks. But how they did grow!

"I actually got fond of them after a while. Lamb did all our cooking, and, as winter came on, she was handy in helping to tan skins and make moccasins, jerk meat, and so on. Out of one of my woollen blankets we made jackets for her and Jim, and belted them around the waist to keep 'em warm. We dressed extra buffalo-hides for tepee cover and beds, and so I was saved the building of a shack. When snow came we were living quite homelike, in peace and plenty.

"Our winter camp was on a little creek near the river, at the edge of high breaks of the Bad Lands, with dry cottonwood close at hand. Lamb and Jim would get wood, bring the ponies in at night, and fasten them in a brush corral which gave them shelter from the winds. Even Jim was faithful to the animals, for, like all Indian lads, he loved a horse. I looked forward to breaking up this life with real regret, for it seemed like I had a sort of home, with a family to look after; and I was doing well with the beaver. The only plan I could make for my little Crows was to carry them back to Laramie and send them off with the first expedition into the Crow country.

"As matters turned out, though, I wasn't to dispose of their future—they settled it for themselves in most Indian fashion. When spring thaws came and the ice ran out and the geese and ducks began to honk and quack, and the air got a 'growing' feel in it, there came a change in my papooses. They went wild. Lamb quit housekeeping, and she and Jim climbed the bluffs, and watched and rambled like good-for-nothing goats.

"After a week or more of this kind of thing the truth dawned on me. The young Crows were expecting some of their people to come down upon the river to fish and hunt the game which would gather on the first new grass of the bottoms. They wanted to return to their folks; and they knew that when the Crows should discover me and my ponies and beaver-skins my scalp would quickly adorn one of their tepees.

"So I took thought to myself and, one day, while my birds were among the hills, I packed my pelts on ponies and cached them in a dry crevasse among some rocks five or six miles up the river.

"In a few days spring was upon me, and the new grass was booming on the river-flats. I pulled up my traps and began to get ready for a move as soon as my ponies should pick up a little. Then, one fine morning, as I sat at the tepee mending some moccasins, my young Crows came flying down from the bluffs in savage excitement. The boy ran past me and toward the ponies, which were feeding on the edge of the river-flats. Lamb burst into the tepee and scattered my smudging fire, kicking the embers out upon the grass and working like a little fury.

"'*Santees!*' she said, between her fierce little gasps. '*Santees!*' And so I understood that the Sioux were coming—a spring swarm—down upon the river.

"'Pony quick! Pony quick! Go—go—go!' said Lamb, in her Crow tongue, and I waited for no further warning. While the boy was running in the ponies I gathered bridle, head ropes, lariats, and gun. There was no time to pack anything else.

"I had four ponies, and in less than a minute we had mounted three of them, and, leading one, dashed out up the river-bottom. As we came out on the flats I looked behind, and, sure enough, there was a string of pony-riders stretching as far as I could see away over the bluffs, the nearest not a half-mile distant.

"We should have gone up the creek, according to my notion, and I yelled to Lamb, who was a little in the lead, to turn her pony about. But the little Crow pointed to the beetling hills and shook her head. She and Jim now forged ahead of me, holding to their ponies' manes with one hand and plying the short ends of their lariats with the other.

"I looked back again and saw that a lot of the Sioux had seen us and were flogging their ponies into a gallop. I rode my strongest and swiftest horse, but Lamb and Jim were light-weights and kept their lead. Knowing that the instinct of Indians, big or little, is like that of wild animals in getting away from danger, I followed the little Crows.

"In less than a minute, though, I believed that I had made the mistake of my life, for right in front of us, at separate points, two more big squads of Sioux were coming over the edges of the bluffs.

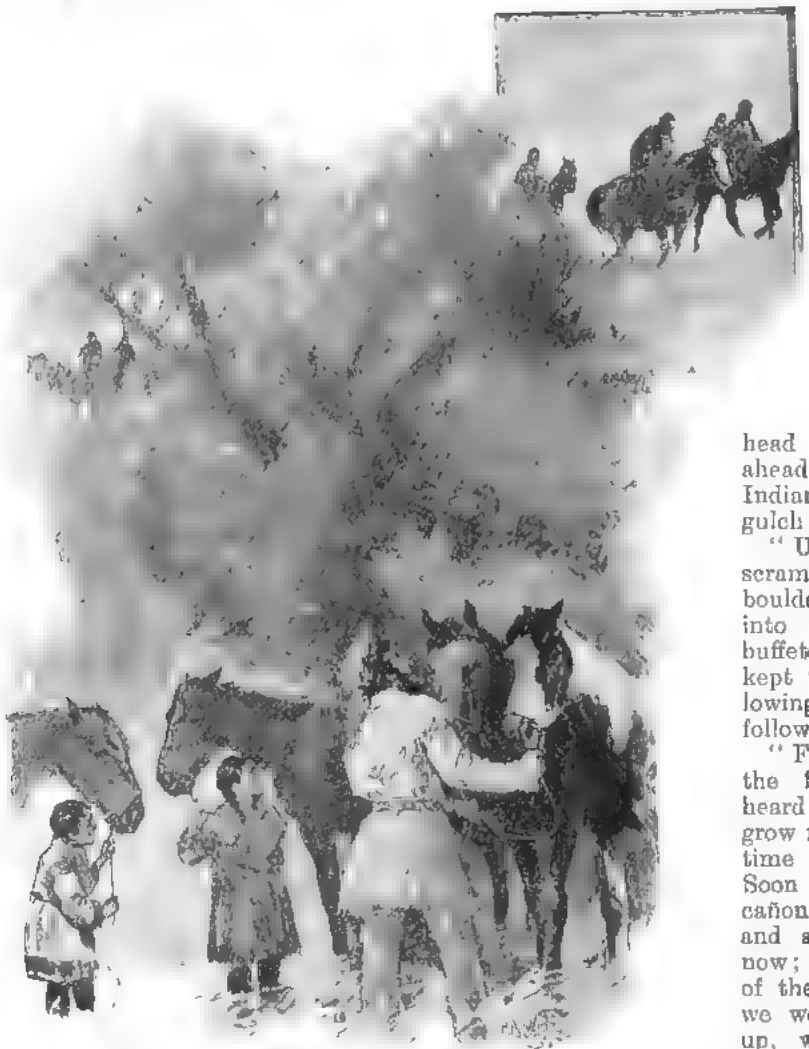
"Again I yelled to Lamb, who was lead-

ing, to ride toward the river, thinking to try for a run into the country beyond, but neither she nor Jim paid any attention. That they saw the Indians in front I could not doubt, yet there they were, bending low upon their ponies' necks, whipping furiously and riding straight at the crowds now coming down the hills.

"It seemed a crazy thing to do, but I followed the Crow papooses. I didn't believe, though, there was a ghost of a chance for us any way we might run. My ponies were none of the best, were unseasoned for riding and just off the new grass, and I knew the Sioux mounts would be the pick of their big herds.

"On we went, right into the teeth of them. We passed a yelling mob coming down from above us not a quarter of a mile away, and there was another scattered party whooping off the hills in our front. The bluffs were fearfully steep for their advance, else we should have been surrounded almost instantly.

"We turned a sharp spur, and then my papooses showed their hand. They shot into the mouth of a cañon like rabbits bobbing in at a burrow. It was cover they sought in their wild instinct—cover known to them by their ramblings—a death-trap, as I believed, and yet I went in upon their heels.



LAMB AND JIM STOOD HOLDING FAST TO THEIR MUZZLE-ROPES.

"It was a regular Bad Lands cañon we had entered—a huge ditch, with dry, rough bottom, grown here and there with chaparral and with fringes of stunted pines overhead. We had no more than fairly launched into it when a tumult of yelling came down to us from Sioux who had turned upon the bluffs to head us off. As we lunged ahead I looked to see the Indians swarm out of every gulch and draw.

"Up and down we scrambled, jumping over big boulders, sliding on all fours into ditches, torn and buffeted by bushes. Lamb kept the lead, the boy following as the cottontail follows its mother.

"Fairly over our heads the Sioux yells could be heard; but they seemed to grow no nearer and I had no time to look for Indians. Soon we dodged into a side cañon, then into another and another—rock-bottomed now; a trackless trail, part of the time, at least. But we were going steadily up, up, winding out upon the hills right into the midst

of the Sioux, as it seemed to me. In places the ascent was so narrow and crooked I had to jump from my pony to save my legs or to let him over a steep pitch. I had a mighty scramble to keep up with those scudding Crow babies. Presently we came out upon a sunken hog-back among low pines. We hugged this fringe of trees, lying flat upon our ponies in going over the slope, and then we halted under cover.

"The young Crows lay quiet, listening intently. I did as they did. The Sioux were chasing about the hills and among the cañons like packs of coyotes, noisy as they always are in crowds or when they think they have their game corralled. Their whoops came from half a dozen directions. We were pretty much surrounded, in fact, and it did not seem to me my chance of life was worth a copper.

"We listened but a few seconds. There were but two descending gulleys in our front. Lamb chose the one on our right, clucked to her pony, and a moment later we were scrambling down a steep washout toward the river. Again we scampered at breakneck speed, and, before I had time to think, we had come out of the hills and our animals were wading at the bottom of a run, like a big ditch, which drained across the river valley.

"I knew this run when we came to the water. We were not a mile from our own tepee, or from where it should have been if the Sioux hadn't found it. This big ditch, dry except after thaws or rains, was crooked as a ram's horn, and bush-grown along the bottom. Nothing could be seen at its bottom from any point of the compass, from anywhere except the banks overhead. We travelled in its channel not faster than a stiff walk, so as not to splash water on the dry earth.

"At an old buffalo-crossing, half-way to the river, which wasn't more than a quarter-mile from the bluffs, a party of Sioux had already crossed the run—their trail not five minutes old. But the Crow papooses paid no heed to it; they hugged their ponies' necks and jogged ahead, intent only upon following their line of flight.

"Two or three minutes later we were wading in the river, sticking tight to the bank and going toward our own camp. We could only make two or three short turns, for the bank got low, and we halted, probably twenty rods from the mouth of the run, under a drooping fringe of willows.

"For several minutes we lay on our ponies' necks and listened. The Sioux whoops were heard now and then, but more faintly, and still among the hills. All this time those little Crows had acted exactly as if they were alone, taking no account whatever of me. I was glad enough I'd followed them, though, and I began to think they had got me well out of a scrape.

"Then suddenly the two slipped from their ponies into the shallow water, hastily made loops of their lariat ends, and, pulling their animals' heads down, muzzled their nozzles. I had heard nothing more than I'd been hearing, but I knew the papooses had caught alarming sounds, so I circled my ponies' noses as quickly as possible.

"Presently I heard muffled, jogging hoof-beats and voices calling back and forth, and I knew that the rear procession of a big hunting-party, with women and children, was coming up the valley.

"Our position was one of frightful danger again. The snort of a pony, or the coming of a Sioux boy or girl to the river-bank, would have betrayed us.

"The voices of young Sioux and the angry screams of old women as they belaboured some lazy or used-up pony now came to our ears distinctly. We scarcely breathed. Luckily there were no flies to cause our ponies to stamp and splash.

"A half-hour or more passed before the sounds of marching Sioux grew faint and finally ceased. Still Lamb and Jim stood, holding fast to their muzzle-ropes and remaining as motionless as two willow stumps.

"It seemed an age before they ceased that tense silence and climbed upon their ponies, looking to me at last for direction. Then I knew that we had escaped as the rabbits escape.

"We forded the river and followed a creek valley into the western foot-hills. We travelled until nearly night. Then I shot a deer and made camp.

"The next morning my two little Crows had flown for good. They had stolen away while I slept, taking some meat and two of the ponies. I didn't begrudge them the animals, but I knew then they had been plotting to do that very thing for a long time. I haven't a doubt they reached the Crow villages on the Yellowstone, although I never saw them again."

THE STAMPS OF MONACO.

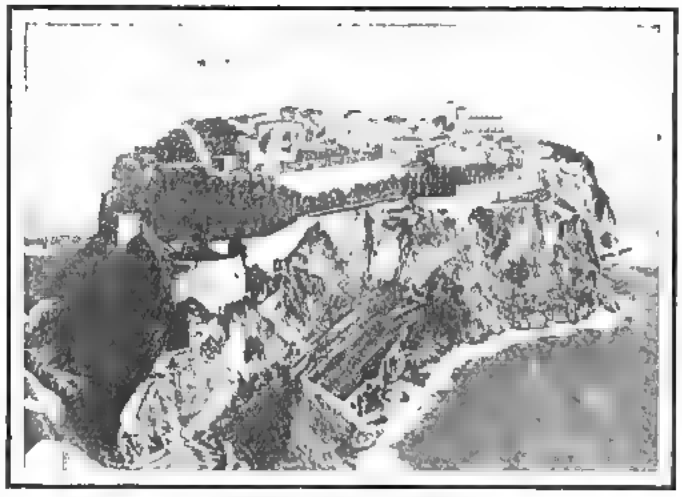
EVERYONE has heard of Monte Carlo, with its notorious gambling Casino, but the miniature principality of which it is the mainstay is not so well known. Nevertheless, it has to be reckoned with as a philatelic reality. The little principality juts out into the Mediterranean from the French department of the Alpes Maritimes. It has an area of only eight square miles, and a population, all told, of 15,180, or less than the little Hertfordshire town of St. Albans. Still, it is a principality of ancient renown, and of latter-day evil repute. It consists mainly of a rocky promontory surmounted by the town of Monte Carlo, and dominated by the Casino.

The authorities tell us that for more than nine hundred years it has belonged to the family of Grimaldi, that it is under French protection, and that the reigning sovereign is Prince Albert, who was born in 1848, and succeeded to the throne, such as it is, in 1889. The Casino bears the cost of government, and pays the Prince £50,000 a year for its gambling concession, which, unhappily, will not expire till 1947.

Its Philatelic History.

The Principality of Monaco is a comparatively new philatelic country, for it has had only two sets of postage stamps, the first of which was issued in 1885. Until then current French stamps served all its postal needs. As the little principality is very jealous of its independence, it was but natural that it should wish to have its own separate postal labels to advertise the fact, and to add a little grist to the financial mill. But it must be admitted that the suspicion entertained at the time of the first issue that the real purpose was to milk stamp collectors, has not been altogether justified, for only two issues of stamps have been made, and the second was very legitimately called for on the accession of a new prince, and, even so, was not made for some two years after his accession.

1885.—Head of Prince Charles III., the reigning prince. Ten values, in French currency of centimes and francs. First, the 5c., 15c., and 25c. were issued, and were evidently intended to serve all needs. Then followed, a few months later, two lower values, 1c. and 2c.



GENERAL VIEW OF MONACO.

All these were on white wove paper. Next came five values, 10c., 40c., 75c., 1fr., and 5fr., all on coloured papers. The stamps were designed by D. Dupuis and engraved by M. Mouchon, the engraver of the French stamps. Under each stamp the name of the designer appears on the left, and of the engraver on the right. The printing was done by the French Goveru-

ment factory, which prints the French stamps. All values afford plenty of scope for those who are fond of getting shades.

Head of Prince Charles III.
Perf.

1 centime, olive-green.
2 centimes, purple.
5 centimes, blue.
10 centimes, brown on buff paper.
15 centimes, rose.
25 centimes, green.
40 centimes, indigo on rose paper.
75 centimes, on rose paper.
1 franc, black on yellow paper.
5 francs, carmine on green paper.

1891.—Prince Albert succeeded his father, Prince Charles III., on September 10th, 1889, but stamps with the son's portrait did not make their appearance until two years afterwards, in 1891. The design with the portrait of Prince Albert is of a much more fanciful type than its predecessor. The head is placed in the left-hand portion of the design, on the right being a draped and crowned female figure holding a shield, with the motto in a scroll overhead, "Deo Juvante." The name of M. Mouchon may be deciphered by the aid of a magnifying glass under the stamp on the left, where the designer's name is always placed, and as there is no name on the right, where the engraver's is inscribed, it is assumed that M. Mouchon was both designer and engraver of this series. In all there are eleven values, a 50 centimes being added. As before, the stamps were printed at the French Government factory. The first of this new series, the 1 franc, made its appearance on the ominous date of April 1st, 1891.

Head of Prince Albert.
Perf.

1 centime, olive-green.
2 centimes, purple.
5 centimes, blue.
10 centimes, brown on yellow.
15 centimes, rose.
25 centimes, green.
40 centimes, steel-blue on rose.
50 centimes, purple on orange.
75 centimes, brown on buff.
1 franc, black on yellow.
5 francs, rose on green.

A SERVIAN STAMP MYSTERY.

Quite a sensation has been caused throughout stamp circles, and even in political circles, by

THE LATE KING OF SERVIA.

the discovery that the specially-designed stamp recently issued to celebrate the coronation of King Peter I. of Servia, in addition to the portraits of King Peter and his ancestor, also included the death mask of the murdered King Alexander, hidden puzzle fashion. If the stamp, which we illustrate, be examined upside down, the head of King Alexander can be clearly seen; the nostrils of both heads form the eyes of the murdered man, the moustaches form the eyebrows, and the eye and eyebrow of Karageorge form the nose and mouth.

The likeness is striking and somewhat weird, and must be the result of a deliberate and ingenious manipulation of the design by the designer. Such a clear, though hidden, face could not be the result of mere accident or coincidence in the normal design. Indeed, it is asserted that the engraver was inspired by the Ex-Queen Nathalie to "fake" the design and introduce the features of her murdered son. As the engraver was M. Mouchon, the well-known engraver of the French stamps, such an explanation is open to serious doubt. It is incomprehensible that such an eminent engraver should jeopardise his reputation in such a manner. The designer whose name appears below the stamp on the left is, we believe, a Servian, and he it is who must explain the mystery of the death mask.

It is stated that as soon as the discovery was made the Servian authorities at once withdrew the stamps from circulation, called in all that were unsold, and instructed agents in London, Paris, and Berlin to call on stamp dealers and speculators, and buy up as many of the offensive labels as could be had, regardless of cost.

Of course, the stamps sold like hot cakes immediately the discovery leaked out, but we have not heard of any Servian agents buying up stock in London.

Notable New Issues.

The change from single CA to multiple CA watermarks continues to provide the leading novelties. Many colonies have completed the change, others are rapidly doing so, and a few

have not yet commenced the issue of multiples. Some, such as Lagos, have been sprung upon us long before we expected them. The set of single CA King's heads for this West African Colony was only chronicled by us in the summer of last year, and already we have received nearly all the values, with the new multiple. The consequence has been that many collectors who have not kept pace with the collection of the King's heads, have made a wild rush for Lagos single CA stamps, and have had to pay the penalty for their neglect. For the 5s. single CA they have had to pay as much as 15s., and for the 10s. from 30s. to 50s. The wise collectors who take British Colonials unused have adopted our advice and have secured all King's heads of countries they collect, at new issue rates, as they came out, but, sad to say, the wise man who has been preaching to such good purpose to readers of THE CAPTAIN has himself been caught napping this time, and is just now wondering where and at what penalty price he can get that wretched 10s. single CA.

Bechuanaland Protectorate.—Our current English 2½d. stamp has been overprinted for use in this Colony. On the left, reading upwards, is the word "Bechuanaland," and on the right, reading downwards, is the word "Protectorate," all in small block capitals.

Ceylon.—We have several more values of the King's head series with the new multiple watermark to chronicle, making the list to date as follows :—

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

3 cents, orange-brown.
3 cents, green.
4 cents, orange; value ultramarine.
5 cents, purple.
6 cents, carmine.
12 cents, sage-green; value rosine.

Denmark.—As anticipated, the 10 öre with a portrait of King Christian IX., chronicled last month, was the forerunner of a portrait series for this country. We have since received the 20 öre of the same design.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

10 öre, scarlet.
20 öre, blue.

East Africa and Uganda.—Five values—½a., 3a., 4a., 5a., and 8a.—have been received with the multiple watermark. Some of the single CA issue are likely to be rather scarce, especially the 5a.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf.

½a., green.
5a., green, centre chocolate.
4a., black, centre grey-green.
5a., orange-brown, centre grey-black.
8a., blue, centre grey.

Lagos.—So recently as the May number of THE CAPTAIN of last year we chronicled the series of King's heads for this colony with single CA watermark, and already we have to note the issue of several values, with the new multiple CA watermark. Up to date the following have been received :—

Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

½d., green.
1d., purple on red paper.
6d., purple and mauve.
1s., green and black.
2s. 6d., green and carmine.
10s., green and brown.

Liberia.—1c. and 2c. values have apparently run short in this West African republic, and an emergency supply has been provided by surcharging current stamps of higher denominations, as follows :

Provisionals.

1c., in black, on 5c. on 6c., green.
3c., in red, on 30c., slate-blue.
3c., in black, on 4c., green, with "official," in red, barred out in black

Malta.—This Colony has commenced the issue of the current series with the multiple CA watermark. So far only three values have been received, ½d., 2½d., and 1s.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf.

½d., green.
2½d., blue, centre purple.
1s., violet, centre grey.

Mauritius.—It needs close attention to keep pace with the peculiar changes that this erratic colony, for many years past, has been in the habit of making in its stamps. We know of no colony that indulges in such frequent and obviously needless changes. In 1895 it adopted the current Arms type, and issued the 4 cents in lilac, with value in emerald. In 1900 it changed the colours to purple, with value in carmine. A few months since it was further changed to slate-blue, with value in violet; and now it comes printed in black, on blue paper, with value in carmine.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

4c., black, on blue paper; value in carmine.

Montserrat.—The 6d. of what is known as the picture series of this little West Indian colony has been received, with the multiple CA watermark.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

6d., olive-brown, centre purple.

Natal.—The ½d. is the first of the current series to appear with the multiple CA watermark.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

½d., green.

Russia.—War Stamps. A series of four values of special design have been issued for the purpose of raising a fund to help the orphans of soldiers who have lost their lives in the war between Russia and Japan, now being waged in Manchuria. The stamps are of the values of 3kop., 5kop., 7kop., and 10kop., but they are sold to the public with an additional 3kop. added to each stamp, and this additional 3kop. is passed over to the Orphan Fund by the postal authorities.

The 3kop. is for postcards, 5kop. for local postage, 7kop. for inland postage, and the 10kop. for foreign letters.

The 3kop. has as its central design the monument of Admiral Nakimoff at Sebastopol, the 5kop. the monument of Minim and Poskarski in St. Petersburg, the 7kop. the monument of Peter the Great on horseback in St. Petersburg, and the 10kop. the monument of Alexander II., and the Kremlin in Moscow.

Two further values, 15kop. and 25kop., are to be issued.

The inscriptions on the stamps are as follows: Top line, between the numerals of value, "Postage Stamp," on the scroll the value, and in the tablet at the foot of each stamp, "For the Orphans of the Soldiers fallen in the War."

War Stamps. Perf.

3 kopecs, red-brown and green.
5 kopecs, brown and lemon.
7 kopecs, blue and pink.
10 kopecs, blue and yellow.

Straits Settlements.—The 1c. has appeared in the series with the larger head of the King. In general design it resembles the others of the series, but differs in details. The watermark is multiple CA. This series, therefore, now stands as follows:—

Larger King's head.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

3 cents, purple.
4 cents, purple on red paper.
8 cents, purple on blue paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

1 cent, green.
2 cents, purple.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Ewen.—East Africa, multiple CA., ½a., 3a., 4a., 5a., 8a.; Straits Settlements, 1c.

W. H. Peckitt.—Bechuanaland Protectorate, 2½d.

Whitfield King and Co.—Ceylon, multiple CA.; Denmark, 10öre, 20öre; Lagos, multiple CA.; Liberia, Provisionals; Malta, multiple CA.; Mauritius, 4c. Russian War Stamps.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—Ceylon, multiple CA.; Denmark, 10öre, 20öre; Liberia, Provisionals. Russian War Stamps.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

This story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr. Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunderstorm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt fells him with a boat hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver. All efforts to find Black Jack prove fruitless, and he is supposed to have escaped out to sea in a rowing boat. It is computed that when the practice has been sold the three children will have about sixty pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Pardoe, who has recently bought a farm near Mellerby, commissions Munro to offer the children free quarters at the farmhouse. When Munro calls at The Gables to put this proposal before them, he is told by Molly that a London theatrical manager has offered her an engagement, and that she would like to have his advice on the matter. Munro is against her taking the engagement; nevertheless, Molly departs for London, and ultimately adopts the stage as her profession. Mrs. Pardoe's offer of accommodation is accepted, and George and Joyce remove to the farm. Munro goes up to town for the winter, and Mappin makes frequent visits to London, ostensibly on business, but really with the object of seeing Molly. Apparently the girl does not favour his advances, for his temper grows very short, and at Christmas he informs George that his services will not be required any longer by Garrick and Mappin after the commencement of the New Year. When George leaves he tries hard to get another post, but unsuccessfully, and his troubles culminate in a painful inflammation of the eyes which makes him fear that he is going blind. The complaint proves to be ophthalmitis, and Deadwood tells George that he will be unable to use his eyes for several months. Joyce looks after her brother until, while out skating with Barry, she falls through the ice and, a violent chill supervening, becomes dangerously ill. This period proves an exceedingly trying one for George, who has no friend to seek comfort from until Munro suddenly reappears on the scene. George cannot understand why Molly does not come, too. All this time Black Jack has been lying hid in his own house, his presence there being entirely unsuspected by the police. Wearying of his long inaction, he resolves to escape to a foreign country. As he requires money, he plans a raid on Mrs. Pardoe's house, where he hopes to find cash or valuables.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XX.

RELATES HOW BLACK JACK CHANGED HIS MIND.

WHEN J. Blunt, junior, took his father's supper up that night, he was surprised to receive a present of sixpence from the recumbent ruffian. He had never before been honoured by his father with a tip of this size, and his eyes opened wider than ever.

"You look struck all of a heap, sonny," said the boatman. "What d'yer say for it?"

"Thank you," replied little Jack, withdrawing to a respectful distance.

"Thank you wot?"

"Thank you, father."

"That's better. Little lads should always be

respectful. Now come an' give daddy a kiss for 'is nice present."

The boy shrank back a pace, pursing his lips up resentfully.

"Come on," roared Blunt.

Little Jack shook his mane of hair.

"Do you 'ear? Come and give your pa a kiss! Wot—you *won't!* Oh, I'll see about that——"

As the giant made a movement as if he were about to spring off the bed, little Jack turned and scuttled out of the room at his best speed. Blunt lay back again with a bellow of laughter. Certainly it was fortunate that the lonely lady in the next house was almost stone-deaf.

J. Blunt, junior, his small heart beating rapidly, took cover in the darkest corner of the scullery, under the sink, and awaited developments of the situation. But as no heavy footstep sounded on the stairs, he breathed again. Stealing out presently, he secured a hunk of bread from the living-room, turned out the gas, and repaired with mouse-like tread to the sleeping apartment which he shared with his mother.

Little Jack devoured the bread; then, having disrobed—a brief process, as his garments were few—he slipped on his nightgown and knelt down by his cot to say his prayers, for Mrs. Blunt, in the midst of her life of perpetual toil, had not forgotten to teach her little boy to perform this simple duty, in spite of the fact that she herself never said a prayer or went inside a church. Jack said "Our Father," jumbling the sentences together as village choir-boys do, and then a little verse which his mother herself had been taught to say in her childhood.

Ever since he could remember, the boy had said these prayers—for some years at his mother's knee, in a drowsy monotone, but latterly by himself. He always said them aloud—that being the custom he had been brought up to—and to-night, while he uttered them in his childish treble, he little dreamed that he had an audience in the shape of his father, who had stolen up to the door of the room in his stockinged feet with the intention of taking his son by surprise and eliciting the much-desired caress before he went away. Black Jack listened in some wonder to his son's prayers, and when, having finished his artless devotions, the boy blew out the candle and clambered into his cot, the bearded monster without changed his mind about the surprise, and retreated silently to his own room.

For some time little Jack lay awake listening to the whining of the wind and the beat of the raindrops on the window panes. Naturally his thoughts turned on home affairs, and he wondered how much longer his father would stay in the back bedroom, doing nothing. It was certainly curious, as previously to this his father had been so little at home. He had been instructed by his mother never to breathe his father's name outside the house; he was not to answer any questions put to him on the subject save with the reply: "Father's gone to sea." He had carried out these instructions to the letter, and curious people who had tried to worm information out of the urchin might as well have addressed their queries to a stone wall.

Little Jack knew it was wrong to tell lies, but his mother's instructions took precedence over all ethics. If he had been directed by his mother to go to the police-station and tell the big fat sergeant there that John Blunt was at his house, he would have gone at once. With equal obedience he held his tongue. Still, he wondered in his childish way whether the big fat sergeant would ever come and take his father away—for he had an idea that his father wouldn't be staying at home like this unless he was afraid to go out. He knew his mother was sorry that his father always stayed at home, because he had once or twice heard her crying after she had gone to bed. But that was only when she was almost worn out with her exertions to keep the little home together. Wherefore J. Blunt, junior, wished his father would go away and work. Perhaps he would when the summer came, for then there would be plenty for him to do.

Comforting himself with this thought, the lad fell asleep. While he slept, the wail of the wind increased to a roar. Presently it was blowing a hurricane, and the windows rattled violently as the storm swept shrieking over the town. The rain hurled itself against the panes and fell back on to the ledges, thence to drip miserably to the ground. Many people awoke and listened to the thunderous din of the tempest, remarked that the poor fellows at sea must be having a bad time, and then composed themselves, with a comfortable sense of snug security, for more slumber.

In the distance could be heard the boom of great waves on the beach. This was a sound to which the inhabitants of Mellerby were well accustomed; often it lulled them to sleep in a not unpleasing manner. But to-night, even as these good landsfolk were congratulating themselves upon being indoors and abed, a bright stream of light shot up into the blackness, some way out to sea, and a few moments later a telephone message passed from the coastguard

station to the house of the captain of the lifeboat :—

"Vessel in distress off the Bassetts signalling for help. Can you go out?"

Without flurry, but with much quiet expedition, the captain of the lifeboat dressed himself and went forth into the storm to get his crew together. A bang on the door or a handful of gravel flung at the bedroom window sufficed to arouse such light sleepers. Two of the crew lived in cottages not far from the bungalows, and these Tom Dwyer, who had seen the rocket signal at the same time that it was noticed at the coastguard station, had summoned from their couches.

Soon there was a patter of feet and a sound of gruff voices in Mellerby high street. Windows were flung up, and voices inquired what was amiss. *A wreck off the Bassetts!* Instantly the news flew up and down the town, and presently a number of hardy souls, regardless of the weather, were issuing from their houses and heading for the beach. The Bassett rocks were the danger-spot off Mellerby. When a ship came to grips with that submerged reef there was need of strong arms and stout hearts in the lifeboat.

It was precisely at the moment that the distressed vessel sent up her appeal for aid that Black Jack emerged from his dwelling and slunk down the street. It was past midnight, and the whole town was abed. The policemen on duty were probably cowering in doorways, their thoughts far removed from the movements of law-breakers. He could not have chosen a better time for putting his happy thought into force. As for his after-plan of rowing out to sea, that, of course, was quite impracticable under present conditions. When he had taken what he could find at Mrs. Pardoe's, he would have to return to the back bedroom and await a favourable opportunity of getting away. After this storm would come a calm, and that would be his chance.

As the outlaw passed out of the street in which he dwelt, he happened to look seawards. Simultaneously the ship that had fallen foul of the Bassetts sent up another rocket. This he saw. "Wreck," he muttered, and went forward more cautiously, for he knew that numbers of people would soon be astir.

The fury of the gale did not slacken a whit whilst the lifeboat captain went his rounds and roused out his men. Black Jack slipped into an entry as the skipper came past to call one John Stevenson, and overheard what ensued. Stevenson, a trusty oar, could not turn out. He was ill and had been ordered not to leave his bed. Muttering discontentedly, the skipper proceeded on his way to search for a substitute.

Black Jack had learned from his wife's gossip that another of the lifeboat crew was unfit for work, having put out his shoulder. When the skipper had gone, he came out of the entry and considered the situation. Not so very long ago he himself had been a member of the lifeboat crew, and, in view of his great strength, a valued one. To-night they wanted the strongest oars they could get—and two of the crew were not available.

Blunt stood quite still, turning the matter over in his mind. It had been his intention to rob an old lady : he suspected she would be an easy prey—the present circumstances, in fact, suggested that he could not have chosen a better night for his expedition.

Well . . . he hesitated. Was it to be Mrs. Pardoe's . . . or the beach? These lifeboatmen were all comrades of his. Some of them had grown up with him. The love of the sea was in his blood : scoundrel though he was, he was a sailor first. There was a tough job in hand to-night, and it looked as if the lifeboat would be undermanned. He didn't care a button about the men on the distressed ship, but he possessed some remnants of friendship for his mates. He had fought with them and drunk with them : not one of them would have given him away to the police, and he knew it. There was nothing of the hero about him, nothing of the penitent, but it did not take him long to make up his mind to pull an oar in the lifeboat that night.

Wheeling into his own street again, he hastened back home for his oilskins. He entered very quietly, and went up to his room with as little noise as possible.

His oilskins, which he had not donned for many months, were hanging high and dry in a cupboard. He was a handy man, considering his bulk, and had soon changed. Then he blew out the light in his bedroom and issued forth on to the landing.

Without, the gale was raging more furiously than ever. In the boatman's memory he could not call up a dirtier bit of weather. The wind was blowing from the east with unmitigated savagery, thundering round the chimney-stacks and yelping up every alley way. "A bad night," said Black Jack, as he paused on the threshold of his wife's room. *She* was away, and he wasn't sorry for that, for he knew that she would have opposed his resolution to take his old place in the lifeboat, had she been aware of it. But his boy was in there, and little Jack was the only

"I'M WITH YOU, MATE, IF YOU'LL HAVE ME!"

being for whom the rough longshoreman entertained the slightest affection.

He went into the room and struck a match. The boy awoke on the instant, and sat up, rubbing his eyes in an affrighted manner.

The giant approached the cot.

"Jack, I'm going out in the lifeboat," he said. "It's nasty weather. Give me a kiss for good-bye, won't yer?"

The boy—the replica-in-little of his father—stared curiously at the huge form in oilskins. In a flash the lad understood. . . . His father might not come back. . . .

The boatman bent over the cot, and little Jack, without hesitation, kissed him.

"Be a good lad," said Blunt, a strange foreboding in his mind, "and look after yer mother. Don't go an' do as I've done when yer grow up."

Then the match went out, and a moment later little Jack was alone. For long he lay awake, staring, wide-eyed, into the darkness, and listening to the howl of the storm and the roar of the distant breakers.

As Black Jack had anticipated, the captain of the lifeboat was sore perplexed by the absence of two of his crew—both tried men who had been out many times under his leadership. No doubt he could get fairly efficient substitutes, but on a night like this, the skipper knew, there was no hand like an old hand. Young boat-

men, however plucky and willing, were liable to lose their nerve. Nevertheless, the lifeboat must go out, and fully manned.

The boat was hauled out of her house and run down to the water's edge. Then those of the crew who were fit for duty put on their cork belts. A considerable number of townsfolk and fishermen had assembled on the beach, and now stood, a black, silent mass, near the stern of the boat. They could see the lights of the wreck, which had been informed by a rocket from the shore that help was being sent.

The captain of the lifeboat had obtained one substitute—a young fellow who had been out twice before, and was not, therefore, quite a novice.

"Now, my lads," cried the skipper, addressing a group of fishermen, "who'll take an oar? Just one place left."

No one came forward, and the skipper was about to make another appeal when a towering figure stepped into the area of light shed by a flaming torch.

"I'm with you, mate, if you'll have me!"

"*Jack Blunt!*"

"Aye, it's me."

A buzz of excited comment burst from the crowd of onlookers. Blunt the boatman, the man who was wanted for more than one crime, was here in their midst! Not half-a-dozen yards from him stood a policeman.

"Right you are, Jack," cried the skipper. "You're the very man for this job. Now, boys, in you hop," he concluded, addressing the crew collectively.

They clambered into the lifeboat, the skipper took his place, and then a small mob of fishermen ran the boat into the water. An incoming billow floated her off, and the oars fell simultaneously. The lifeboat had started!

Now poised high on the crest of a wave, now descending into a dreadful furrow, the boat proceeded on her daring journey. Soon she had disappeared from the view of the watchers on shore, who presently took shelter from the lash of the wind behind the bungalows.

Meanwhile the lifeboat, impelled onward by sturdy arms, headed for the terrible Bassetts, from which direction every now and again a rocket whizzed into the air for her guidance. The lifeboatmen toiled on, keeping marvellously regular time, never flinching from their work, but rowing with grim persistency. The cruel sea raved hungrily round them, but still they pulled steadily out to sea, these quiet, dauntless men . . . pulled for the Bassetts, where a score of poor Norwegian sailors were awaiting them with straining eyes and numbed limbs.

The boat forged gallantly on, and half the distance to the fatal shoal had been accomplished when a mountainous wave caught the brave craft broadside on and toppled her over. For a few moments the crew held their breath and clung desperately to their oars, knowing that the boat would right herself. And she did, and the men, who were made fast to their seats, came round with her, and immediately renewed their exertions.

Stay—one place was vacant. Black Jack had been careless in seeing to his fastenings; besides, he was stale from his long inaction—he was not so quick to hold on as he once had been. When the boat righted herself the skipper saw that the giant had vanished. There was no sign of him on the waste of waters.

"All together, my lads," shouted the skipper, hoarsely, and added to himself: "Jack's gone. God forgive him all his sins."

So the good lifeboat came in time to the Norwegian steamer and took off her crew, and after a hard fight regained the beach at Mellerby. But out there in that wild tumult of waves one victim remained. The longshoreman, with his little boy's kiss as a last tender memory, had been swept away in the ocean's grim clutch. Ashore, there awaited him life-long imprisonment: out there he found everlasting freedom.

Peace to Black Jack, and pardon, for he died like a man.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH MR. HARRY SUSTAINS YET ANOTHER DEFEAT.

"TELL that boy I want to see him," said Mrs. Pardoe.

Though now confined to her bedroom, the old lady insisted on being dressed every day, in order that she might sit and muse by the fire. She had ever scorned to lie abed longer than was necessary, and the habit held good even in these, her last days.

"What boy, ma'am?" asked Hannah.

"George Denver!" replied Mrs. Pardoe, a little sharply.

"But I'm told his eyes are still very weak, ma'am. He may not be able to come all this way."

"Bosh!" said Mrs. Pardoe, "he's not as bad as that. You had better go up to the farm yourself for him this afternoon. Tell him to come to tea—alone, mind."

"Very well, ma'am."

When the worthy widow—looking particularly lean and cross, for she had no stomach for

HE WAS NOT OVER-PLEASED TO FIND MISS PLAYFAIR'S SCHOOL PARADING PAST THE SHOP.

such errands as this—arrived at the farm and expressed a desire to see Master Denver, the hired girl of the place showed her without ceremony into the sitting-room that had been allotted to George and Joyce, and which was now shared by Munro as well. On entering the room, Hannah was immediately seized with a fit of coughing, for assembled there were four persons of the male persuasion—George, Munro, Barry, and Mr. Lawson, the brewer—three of whom were smoking, for even Mr. Lawson, whose nerves were becoming stronger (as was proved by his venturing so far from his own domain), had been prevailed upon to indulge in a mild cigarette.

In the midst of the smoke and the coughing, the parrot, no longer a melancholy exile in an outhouse, greeted the newcomer in a jovial, pothouse manner.

"*'Ow are yer, misses? Give it a name!*" quoth the bird, reminded by the state of the atmosphere of his old quarters at the "Ship and Sails."

"Silence, Polly!" commanded Munro.

"*Drop of the old poison, misses?*" continued the unabashed bird, performing a sort of jig on his perch. "*'Ow's the kids?*"

Munro jumped up and put a cloth over the parrot's cage, this generally proving an effectual way of silencing him.

"*Wot a life!*" muttered the parrot, gloomily, when he realised, owing to the darkening of the cage, that further remarks on his part were not desired by the company, and he whistled in a defiant manner intended to show that, though covered up with a ragged old table-cloth, he still preserved his independence of spirit, and claimed the right to speak his mind at all times and in all places.

Rufus, his massive form prone on the hearthrug, glanced round at the caller with indifferent interest, little dreaming that a postman he had once chased had poured his tale of woe into this very lady's ear, or that she had branded him as "a beast what ought to be shot." Miss Florence, by this time a sleek

matron, with a handsome kitten of her own to look after, was upstairs in Joyce's room, an apartment which she favoured above all others. Her relations with the parrot, though not cordial, were now, on the whole, friendly, though the bird couldn't abear her child, a creature which he viewed with a jaundiced and suspicious eye—a creature which, according to his idea, ought to have been drowned or given away along with its little brothers and sisters.

"Master Denver," said the widow, taking her handkerchief from her mouth and casting a glance of sour disapproval at the parrot's cage, "Mrs. Pardoe has asked me to say that she would like to see you, sir. She will be obliged if you will come down with me."

George was sitting in an arm-chair near the window, with a green shade over his eyes. He rose, as the woman spoke to him, with a somewhat perplexed look on his face. He had a lively remembrance of his last little chat with the centenarian—that day when he left Silverdown in disgrace—and he wondered whether the old lady had been saving up a few more texts and reproofs for his benefit.

"She would like you to come to tea," added Hannah, observing the boy's hesitating manner, and thinking that the mention of a meal would render the invitation more attractive.

George murmured something to the effect that he would be very pleased to come, and then Munro struck in.

"Don't you trouble about seeing him down to the town, Mrs. James," he said to Hannah. "I will do that."

"Very well, sir; I will tell Mrs Pardoe," responded Hannah, highly pleased to escape the duties of conductress to Master Denver.

"By Jove, George, she's got a lecture up her sleeve for you," laughed Munro, when the widow had departed.

"Or a fiver, p'raps," put in Barry.

Mr. Lawson blew a cloud of smoke into the air, and, quite forgetting to utter his customary nervous little cough, remarked that he, too, would like to accompany George into Mellerby. The others marvelled at this, knowing that the brewer had not set foot in the town for a couple of years or more.

George, having tidied himself up, was duly conveyed to Mrs. Pardoe's house by his three friends. Munro, having promised to call for him in half-an-hour's time, walked on down the street with Mr. Lawson, who was gazing about in a curiously interested manner. After the restricted beat he had confined himself to during the last few years, a stroll through Mellerby quite took the shape of a picnic. Shopmen, much surprised to see him passing their doors, came out and bowed to him; his worshipful the Mayor stopped and shook hands with him; Mr. Thompson, the vicar, greeted him with cordial words; it was quite by way of being a royal progress.

Barry had left the other two rather abruptly, saying that he had to "get something from a shop." The truth was, Barry had become completely immeshed in the toils of Miss Phyllis Peel's charms, and the young lady ordered him about unsparingly. Though so high and mighty to all the rest of the world, to this damsel he was a most obedient servant. His present duty, for instance, was to call at a milliner's for some gloves that she had had cleaned, and when he emerged with the packet he was not overpleased to find Miss Playfair's school parading, two by two, past the shop. A quite juvenile Miss Peel went to this school, so all the girls knew exactly what his errand was, and not a few regarded him with scorn.

Barry himself, as he walked down the street at the tail of the procession, pondered bitterly on the situation. He was fetching and carrying and acting as an errand-boy generally for a girl whom he had once loftily characterised as a silly little fish!

Gripping the gloves tightly in his hand, he proceeded to the Peels' residence. He rang the bell, and, while waiting in the porch, told himself that he must change his attitude. What was it Pope or some other johnny once said?

"A woman, a spaniel, a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be!"

Ha! That meant that a man must master a woman. Good!

He was admitted by a smiling parlour-maid, and conducted upstairs to the drawing-room, where, engaged upon some fancy-work, sat Miss Phyllis Peel.

"Here are your gloves," said Barry, pitching the parcel into her lap.

Miss Phyllis raised her eyebrows. Mr. Barry usually addressed her in a most deferential manner. What was the matter with him? At any rate, he must not be allowed to behave in this way.

"Thank you," she said, coldly.

Barry moved across to the fire and warmed his hands. That was all right for a start Now, what next?

"Been out to-day?" he asked, without turning round.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, have you been out to-day?'

"No, I have not been out to-day, Mr. Barry."

The articled clerk felt a little embarrassed. This wasn't exactly what one would call "mastering" her. Come, he must make the pace a bit hotter.

"Well, if you'll get your things on, I'll take you up to the farm to see Joyce Denver."

(That was Al. Fine bossing touch about it.)

Miss Phyllis made no reply. Barry stirred the fire with the toe of his boot. Still no reply. This was getting awkward. Was she crying? He peered round at her, and was annoyed to find that she was crocheting with the greatest composure.

"Er—if you're coming, we'd better start soon," he said.

Again she did not reply. Looking at her again, he observed that her lips were set in an unpleasantly tight manner. He had seen them like that before, and it meant that she was not in a sweet mood.

However, it would not do to give in. Master her he must. So he strolled across the room and stood in front of her.

"Nice little thing you're making," he said. "Who's it for?"

"It is for Mamma," replied Miss Phyllis, distantly.

"Lucky Mamma!" breathed Barry. "I say, how about that tie you were going to knit for me?"

"I am not aware that I was ever going to knit you a tie," said Miss Phyllis.

Barry felt that his experiment was hardly proving a success. Pope, or whoever the bounder was, knew more about spaniels and walnut trees than he did about women, that was plain. Still, there might be something in it. It was no good giving in. So, while Phyllis pursued her task, he softly whistled an air from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera that a travelling company was playing at the town hall.

"Care to go to *Iolanthe*?" he at length queried, with studied carelessness.

"I hope to go," quoth Phyllis.

"I'll book some seats for Wednesday, then," said Barry

"I shall probably see you there," returned Phyllis. "Mamma is taking us that night."

Barry experienced a strange sinking feeling, such as he had read of in advertisements. Still, never say die!

"You are wearing that blouse I don't like," he presently informed Miss Peel, in a tone meant to be hectoring

She looked at him with clear, scornful eyes.

"Do you imagine," she said, "that I am in the least affected by what you like or dislike about my dress, Mr. Barry?"

Laughing offhandedly, he returned to his original place by the fire. After examining the ornaments on the mantelpiece, he again walked across to her and boldly sat down by her side. Immediately upon his doing this, she rose and went out of the room.

Barry turned hot and cold. He had done it now! Beating—that was, behaving masterfully might be the correct tactics to employ in the case of some girls, but they were evidently useless here. He had done it! Henceforth he would be received with a cold bow when they met in the street, and informed that "Miss Phyllis was engaged" when he called to see her. Heavens! life would be unendurable under such conditions. What was to be done? He liked her awfully—she was the nicest girl he had ever met—yet it looked as if she meant to cut him out of her life for evermore

So completely enslaved was he, really, that the thought terrified him. He sat down at a little writing-table in a corner of the room, and hurriedly scribbled a note.

DEAR MISS PHYLLIS,

Please forgive me for being rude. I'm awfully sorry. Will you come up to the farm?

Ever yours,

F. B.

Then he rang the bell and gave the note to the maid who had admitted him. He observed that she was still smiling.

Ten fifteen- twenty minutes passed; meanwhile, Barry was in a fever of apprehension. Was it all over?

At length—ah! joyful sight—there was a glimpse of a pretty hat in the doorway, and the most dulcet voice in the world (to his thinking—though it was really quite an ordinary one) observed in a hard and unemotional tone: "I'm ready."

Barry breathed again and sprang forward, blushing and happy. And it must be added that they never reached the Hall farm

Some young lady fortune-teller had told Barry at Christmas-time that he was fated to marry a girl with blue eyes and golden hair. By a strange coincidence, Miss Phyllis had eyes of a distinctly azure tint, and hair which, by a generous stretch of imagination, might be termed golden. And the fortune-teller was an entire stranger to Miss Phyllis.

So, good reader, if you believe in what the stars predict, you will be able to plan out Mr. Barry's future to your (and his) entire satisfaction.

———

CHAPTER XXII.

COMPRENDRE C'EST PARDONNER.

BROODING over the fireside, her body feeble, but her mind still unimpaired and vigorous, Mrs. Pardoe passed in mental review the events of her long career. More especially did she take pleasure in recalling memories of her youth—the memories which ever stand out most clearly in one's mind. She had been, even in those strict days, passionate and wilful, hard to hold in, a terror to governesses. All her life she had been dominating and severe, so that her relations had never found her an agreeable person to dwell with. She liked to have young people about her, but her juvenile kinsfolk stood in much awe of her, and did not relish the prospect of paying visits to Mellerby. Nevertheless, some came on the score of policy—for the old dame was rich—paid the penalty exacted by "prospects," and scuttled off with glee when their servitude came to an end. Mrs. Pardoe knew they were afraid of her, and, it must be confessed, took a somewhat unrighteous delight in adding to their tremors. For, naturally enough, she had little love for people whose attentions were prompted by mercenary motives.

On the whole, she had been left very much to herself, and the fact had not sweetened her declining years. Quite at the end of her life, by Joyce's unconscious agency, she had become interested in the Denver family, and it had afforded her considerable satisfaction to have had an opportunity of providing the boy and girl with a roof to live under.

When she knew for a certainty that her days were numbered, she made some slight alterations in her will, and while doing this she did not forget certain persons living within a bow-shot of her residence.

When, indeed, she had been gathered to her fathers, the daily path that he trod became a much smoother one to little Mr. Wall, though he had never done more than raise his hat to the old lady when he encountered her taking walks on fine days. The handsome legacy he received on her demise remains to this day a surprise for which the good little man can find no explanation.

The letter-box in the old oak had put Mrs. Pardoe in possession of not a little information about the Thompson family; how that the vicar's house was much too small for his numerous circle; how that John had to do with a very small allowance of new suits; how that the vicar himself did not at times know where to turn for money, though no man could have passed a more temperate or self-denying life than he. Judge, then, of the delight that filled that too-small vicarage of his when it was known that Mrs. Pardoe had left her big roomy house and wide-spreading garden to the living, a substantial sum of money for the present incumbent being added thereto.

It must not be supposed that her own folk were in any manner neglected. She judged, and rightly, that a wealthy man or woman has a duty to perform by relations which must not be overlooked, no matter what sort of relations they may be. Each son, each daughter; each grandson, each granddaughter; each great-grandson, and each great-granddaughter, together with the members of collateral branches, benefited immediately, or in the course of years, by her will. Justice was done to her blood; and there was enough over—for she had been a prudent business woman all her life—wherewith to reward deserving persons who were not related to her at all.

Sitting by her fire, taking a final survey of her affairs and her friends, her acquaintances, people she liked and people she disliked, Mrs. Pardoe bethought her of the strange boy whom she had upbraided in no gentle fashion when he left his school under a ban. Surely by this time he had paid a full price for losing heart and deliberately bringing about his expulsion. He had been motherless at that period, too, and his father had quite failed to understand the turns and twists of his temperament. Mrs. Pardoe thought much of George before she finally put her affairs in order, and when it was all done, when Mr. Mew, the young solicitor, had paid his final call, when there seemed nothing more to do save wait, with folded hands, for Nature's call to rest, it occurred to her that she would like to see that boy again that "pretty, scowling fellow" whom she had so belaboured with her tongue on a fair June afternoon.

Hence the invitation, unwillingly conveyed by the widow; hence George's journey down to Mellerby, his admittance to the dark old house, and his ascent of the softly-carpeted stairs to the bedroom where a kind and gentle welcome set the lad entirely at his ease.

When Munro went back to Mrs. Pardoe's house at the end of half-an-hour, he found George awaiting him on the pavement.

"Well, how did you get on?" asked the artist.

George walked a few paces before he replied. "Oh, she was awfully jolly."

Munro had not thought it possible that such

an adjective could ever have been applied to the grim old lady.

"That sounds like a fiver," he said, laughing.

"A good deal more than that," returned the boy. "She has left me a thousand pounds in her will."

Munro was so surprised that he came to a full stop.

"What?"

"Yes, a thousand pounds," repeated George, in a rather dazed manner. "On conditions."

"What conditions?"

"Well," said George, "one condition is that I go back to school for another year. Not Silverdown, you know—that would be impossible. Any school."

"Yes?"

"And I've got to look after Joyce and do what I consider right by her."

Munro secretly commended the old lady for her wisdom. It was much better to leave a boy like George to act according to his own discretion, rather than bind him down to any hard and fast line.

"Any other conditions?"

"No, that's all. I call it jolly decent of her, don't you?"

"It is magnificent of her—I congratulate you most heartily, old chap. But what about after the year at school?"

"I can do what I like."

"It will be music, I expect?" suggested the artist.

"Mrs. Pardoe told me to do what I could do best. Well, I'm a bit of a duffer at everything but music, and I'm no great shakes at that."

"You may depend upon it," said Munro, "that if you've got the real stuff in you it's got to come out. It's like writing or painting, or sailoring or soldiering. If you're a musician to your finger-tips—and I believe you are—you'll follow up music. There's not much money in it, but there's a lot of pleasure. Now tell me some more about your tea-party. We can talk about music another time."

"She was sitting in her bedroom, by the fire," said George. "The servant brought up tea, and while we had it Mrs. Pardoe asked me questions about the farm, and Joyce, and you, and Molly, and all sorts of things. She's awfully sharp, you know; you have to buck up when you're talking to her."

"Yes," said Munro. "She's not an old lady to be humoured, as one humours most old people."

"Well, when I came home from Silverdown," resumed George, "she saw me going along by the stream, and jawed me no end. It made me feel awfully sick. She reminded me of that day, and of how she prophesied all sorts of bad things for our family. Part of them have come true and part haven't."

"Which have and which haven't?"

"Well, she said something would happen to the pater, and he—he died, you know. And she said I should have a bad time, and I have had. But nothing has happened to Molly. I think she was prejudiced against Molly, because Molly's really a jolly good sort, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Munro, briefly.

"I'm perfectly sure that owing to some mistake Molly never heard that Joyce was ill," George went on. "Of course, she's rather silly sometimes, like other girls, but she's all right, you know. So Mrs. Pardoe was wrong about her," the boy continued, "and she was wrong about Joyce, too. She said nothing would ever happen to *one* of us, because she was so good. Of course, she meant Joyce. I wonder how she knew so much about Joyce! They never met till that day my eyes cracked up."

After this there was silence for a time. Presently they came to the gate admitting to the rough road leading up from the main thoroughfare to the farm, which lay back a couple of hundred yards from the highway.

As Munro piloted the boy safely between the deep ruts left by cumbrous waggon wheels, each was busy with his own thoughts. Mrs. Pardoe's last speech was still ringing in George's ears. The scene still floated before his eyes—the spacious, comfortable bedroom, with its huge cupboards and wide, ornamented fireplace; the great bed, with its old-fashioned curtains; the flicker of the fire on the silverware which graced the tea-tray. He would never forget it, nor the words addressed to him by the very old lady sitting opposite him in a high-backed armchair.

"When I spoke to you so harshly on that June afternoon, Master Denver, I did not know how it was you came to be expelled from Silverdown School. I heard later, and when I heard I was sorry that I spoke to you in that way. So now I wish to give you a fresh chance, and I hope, when you go to school again, as I wish you to, that you will not be easily discouraged if you do not meet with much success at work or play. Just do your best, and turn a brave face to your troubles. It has been truly said that God helps those who help themselves. Just do all you can, and He will help you over the rest."

George was an English public school-boy, trained not to display emotion. To all appearance he was little affected by his recent inter-

view. Deep down in his heart, however, the old lady's words had taken a lasting hold, and long afterwards were destined to bear abundant fruit. That day he set his teeth and determined that, whatever happened, he would never confess himself beaten.

A very long time ago an Arabian poet made a song about a departed warrior, "a climber to all things high." There's many a boy and many a man who, in despondent mood, labels himself a duffer. Let him take heart and never tire of trying again. Let him emulate that Arab warrior, who was:—

"No wailer before ill-luck, one mindful in all he did,
To think how his work to-day would live in to-morrow's tale."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH MUNRO ACCEDES TO A REQUEST.

THEY had almost reached the top of the little road when their attention was attracted by the sound of wheels behind them. So absorbed had they been in their talk and thoughts that the vehicle was close upon them ere they became aware of its proximity. Munro drew George out of its path, and the cab—a "growler," severely provincial in its characteristics—was lumbering past them when the window on the near side went down with a clatter, a large hat, surmounting a pretty face, appeared, and a voice, which both knew very well indeed, called upon the cabman to stop.

"By Jove!" exclaimed George, excitedly, "it's Molly!"

The cab door was open and Molly—for she it was—had alighted before Munro, who sprang forward, could render her any assistance. George had pushed up his green shade, and was staring at his sister with his inflamed eyes. The effort made them smart horribly, and involuntarily he put up his hand to rub them. But before he could do that Molly had flung her arms around his neck, and George was being kissed by as dainty and winsome a girl as had ever set foot in that rough, wind-blown meadow.

She laughed as she kissed him, and something like a sob was mingled with her laughter.

"Dear old George!" she cried. "Oh, you dear boy, I am so sorry for you and your poor eyes!"

She kissed him yet again as, in a pretty, sisterly way, she slipped the green shade into its proper place. Then, because she was so very glad to see him, and so very sorry for his eyes, she gave him another hug. Fur was nestling about her neck, and one of her hands was buried in an equally soft muff. She was so fresh and wholesome, so sweet to look upon and so genuinely affectionate, that George, who, like most boys, somewhat resented too much demonstrativeness on the part of his sisters, really rather enjoyed the hugging.

"You *do* look astonished," she said, her words tumbling headlong over one another, "and no wonder! Those careless people never sent on Uncle Charles's letter saying Joyce was ill, and I never knew your eyes were half as bad as this. Oh, how horrid and selfish you must have thought me! Of course, I should have come at once——"

She paused, and turned her head towards the cab. She remembered that there had been somebody with her brother—a man—who had come forward to open the cab door. She had not noticed his appearance in her hurry to greet George. Now, however, she saw that Munro was standing quietly by the cab, as if he had no business or part in this scene of welcome.

She went up to him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do?" she said, smiling. "I had no idea you were here. It was very good of you to come and look after Joyce and Georgie."

"It has been a great pleasure to me to be with them," said Munro, quietly, as they shook hands.

He gave a sign to the driver, and the cab moved on towards the farm, Munro and his two young friends following in its wake.

"You see," said Molly, reverting to her interrupted explanation, "a great, hideous mistake was made. About a week before Joyce was taken ill Mr Wilson sent me on tour with the No. I. 'Mayflower' Company. I hadn't much of a part in town—although it was a very nice little part—and he offered to give me a much bigger one on tour, and more money. So I decided to go. We opened at Birmingham, and just after we left, Uncle Charles must have written to me about Joyce's illness. But, if you can *believe* it, the letter only reached me yesterday. I suppose it was poked away and forgotten, or they didn't know where we had gone till somebody in another company came upon the letter and told them where to send it. I was in theatrical lodgings, you see—a dreadful place! That's the worst of touring—you have to live in such nasty places."

"But did you not hear from London again?" asked Munro.

"Well, you see," said Molly, with a sidelong

look at the artist, "I don't get on very well with my cousins, and none of them write to me. Uncle Charles is my sole London correspondent, and he doesn't write often. So nothing more was written to me about Joyce's illness."

"I must say I wondered——" began George.

"Of course!" cried Molly, hotly. "You wondered why I didn't come post-haste directly she was taken ill. Oh, dear, dear! It was all that stupid, silly, fat old woman's fault. But directly I *did* get the first letter, although I then knew Joyce must be getting well, I came at once. The manager told me I mustn't, but I wired to Mr. Wilson, and he wired back that I might come, but only for one night."

"One night!" cried George, in dismay.

"Yes, dear old boy isn't it a shame! That comes of having an actress sister. It's a great compliment to me, you know, because it means that my understudy is very bad. See how vain I am! I should *hate* to have a good understudy!"

Munro laughed

"Thank you for being so good-tempered with me, Mr. Munro," said Molly, saucily. "Mr. Munro, you see, George," she added, "doesn't approve of my being on the stage."

Munro tried to protest.

"Circumstances——" he began.

"You think I am very wicked," she cried. "It doesn't matter. I don't mind a bit. I love it. . . . Oh, the cabman's waiting. Here's my purse, George please pay him. I *must* go up and see Joyce at once."

Putting her purse into George's hand, Molly disappeared into the house. She must have found a guide in the shape of Mrs. Elphinstone or the maid at once, for a minute later silence reigned on the ground floor, and Munro knew that Molly was with her little sister.

He told George to put Molly's purse in his pocket; then he himself paid the cabman, sending him away happy with a shilling over his fare

"I daresay they will like you to go up, George," said the artist. "I'll take a stroll round for a bit."

So George went up, to find his sisters laughing and crying over each other. On his entrance Molly must needs make more fuss of him, and then he and Molly both sat on the edge of Joyce's bed, while all three talked at once, with occasional intervals for laughter, and a little crying, out of sheer gladness. And all the time Molly and Joyce were gazing at each other with misty eyes, Molly thinking how sweet Joyce looked, and Joyce thinking how *improved* and pretty and *grown-up* Molly looked!

Meanwhile, Munro was contemplating, in an absent-minded way, the denizens of the farmyard. He gazed at the nearest pig with an interest which made that animal feel quite self-conscious; he took stock of the cattle until he must have known the exact colouring of each one's hide, and stared the hens out of countenance. Yet his expression was quite vacant, and he could not have given you particulars that would have led to the identification of any of these creatures, when he finally made his way out of the farmyard into the fields

Munro was a brave, simple gentleman. He had quite a straightforward temperament, and a psychological novelist would have passed him over as worth little or no attention, regarded as human material for examination and dissection. There was nothing at all fascinating about him. He had none of the qualities which rendered Mr. Mappin so attractive to the opposite sex. He painted, and smoked, and played bridge and billiards; he talked in a steady, sensible way, but you seldom heard an epigram fall from his lips. He had plenty of quiet humour, though, which made him an agreeable companion, and he was well-versed in books and the affairs of the world. You could see by his eyes that he was a brave man, and people who knew him well awarded him a very large place in their hearts.

Such was Munro, who, strolling aimlessly about the meadows adjacent to the farm, was thinking all the time of Molly Denver. He was thinking of the change that the last few months had wrought in her: for she had gone away a mere girl, and had returned—a woman.

She was becoming very well-known, too, because, though her acquaintance with the stage was so brief, photographers and editors of illustrated papers had evinced a great liking for her face. There was nothing very remarkable about her sudden jump into fame—fame of a kind, but distinctly fame—for he could recall several similar instances. A pretty song, sung in a pretty dress; a little dance of no extraordinary merit; a certain indescribable charm in the turn of the head and the pose of the figure—simple ingredients, these, yet sufficient to make a girl's name "known," and editors pleased to publish her portrait. And it is all very right and commendable, for one's eye is pleased by the pretty face, and no one is harmed save its owner, if so be she allows her dainty head to be turned by the fuss that is made of her.

"I WAS CROSS ON PURPOSE——"

He walked on, making occasional slashes at the hedge with his stick. The school-girl he had met on the beach in her simple blue dress and red tam-o'-shanter—was no more. The reflection evoked a ghost of a sigh. He felt a little sorry. But it couldn't be helped. He could hardly talk to her now in the old way—as a man talks to a girl whom he regards as still a child. She would quickly become less and less like the child he had first known; she would marry a young peer, perhaps, or a gentleman with bulging money-bags. They generally did. It was their reward for being pretty and having their photographs in the papers.

It was almost dark when he strolled back to the farmhouse and entered the sitting-room which he halved with George—for Joyce hadn't begun to come downstairs yet. The lamp hadn't been lit, and he did not trouble to light it, for the gloom suited his mood. He walked to the window and stared out upon the fields in their gowns of mist, and he was thus silently engaged when a voice close at hand said: "And what do *you* think of me, Mr. Munro?"

He wheeled sharply. Molly was sitting in a big armchair in the darkest corner of the room.

"Why, I had no idea you were there!" he exclaimed.

"Of course you hadn't. I wish I hadn't told you. Then you might have begun to talk about me out loud."

"I will light the lamp," said Munro, feeling for his match-box.

"Oh, no, no—don't. I love this sort of darkness. It makes the fire look so nice. But you haven't told me what you think of me!"

She rose and walked to the window. Munro contented himself with a rapid survey of her as she appeared without her hat and cloak.

"I can only offer you wholesale congratulations. Will that do?"

"Wouldn't you like to paint me again?"

"It would afford me great pleasure," said Munro, gravely.

Digitized by Google

Molly stamped her foot.

"Please don't talk like a man of fifty," she cried. "You're not so old as all that. In fact, you're not at all old."

"I'm a good deal older than you," Munro rejoined.

"You think so. But I never was *very* young, you know. I had to manage a house and act as mother to George and Joyce when I was sixteen, and that was three years ago."

Munro looked out at the fields again.

"Now I am going to tell you why I was cross with you when you *did* come to see me in town," continued Molly. "On the night you came to see the play you didn't come round afterwards—and I was expecting you. Somebody else came that I didn't want to see, though, and that made me more cross, and I was taken home by a big boy cousin who talks, breathes, eats, and dreams *Rugger*. So I was bored and annoyed, and when you did come, I was cross on purpose——"

"But surely——" began Munro.

"It rankled," explained Molly. "Still, never mind. It's all over now, and when I'm back in town you'll come to see me very often, and take me out to tea, won't you?"

"It will give me great pleasure to do so," said Munro.

"There you are again," cried Molly, impatiently. "You might be a bishop, by your stately way of talking. Now promise me you'll leave off behaving like a bishop!"

"I promise," said Munro.

"And that you'll be friends—real friends—with me."

"It will be delightful."

"That's better. You're thawing. I shall rely on you to take me out when I want a trustworthy and steady male companion—do you hear?"

"I am just the sort of man," agreed Munro.

She gave a little ripple of laughter. "You're so big—you'll frighten away these horrid men in evening dress who want introductions. They have motor-cars, and heaps of money, and brag about the girls they take out. You know them?"

"I have met the brand you speak of," said Munro, grimly.

"And—and—and—well, that's all. It will be so nice for me, knowing you'll always come when I want you. I shan't be too exacting, of course, because I shall remember you have your work to do."

"Yes, you must bear that in mind," said Munro, smiling.

"I shall tyrannise over you, I'm afraid," added Molly, very demurely. "Still, you won't mind that very much, I hope?"

"Indeed," said Munro, taking her hand, "I shall like it, of all things."

She was suddenly silent. Holding her hand in both of his he turned to her, and spoke from his heart.

"My dear little girl, I know exactly what you mean. I will always be the kind of friend you want."

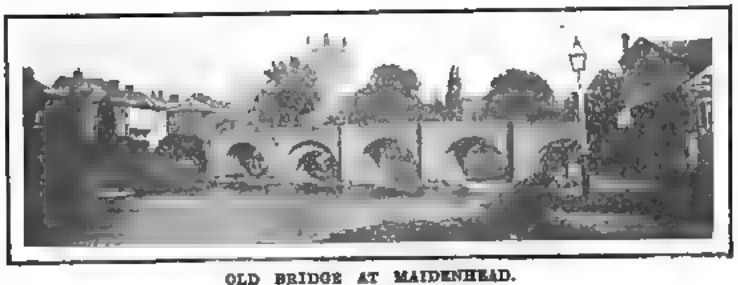
For he felt that he knew what was in her thoughts. She was, for all her brave talk, very young still. She lived in a rough world, where perils abounded. He would be the strong arm she needed.

He loved her, but this was no time to speak of love. She did not know her own mind yet. Till she did, he would be her good and faithful friend.

So the compact was sealed, and so commenced a new era in Munro's life. The future must be left to the Fates, and he prayed that they might deal kindly with him.

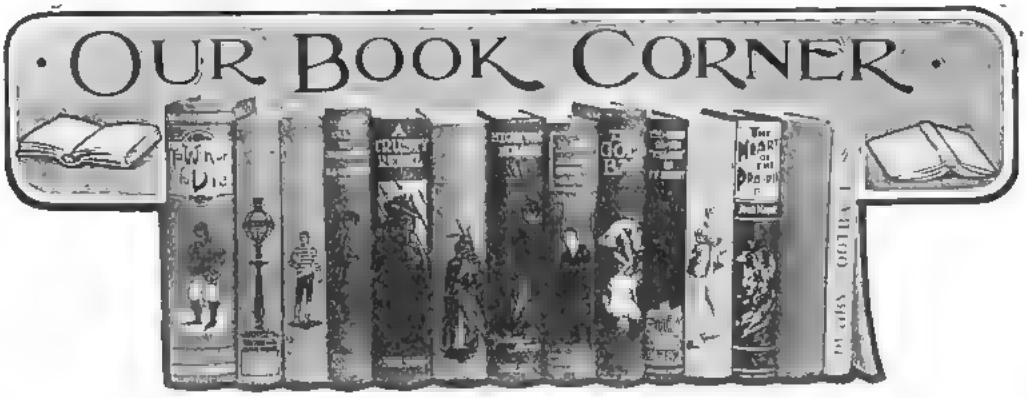
But the Fates plan far ahead, and already they had decreed that Molly Denver should never look beyond Munro for a guardian of her steps, and a keeper of her heart's best love.

THE END.

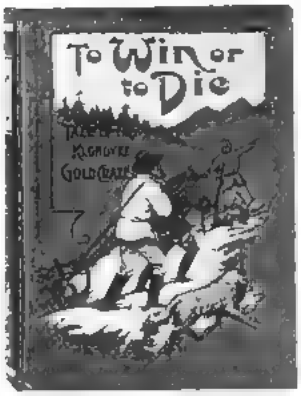


OLD BRIDGE AT MAIDENHEAD.
Photo. H. A. Binnington.

OUR BOOK CORNER



To Win or to Die. By G. Manville Fenn. (S. W. Partridge and Co., 5s.).—This book is welcome, if only as an evidence that Mr. Manville Fenn, who is now in his seventy-sixth year, still retains the vigour of his youth. At an age to which few novelists attain, this *doyen* of sensational writers can still grip his readers with a strong hand. Here we have the terrors and fascinating desolation of the frozen North, the search for gold, the fierce savagery of men reduced by circumstances almost to the level of the beasts, the crack of the revolver, and the struggle for existence against man and nature. Stirring incidents follow one another with breathless rapidity, and Mr. Fenn has shown the younger writers of this particular class of fiction that he can more than hold his own with the best of them.



It is a pity that so excellent a tale should have been clothed in such an execrable cover. Publishers have yet to learn that a hideous combination of blue and scarlet and gold does not attract boys of that class which can afford to pay 5s. for a book.

The Dog. By G. E. Mitton. (A. and C. Black, 6s.).—This book will be read with pleasure by all lovers of dogs. It is a simple story, told purposely with an almost exaggerated simplicity of style to give effect to the idea that it is written by the dog himself.

The incidents are neither original nor striking, but the writer has so thoroughly entered into all the joys and sorrows of a dog's life, and is so intimately conversant with the ways of birds and animals, that the story has a charm which will appeal to young and old alike. The scent of game, the delightful touch of soft fur, the keen excitement of chasing rabbits, the sober and intellectual pleasure of retrieving, these and a hundred similar things which go to make up the life of "our friend the dog," are touched on with a true appreciation of their reality.

Some of the illustrations are charming, but many of them are too bright in colour to be artistic.

We can heartily recommend the book as a very clever piece of work in a branch of literature where good workmanship is rare indeed.

The Dominion of the Air. By the Rev. J. M. Bacon. (Cassell and Co., 6s.).—It is with feelings of regret that we have read the last book which Mr. Bacon will contribute to the literature of aerostation. Mr. Bacon died shortly after completing this volume, and the world of science is a loser by his death. He has, however, left

his work behind him—a practical life devoted to the conquest of the "dominion of the air."

The book itself is an extensive and popular account of the efforts of man to navigate the thin covering of atmosphere which clothes the earth. It is illustrated with excellent photographs, many of them taken by the author himself, and is written by a man who knows his subject thoroughly.

And what more fascinating subject for a nation that has thrived on conquest! From Montgolfier to Santos Dumont, from Glaisher and Coxwell to Count Zeppelin, it is one long narration of peril and hardship, and death itself, and yet it is written with the calm exactitude of the scientist. No story of shipwreck and storm could be more thrilling than this quiet history of the navigation of the aerial sea.

In Regions of Perpetual Snow. By W. Gordon-Stables. (Ward, Lock, and Co., Ltd., 5s.).—

Take a pair of "brave, handsome lads," and a corresponding couple of "bonnie and winsome lassies": add a few "stalwart" specimens of grown-up masculinity, who must be endued with all the heroic virtues, and, should be, if possible, hairy travellers, with a fine contempt for hotel-life and "civilisation": throw in a "noble deer-hound" as make-weight: place your company in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, the more out-of-the-way the better, (since the local colour will then be taken on trust), and make them experience any kind of adventure you have ever heard or read of: manufacture a few stage properties, such as snow huts, log cabins, runaway balloons: and if you cannot, with these ingredients, boil up a romance which even Dr. Gordon-Stables himself will scarcely know from one of his own, you have a poor sort of invention indeed.

"In Regions of Perpetual Snow" is a mere hotch-potch. Of plot there is nothing worth mentioning, and the book consists simply of adventurous episodes (none novel, and few exciting enough to atone for staleness), slung together with little or no regard for continuity or cohesion. The author's style, too, jars: and his personal idiosyncrasies, we notice, are still to the fore. He is so fond of telling, for example, what an "everlasting rover" he has been all his life, that he will have only himself to blame if his readers begin to suspect that the traveller doth protest too much.

A little less flummery and a good deal more plot would make Dr. Gordon-Stables quite readable.

The Out-Door World. By W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S. (Longmans, Green, and Co., 6s. net.).—Mr. Furneaux has attempted a big task in this volume, and it is not surprising that he has been obliged—for all that his book is a long and heavy one—to study brevity and conciseness. That necessity, indeed, militates against the complete success of what is, in great measure, a very admirable compilation. In dealing with his various subjects the author has had to be so brief that he has scarcely space to be interesting.

Not that "The Out-Door World" lacks charm and usefulness. As a handbook to the young *collector*, it fulfils its purpose excellently: but we should have preferred to see Mr. Furneaux in the *rôle* of mentor to the young *naturalist*. Collecting is an altogether delightful occupation, and the writer looks back with pleasure upon the profitable hours which he himself spent, as a boy, by pond and hedgerow. It is well, however, to inculcate that observation is possible without collection: and that the intellectual joys of the former, indeed, are greater than the material pleasures of the latter.

As a readable text-book for the beginner, however, we have only praise for "The Out-Door World." The illustrations are very numerous, and, in most cases, fairly good.

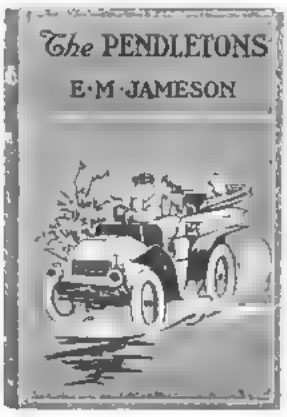
Gold Island. By Nicholas West. (Cassell, 6s.).—The subject of buried treasure is as old, probably, as the first book written for boys, and one would have thought that every combination and permutation of circumstances in connection with this well-worn theme had been exploited. Yet Mr. Nicholas West shows that this is not the case, for he gives a turn to events that tends to make it novel. The plot

is well-conceived, and the story, as a whole, is stirring. There is a sub-plot, too, that does not lack interest. Indeed, there will be those who prefer the minor to the major incident. The author has a keen sense of character, and his creations live, and thus compel the interest of the reader. Humour is not lacking, and the author's skill is manifest throughout. "Gold Island," however, is an uneven book; parts of it, it must be confessed, are mediocre, but nowhere is it badly written, and at times it calls for high praise. It is a story that may well be recommended, both to adult and juvenile readers.

The Dormitory Flag. By Harold Avery. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.).—Mr. Avery does not break new ground in his tale: we have the old familiar friends, villains, and heroes of school yarns; the decent head-prefect, the prefect who has fallen under the thumb of the villain, who smokes, loafs, and is unutterably bad, and the rough and ready youth, who pulls his house (dormitory here) through the final match by a brilliant try. The tale rattles along brightly to the conclusion, and when we feel, as we do, that we like the heroes, and would just love to kick the villains, we know the book is good. One of the prefects has some curious carp-fishing . . . we shrewdly suspect in the close season. He hooks one—an experience grey-haired anglers would like to enjoy—and between the carp's nibbles lands two roach. Let's hope he threw them back. By the way, what is a public school? Eton we know, and some few others, but are grammar schools, with boarders, within the pale?

Sons of Victory. By O. V. Caine. (Nisbet and Co., 5s.).—The era of the struggles of the French Army in Italy, against the Allies under that grim old Russian, Suvóroff, before the time of Napoleon's meteoric crossing of the Alps, and the utter downfall of the Austrians and Russians at Marengo, has certainly not been overwritten. The great figures of the Napoleonic age flit through the pages, names to thrill France yet, Soult, Massena, Moreau, Berthier, Joubert, Murat, and the great Little Corporal himself, and the Sons of Victory were the French soldiers in the very heyday of their glory. One can understand from Mr. Caine's story how Napoleon was welcomed from the sands of Egypt, and the stubborn British. It was the hour of France, and there came the man. These battle scenes are excellent: there is little of the blood and thunder, or gasping piling-up of lurid phrase: instead, there is a keen and reasonable style of making the dead bones of history live again.

The Pendletons. By E. M. Jameson. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.).—"The Pendletons" are a large family of delightful children, whose adventures are skilfully recounted by Miss E. M. Jameson. The charm of the book lies in its characterisation. The sweet, unselfish Peggy, the two manly little brothers, the inevitable twins, and even the erring Connie, all live and excite our warmest interest. Fine characters, too, are the brave old General, with his stern face and tender heart, and the genial Major, who becomes a boy again in his games with the young folk. We could have wished to have heard more of the father and mother



of this happy family, but Miss Jameson is too good an artist to overcrowd her canvas.

The dialogue is bright and natural, and mention must be made of the excellent illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne. We advise our readers to make the acquaintance of "The Pendletons" at the earliest opportunity. They will be the better for it.

A Boy's Control and Self-Expression. By Eustace Miles, M.A.—It is no easy task to put old heads on young shoulders, but after reading Mr. Miles' excellent and stimulating book, we begin to feel that it may be possible.

The object of the book is to help parents and schoolmasters, and through them the boys themselves, to develop the *mens sana in corpore sano*. The great aim of the boy should be to acquire self-control, and Mr. Miles points out that this may be pleasantly and easily attained by proper and scientific attention to the ordinary physical functions.

Form good habits of eating, breathing, and living, and health will be the natural consequence. Master "the alphabets," and delegate their use to the sub-consciousness, and what is now an effort will one day become a habit and an instinct. Aim at true purity by providing a healthy outlet for physical and mental energy, but shun prudery as the plague, and teach the child in a simple, tactful way the physiological facts which he ought to know. Above all, let the boy preserve his self-respect. We must confess to a certain doubt as to the soundness of Mr. Miles' advice on the question of food, though his personal experience is entitled to consideration. The breathing and physical exercises, and the accompanying diagrams, are excellent.

The book should be read by every parent and schoolmaster. We do not consider it a book for every boy, though, doubtless, many would find it helpful.

We have also received copies of the following works, a selection of which will be reviewed next month:

From George Newnes, Ltd.—**The Handy Atlas of the British Empire** (1s. net); **The Stolen Idol,** by F. Anstey (6d.). **The Life and Voyages of Captain Cook.** Thin Paper Classics (3s. 6d. net).

From Iliffe and Sons, Ltd.—**Toning Bromide and Other Developed Silver Prints,** by R. E. Blake Smith (1s. net).

From Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, Ltd.—**Under the Lone Star,** by Herbert Hayens (3s. 6d.); **Lionel Harcourt,** by G. E. Wyatt; **Partners,** by H. F. Gethen (1s. 6d.); **Archie Digby,** by G. E. W. (1s.); **Norseland Tales,** by H. H. Boyesen.

From Longmans, Green and Co.—**British Butterflies and Moths,** by W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S. (6s. net); **Life in Ponds and Streams,** by W. Furneaux (6s. net); **The Sea Shore,** by W. Furneaux (6s. net); **Country Pastimes for Boys,** by P. Anderson Graham (3s. net).

From Macmillan and Co.—**Famous Fighters of the Fleet,** by Edward Fraser (6s); **Westward Ho!** by Charles Kingsley (2s. net); **The Pathfinder,** by Fenimore Cooper (2s. net).

From T. Fisher Unwin.—**Under Tropic Skies,** by Louis Becke (6s.).

From L. Upcott Gill.—**The History of the Early Postmarks of the British Isles,** by John G. Hendy (3s. 6d.).

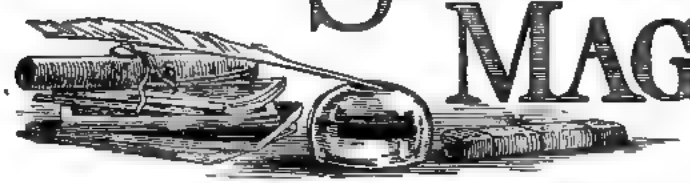
From Neuman and Castarede.—**Money-Making by Short-Story Writing,** by T. Sharper Knowlson (3s. 6d. net).

From Cassell and Co., Ltd.—**Treasure Island,** by Robert Louis Stevenson (2s. net).

From the Civil Service Press.—**Skerry's Civil Service Manual** (2s. net); **Skerry's Specimen Essays** (2s. 6d.), **Skerry's Physical Geography** (1s. 6d net); **Skerry's Model Solutions in Advanced Arithmetic** (2s. 6d. net); **Skerry's Higher Arithmetic** (3s. 6d. net).

From the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, Ltd.—**"One and All" Gardening, 1905** (2d.).

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine.—The last number to hand maintains the usual level of excellence. The Aberdonian magazine is not, perhaps, sprightly; but its eminently respectable pages never sink to the banality of which more lively periodicals are sometimes guilty The Impressions of a Scotch Student at a German University (Göttingen, to wit) are interesting, but not so informing as those which have been appearing (as commented upon elsewhere) in the *Mill Hill Magazine*

A good feature of the magazine is the use made by the editor of the alluring paragraph. News and comments which would be tame and boring if presented *en bloc*, are thus made interesting and attractive. The "Notes About Old Boys," for example, are particularly good, and one reads of the doings of Old Aberdonians in all parts of the wor'd from the Antarctic to the South Sea Islands. As for instance :—

> An interesting item of news regarding our *Magazine* reaches us from far Pekin, where we have our only subscriber in China, Mr. R. Hynd, of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank. One day Mr. Hynd left his *Magazine* on the counter of the bank. A stranger entered, and, on spying the cover, exclaimed, "Hillo! the *Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine* in Pekin! Who is the subscriber?" Mr. Hynd said that he was, and asked the name of his unknown schoolfellow It turned out to be General Macdonald, of Tibet fame, who was interested in reading a little paragraph relating to himself.

Arrow (Owen's School).—There is a capital article on the liquefaction of air, explanatory of "The Magic Kettle," which was recently so prominent a feature in the programme of various London places of entertainment. Immersed in the liquid air which the mysterious kettle contained, grapes became hardened into hailstones, flowers were petrified, and mercury frozen into a solid mass. In the Epilogue to the Westminster Play this last Christmas, by the way, a "magic kettle" was introduced, from the spout of which dainty strings of sausages were produced!

The verses "On Filey Brig" are promising, but the writer should learn to concentrate and reserve his strength, instead of spending it in spluttering adjectives.

Avonian (Port Talbot).—Some of the paragraphs in "School Jottings" make entertaining reading. In one, several examples of the evergreen "howler" are given. "Then you describe squares on the sides of the hippopotamus," conjures up very delightful memories of the 48th proposition.

The results of the literary and artistic prize competitions promoted amongst members of the school are interesting. We doubt, however, the wisdom of printing "Mrs. Boodle's Intellectual Party," the "excellent comedy" which gained the first prize. As the work of an immature tyro it is promising, certainly; but it does not merit publication

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—"Some Masters, and Other Folk," is the title given to some capital reminiscences of Christ's Hospital in bygone days. One of the best parodies we have met with in our excursions amongst the school magazines this month is the following "Jinglesby Legend"—an adaptation of Thomas Ingoldsby's last ballad—"As I lay a thynkynge":—

As I laye a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge,
Softlye swore ye sleepless wyghte upstartynge from hys bedde,
In ye stylleasse of ye nyghte
He grasped hys shoe, bedyghte
With rustic nayles and bryghte,
(So 'tys said),
As I laye a-snorynge, he hurled it atte my hedde

As I laye a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge,
Merrie sange ye shoe as through ye gloome it tore,
But alas! for in ye darke
Ye sleepless missed hys marke!
(Was there ever such a larke
Known before?)
As I laye a-snorynge, it hytte ye monytore!

And now I laye a-wakynge, a-wakynge, a-wakynge,
And meacemed thro' ye gloome that I heard ye sounde of payne,
That voyce, it haunts me stylle·
"Nawe, Snookes, you gae onne drylle,'
And, "Please I never will
Do't agayne!"
I turned me backe to snorynge: methought hys teares were vayne.

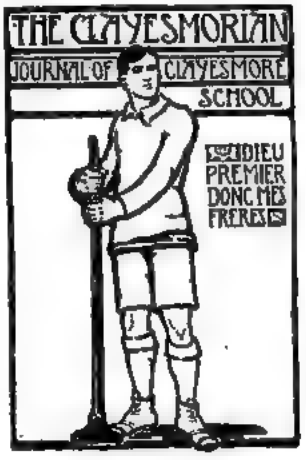
Cranleighan.—Not a very attractive number. The "Proceedings of the U.S.B.P.S.," which prove to be the doings of the "Upper Sixth Brewing and Philharmonic Society," are amusing, though the "Entrance Examination Paper" endeavours to be a trifle *too* funny.

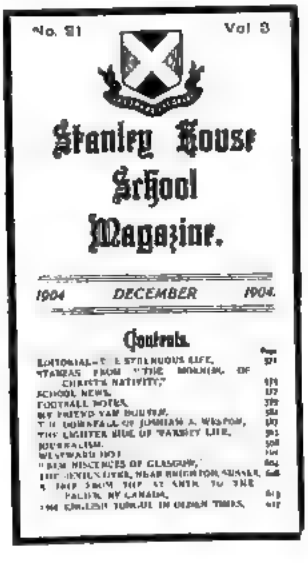
The *Cranleighan* would be greatly improved if more pains were taken as regards "make up." We should judge from the general aspect of successive issues that the printers who are responsible for its production are not too liberally supplied with fancy types. But that is no reason why the sub-editor should allow them to insert those monstrous and meaningless head- and tail-pieces, so dear to the heart of the provincial comp.

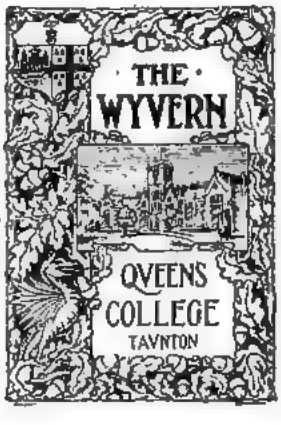
Johnian (Leatherhead).—The "Soliloquy" supposed to be written by a retired merchant who has invested in a set of the "hundred best books," in order to improve his education, is delightful. He reads a translation of the Classics with keen appreciation :—

The dreadful fates
Of poor Socrates,
And wretched Demosthenes,
Have made me moan,
And Antigone
Has many tragic scenes.

SOME SCHOOL MAGAZINE COVERS.







Far too much fuss
Old Orpheus,
About his wife created;
His Eurydice
(Though doubtless nice)
He greatly over-rated.

I might, besides,
Quote Euripides—
Half pathos, and half jollity.
But, as in "bis,"
My motto is,
Not *quantity*, but quality.

Keswick School Magazine. Mr. H. Raphoe, who is presumably an Old Keswickian, contributes an essay on walking tours, "Solvitur Ambulando," which is of a quality rare in school magazines. The author has learned the lesson of the road and laid it to heart. If we may judge by what he writes, he would be an ideal companion on the road—were it not that we echo heartily his sentiment: "After all, I will confess that I like to be alone." A fine essay, this; written by a man who *understands*

And the old shepherd of the upland farm—he makes one think of what Doctor Johnson said of poor Smart, the seedy poet, who lost his wits and took to falling on his knees and saying his prayers in the streets—"I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else." For the shepherd, though he can only manage to scrawl his name, and has never heard of Mr. ——'s novel, though he thinks the world is flat, and has never been inside a railway train in his life—I would as lief talk with him as with —— or —— or ——, his betters and mine. For he knows many things that lots of clever people have not so much as heard of and when he counts his sheep over he uses words that would puzzle a University Extension Lecturer, words which his forefathers of the craft were using "when Hengst and Horsa overran thy island"

* * * * * * *

Why should a man travel afoot: *solvitur ambulando*—for the "jolly humours" that R. L. S. tells us of For "a little breathing-space to muse upon indifferent matters," according to Hazlitt, and because effort is blessed and happy toil a boon; and because there is always something worth finding just a little way ahead, and always something to be seen from the top of the rise, even though it be only another stretch of the straight road.

Kirkcaldy High School Magazine.—A new-comer amongst school periodicals is this. The first number contains nothing specially deserving of comment, adverse or otherwise. We would venture to suggest, however, that if the *Kirkcaldy High School Magazine* is to rise above mediocrity, such contributions as "A Scot in Paris" would be better left out. A man who, writing of a first visit to the French capital, can record no more remarkable impressions than "I was at once struck with the great number of cafés in the streets." "Paris has a splendid service of omnibuses." "Versailles is well worth a visit." "The Boulevards of Paris are handsome and spacious streets, lined with trees" such a born disciple of Cook had better keep his travels to himself.

Liverpool College Upper School Magazine. With the last issue to hand, the magazine which used to be separately published by the Old Boys' Union is incorporated. In future one organ is to serve both Past and Present. A good scheme is that by which the Old Boys' Column is placed in the hands of an Old Boy, specially appointed for the purpose. Every school editor knows the great difficulty of obtaining news of Old Boys' doings; while, on the other hand, to old boys (for whose benefit largely the school magazine exists) nothing is more interesting than news of this sort. The appointment of a special editor to this department is a good idea, which might well be imitated.

Lorettonian.—More howlers: and beauties, too. Such beauties, in fact, that one is almost tempted to doubt their genuineness. For instance:—

America was discovered by Columbus in the mayflower. Americans make cheap boots, and large houses and tall stories

Titus Oates founded the seckt called Quakers, they still exist and it is sometimes used as an advertisement.

Oliver Cromwell was the first socialist and formed the first commonwealth. He came to the throne when Charles was up a tree. He had a wort on his nose so did milton

The Plague was a disease and was cured by fire no one was aloud to come out of doors except to be buried.

These "howlers" (and others) were perpetrated, it is averred, "in a recent history exam." There is a wit about them, however, that almost savours of the deliberate. Has somebody's leg been pulled?

Mill Hill Magazine. The third article on "German Student Life" is devoted to the *Mensur*, or student-duel. Insular prejudice must incline us to regard such performances with ill-favour; but it is hard indeed to find a good word for such a ridiculous, childish, and barbarous substitute for the sports—cricket, football, and the rest—of an English public school and 'varsity. The German duel requires pluck, and teaches the endurance of pain, certainly; but beyond that there seems nothing good to be said for it. As exercise it cannot be considered very seriously.

We enter the large roomy country *Gasthaus* and mount to the second floor. In a spacious room on the left the drama which we have come to witness is being enacted. We stand in a window-space near the door and watch. The combat seems to have been in progress already several minutes, for the faces of the combatants appear smeared all over with red pitch. They are standing, perfectly erect, facing one another at a distance of some four or five feet, on a square of stained oil-cloth. Everything is splashed and stained, and the place seems to reek of blood. The bodies of the combatants are carefully padded; their right arms (the left arms strapped behind the back) and necks are carefully swathed in thick bandages; they wear slight protectors for ears and eyes. Men, doctors and seconds, stand by with bare arms and horrid oil-cloth aprons. The rest of the men form a ring round, keenly interested in and criticising the display. The combatants, who do not seem to be enjoying it, raise their swords wearily for another bout. They cross swords, the seconds stand by with swords uplifted to prevent any dangerous hitting, and the chief second gives the signal to commence, *Anfang!* There are three sharp flashes, and the seconds strike up the swords, another three flashes and the same, another three flashes and then a longer pause. A streak or a spirt of blood from the head or face of the victim announces the success of a stroke, but the quick wrist play (the finest sword play is all done with the wrists) is very hard to follow. During the pause the doctors come forward, examine the wounds, counting the number of stitches required to sew them up (which goes to the credit of the other man), and smears them to stem bleeding. The faces of the men look too gory and ghastly for words

Quintus.—This is an "unofficial" journal, produced in mimeographed manuscript, and published in the Fifth Form at Portsmouth Grammar School. We do not quite see what useful purpose it serves, though doubtless it has been appreciated amongst the community for which it was published. The *Portmuthian*, we imagine, will be much relieved to hear that the editors of *The Quintus*, "do not wish to be considered in opposition." They may breathe again.

Sedberghian. A recent number to hand contains a lot of good things. We note that, at the 100th Masters' Concert, one of the concert-givers scored uproariously with that ancient ditty of the streets, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" sung not only in its original English, but in Latin, Greek, French, and German! The various verses are printed before us, and delightfully neat they are

We have no room to quote them all, but the Latin stanza is a good example. It will be noted that the metre (and consequently the air) is preserved.

"Heus tu," clamatur undique,
"Quanti," dic, "pileus?"
Testor Deos, hoc *imbrice*
Nil elegantius.
Vellem, edepol, haberem
Isti persimilem.
Non exeo quin audiam,
Da mi, Da mi, parem.

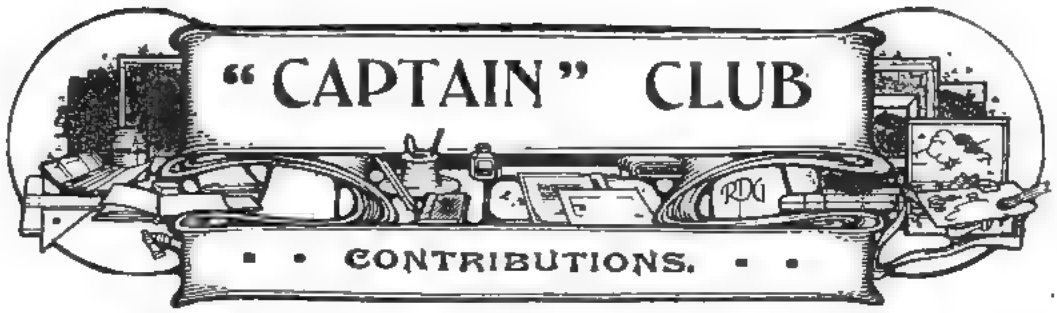
Some account is given of the "record walk" over the fells of Lakeland done by an Old Sedberghian last July, though we confess such feats do not interest us greatly. "The Game of Football" summarises some curious researches into the early history of the game, and makes entertaining reading, and we note a capital little report of an O.S. dinner in far Valparaiso. The eighth "Elegant Extract" is a passage from More's *Utopia*. A good idea, this, to print in each issue an extract from some English classic. Some may object to the shallow smattering which is all that these homœopathic doses of literature can give; but in a school magazine it is likely that such means may stir and feed a latent love of literature which might otherwise be crushed and starved. A letter to the Editor suggests that in connection with the rifle corps an ambulance squad should be started, as it would be useful on the football field! Cheery reading, that, for visiting teams.

Sotoniensis (King Edward VI. Grammar School).—Short stories as published in school magazines are usually weak to drivelling point, but the issue of *Sotoniensis* before us contains a notable exception to the general rule. This is "The Remittancy Man," by Edwin Hughes, which is a capital yarn, capitally told. If all the fiction to be found in school magazines were as good, one would tackle it with less reluctance than, it must be confessed, is often the case. "Read More and Play Less" is the title of some sound advice upon the importance of not neglecting the library. The writer makes some useful suggestions as to a pleasant and useful course of reading.

Other school magazines received, at the date of going to press, are:—*Blew House Magazine* (2), *Blundellian*, *Cadet*, *Carliol*, *Clayesmorian*, *Compostellan*, *Der Neuenheimer*, *Droghedean*, *Durban High School Magazine*, *Elean*, *Esmeduna*, *Haileyburian*, *Hoe Preparatory School Magazine*, *Lily*, *Malvernian*, *Merle*, *Olavian*, *Ousel* (2), *Pelican*, *Quernmorian*, *Salopian*, *Stanley House School Magazine*, *Wyvern*, and the *Isis*.

A. E. JOHNSON.

WHO'S WHO? AT THE ZOO.
Drawn by A. T. Smith.



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to H.E.H.C., J. Oldham, Walker Hodgson, Winifrede M. Jewkes, and J. W. Stanley. Each prizewinner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

How Lead Pencils are Made.

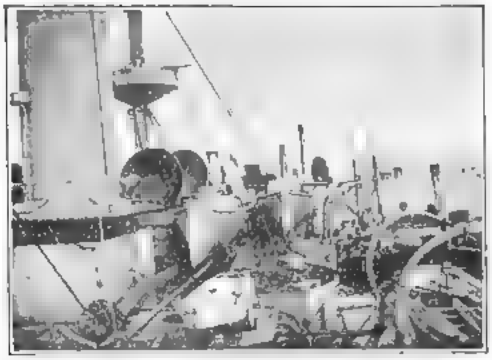
PLUMBAGO or graphite, commonly known as black lead, is really pure carbon. It is found chiefly in Cumberland, Bohemia, and Ceylon. The finest comes from Seathwaite, in Borrowdale.

The plumbago is prepared by reducing it to powder, and grinding in a wet condition, with binding material, between large mill stones, till it becomes a smooth paste. It is then nearly dried, and pressed by machinery, through dies of the required shape and size. The result is a long thread of plastic lead, which is cut into lengths of seven inches or more, and then hardened by tempering and heating to redness in iron pots.

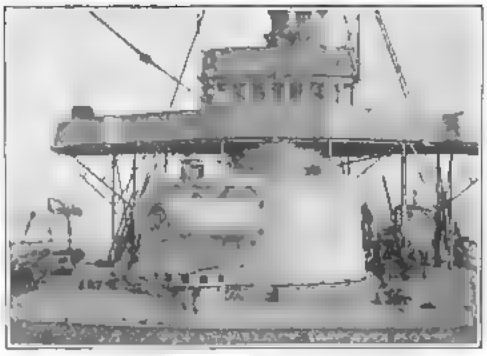
Red cedar wood is mostly used, because it is easily worked. It is cut into slabs, varying from seven inches to twenty-eight inches long, and two inches wide, called grooves and covers. The slabs are passed through a fine machine, which cuts out six parallel furrows, just wide enough to hold the lead, which is dipped in glue, and placed in them. The cover slabs, in which the furrows are not so deep, are coated with glue on one side, and placed on the lead. The whole are then put in a cramp and pressed firmly together, resulting in a flat piece of wood, twenty-eight inches by two inches, containing six pieces of lead. When dry this block is shaped by revolving cutters into six round pencils. These are sand-papered and polished by hand, the manufacturer's name, &c. being finally stamped on by a press.

H. E. H. C.

K. S. RANJITSINHJI SKIPPING.
[From a snapshot taken at a country house.]



SPRING-CLEANING ON BOARD H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."
Photo. by H. C. C. Stanley.



THE FORE-BARBETTE AND CONNING-TOWER, H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."
Photo. by E. L. Goodman.

"The Crooked Spire."

THE accompanying photograph is of St. Mary's and All Saints' Parish Church, Chesterfield, which possesses what is universally known as "the crooked spire." It is the most unique object of its kind in the world, second only to the leaning tower of Pisa. Many theories are put forward to account for this extraordinary twist and slant. The most likely, however, is that the timbers of which it is constructed were not properly seasoned when the spire was built, and that the action of the sun, combined with the great weight of the lead, has caused the present curious twist and lean of the structure. The spire is 230 feet in height, and it leans six feet out of the perpendicular.

J. J. R. H. Oldham.

Worcester Cathedral.

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL has passed through many vicissitudes. The see itself, together with those of Hereford, Leicester, and Lindsey, was originally part of the immense diocese of Lichfield, which was so divided by Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury towards the end of the seventh century. "The Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Peter, and of the Holy Confessors, Oswald and Wulfstan," to quote the form of dedication used in 1218, was rebuilt late in the tenth century by St. Oswald,

HOPKINS AND TRUMPER, TWO MEMBERS OF THE COMING AUSTRALIAN TEAM.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

Digitized by Google

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.
Photo. by L. R. Bastable.

but of this Anglo-Saxon building nothing remains further than the balusters in the arcade of the slype. It was rebuilt a second time by Bishop Wulfstan in 1084, and again in 1281. Many alterations have since been made from time to time, the last "restoration" costing upwards of £100,000. Externally the Cathedral is entirely nineteenth century work, and, of the many styles of architecture the interior comprises, Early English and Decorated predominate. It is built of red sandstone, and in the form of a double cross, 425 feet in length, 145 feet in width, and 193 feet in height. It has a very fine central tower, which contains a clock and a carillon of twelve bells. King John and Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., are buried in Worcester Cathedral, and during the reign of the former many pilgrimages were made thither, on account of the miraculous "cures" ascribed to the body of St. Wulfstan, who had died a century previously.

C. G. PAUL.

Camels on the Goldfields.

MARK TWAIN thinks the camel is not a beautiful animal. He says he is "gallus" looking about the under lip. He compares him to a goose swimming when he is down, and to an ostrich with a supplementary pair of legs when standing. He has immense, flat-forked cushions of feet, which make a track in the dust like a pie with a slice cut out of it. For our part we have always thought the camel a noble-looking beast, and, consequently, not unlovely. He *is* like the ostrich or emu—surprisingly so—but that "pie" he leaves behind him is not exactly like a pie with a slice "cut out" of it, but rather like the dish with only one slice left. On the whole it is a very good thing that "beauty has no rules," so that the ship of the desert may claim an admirer here and there. In the reptile house at the Zoo the generality of visitors refer to the toads as being decidedly ugly, but we once heard an Eton boy there exclaim as he bent over a glass case containing several specimens, "Oh! what lovely creatures," and so we think they are. The camel and dromedary resemble each other in appearance, but the difference between them is not, as commonly stated, that the one has two hunches on its back and the other only one. It is like the difference between a heavy cart-horse and a swift-riding horse. The dromedary is much lighter, swifter, and quicker in its motions; but the Arabian camel and dromedary (most of these on the goldfields are shipped from Aden) have both only one hump, though the camel of Bactria and other regions has two. But apart from his form and bearing the camel has beautiful parts, as many an explorer (look up Ernest Giles) and prospector knows. Their staying

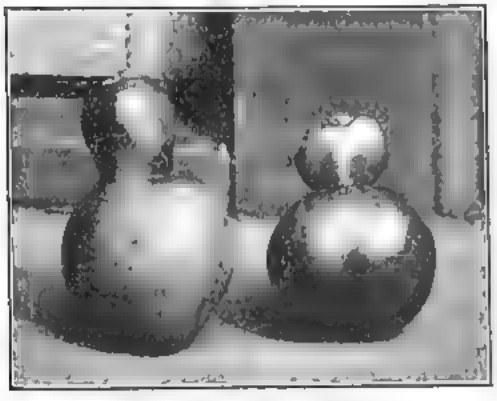
B. J. T. BOSANQUET WITH A 10LB. SWALLOW-TAIL TROUT CAUGHT IN TASMANIA.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

power and capacity for going long journeys without water is marvellous. Horses and men may be checked in the desert and ready to die of thirst, while the camel will plod on, on, on in a way worthy of all admiration. The most doughty camel we have ever seen or heard of is on the Coolgardie Field. He is called "Misery," and "holds the championship" for the greatest distance travelled without a drink, that is *six hundred miles*. We think "Misery" deserves the italics.

He must have been in a state indicative of his name, though, when his master—one Brophy—"pulled up" at a plentiful supply of water.

The camel bells—and the same are used on pack-horses—have no musical charm, making a dead sound, such as you will get by rattling the inside of a pewter-pot, or a pail, but they can be heard at a considerable distance—three or four miles—particularly at night. The suitable is the beautiful, in camel bells as in most other things.

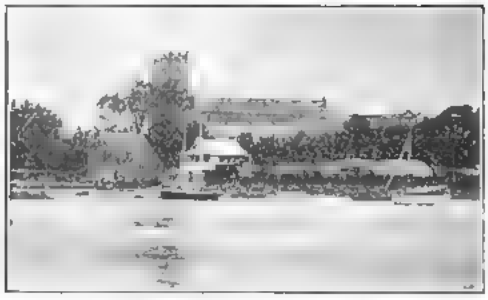
WALKER HODGSON.



CURIOUSLY SHAPED APPLES.
Photo. by R. B. Dickinson.

Christchurch Priory.

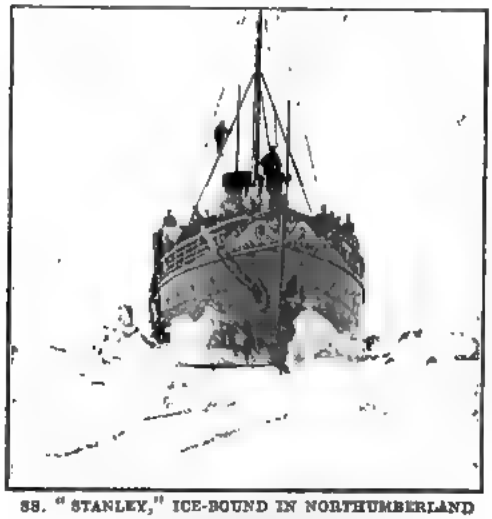
CHRISTCHURCH is about three miles east of Bournemouth, and a visit to the Priory will well repay anyone who should chance to be in the vicinity. The exact date of its original foundation is not known, but there is sufficient evidence to justify the generally accepted opinion that it occupies the site of an ancient Saxon Priory. The nave of the present building was erected by Flambard, confidential minister to William Rufus, is 118 feet long, by 58 feet wide, and



CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY, HANTS.
Photo. by C. G. Paul.

possesses a fine timber roof. Christchurch Priory, in spite of its great age, is still used for public worship, being the parish church, and is one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the south of England. In addition to its extent and arrangement, it has all the magnificence and majesty of a cathedral. There are some remarkably fine carved oak seats in the choir, and very interesting, too, are the legends associated with some of them. The "monks' walk" is also a feature of this grand old sacred structure, and a climb up the dark, winding stairway to the top of the tower is rewarded by a view of the splendid panorama spread out before one, from the Isle of Wight on the left to the Purbeck Hills on the right, while nestling at one's foot is the meandering Stour, with its picturesque flotilla of small sailing craft.

WINIFREDE M. JEWKES.



SS. "STANLEY," ICE-BOUND IN NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT, NOVA SCOTIA.
Photo. by J. W. Stanley.

COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

Last day for sending in, March 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, April 18th.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 18th.

The Results will be published in May.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"**Hidden Authors.**"—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the name of a well-known author, in most cases a popular boys' writer. Write the name under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. Prizes: Three "New Columbia" Graphophones. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"**A March Event.**"—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of March. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Gradidge" Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**'Captain' Birthday Book.**"—This time take the month of *July* (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season July falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect "THE CAPTAIN" when making your choice. Prizes: Books to the value of 10s. in each class. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... ... No age limit.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... ... No age limit.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"**England Team v. Australia.**"—Send, on a postcard, what you consider would be the best eleven we could put into the field against Australia in the forthcoming test matches. The team sent in which comes nearest to that chosen by the votes of the majority, will win the prize in each class. Prizes: Three "Bonetink" Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. ... ... No age limit.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Suggestion for Pictorial Competition.**"—Send us what you think would be a good idea for a Pictorial Competition. Not "hidden" pictures of any sort, but something to draw or paint. Prizes: Class I., a "Guinea Cyko" Camera; Classes II. and III., a "Scout" Camera.

Class I. ... ... No age limit.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***April 18th.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial March Competitions."

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"The Adventures of John Baywood," the new serial which I have secured for our next volume, is a romance which will rivet the attention of every CAPTAIN reader, of whatever age he be. I think it is quite the best adventure story which has been submitted to me since this magazine was started. It concerns the son of a man who for conscience' sake emigrated to New England early in the seventeenth century. As you know, those Puritans who gave up their positions and homes in England, and went to a strange land in order that they might enjoy liberty in regard to their religious views, were absolutely fanatical in the strictness of their lives, and all sorts of penalties were imposed upon young John Baywood because he ventured to embrace his sweetheart. Yes, dear reader, you may stare, but you must know that these old Puritans regarded such an act as a very grievous offence. But John did not wait to undergo the punishment meted out to him, and this story deals with the manner in which he left his home, and with the divers strange adventures which befell him before he got back to it. The tale is told with a fine swing, the characters are very skilfully delineated, and the atmosphere—a very important feature in every story, and especially in a story of this kind—is delightful. Curiously enough, the author, Mr. H. C. Crosfield, who is a retired solicitor, has never written a story before, and yet these adventures are related with the ease of a practised writer. I am happy to think that Mr. Crosfield should have sent THE CAPTAIN his first manuscript, and am quite sure that he will be pleased with the pictures that are being drawn for the tale, since I have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. Stanley Wood, who is perhaps best-known for the pictures he made of the one and only "Captain Kettle." In the opinion of our Art Editor—who ought to know something about it—Mr. Stanley Wood is, of all black-and-white artists, the best living depictor of *action*.

VOLUME XIII.

FICTION.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD.
By H. C. CROSFIELD.
Illustrated by Stanley Wood.

O. H. M. S.
Being Naval Yarns of To-day.
By GEO. ELLBAR.

TALES OF WRYKYN.
A Series of Public School Stories.
By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

AT HICKSON'S.
American School Stories.
By F. L. MORGAN.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.
By F. W. CALKINS.

"O. H. M. S."—Of Mr. George Elbar's work you have already seen two samples—"A Queer Catch," and "French Leave!" Mr. Ellbar can tell a rattling good tale and at the same time give one an accurate idea of life aboard a man-o'-war, be it battleship,

gunboat, or torpedo-boat-destroyer. These are two very commendable qualities. In addition, he hits off the navy man to a T. You feel he knows what he is talking about, and that's a great thing nowadays, when all sorts of books for boys concerning—say—Borneo and Brazil, the Seychelles and Samoa, are being knocked off by people whose knowledge of foreign parts is limited to Ostend, Paris, and possibly Geneva (for you can get a good way with a cheap trip ticket nowadays). So it is a satisfaction to find a writer who can spin a good navy yarn without representing the commander of a warship as the possessor of a flowing moustache—and no beard! This series, "O.H.M.S.," starts with a tale of a cruiser which is sent out to discover why so many merchant vessels have disappeared in a certain spot — a "death-trap" with a vengeance. The cruiser herself as near as winking comes to grief—but that's the story, so I won't say any more.

Mr. Pelham G. Wodehouse will contribute "Tales of Wrykyn"—a series of public school stories. You may depend upon it that these school stories will be lively reading, for the author's motto seems to be "Avaunt, dull care!" Mr. P. G. W., by the way, is climbing the ladder of popularity very rapidly. A couple of years ago he was grinding away in a city office, but one day he said he was going to chuck it and be an author and nothing else. And he has carried out his resolution with praiseworthy energy and sprightliness, for there is simply no end to the humour that bubbles out of him.

Mr. F. L. Morgan will write yet another six studies of American school life. These tales are astonishing in some of their details. Fancy Marlborough or Harrow being half peopled with girls wearing long pigtails and square-toed boots. And yet "Hickson's" is the American equivalent of one of our big public schools. Mr. Morgan deserves our thanks for improving our acquaintance with the American educational system, in addition to telling a good story every month. While talking about "the other side," I may mention that there are still another five tales in Mr. Calkins' "Far West" series to be told. Mr. Calkins is a sound yarn-spinner, and an editor can always depend upon him for good stuff. His men are the right sort of men, too. You're not tired of his tales, I hope. I'm not.

So that, my young "pals and paliasses" (as "Blueskin" used to sing at the old Gaiety years before most of you were born), is our fiction programme for the next volume. Taking it all round, I don't think Vol. XIII. will fall short of any of its predecessors.

Public Schools in India: I regret to say that I know very little about the respective status of Indian Schools. The following letter, therefore, must speak for itself. The writer certainly appears to have a real grievance to air.

BISHOP COTTON SCHOOL, SIMLA.
November 8th, 1904.

SIR,

I trust you will be good enough to allow me to protest against the title of an article in your eleventh volume, which has just reached me. In it I see that St. Paul's, Darjeeling, is styled the *only* public school in India. How such a mistake came to be made, I cannot understand. There are, as a matter of fact, several public schools in India, but at present I am concerned only in upholding the claims of that one to which I have the honour to belong. If the title of public school is to be applied to schools in India of the same class and on the same grounds as those of England, then we certainly are a public school. We were founded in 1859 by Bishop Cotton, formerly headmaster of Marlborough, as a thank-offering for the suppression of the Mutiny, and that gentleman drew up statutes for our government, which were approved by the Viceroy, who is our Visitor. The school is not carried on for private profit; the headmastership is in the gift of the Metropolitan of India, and we are under the control of Governors, amongst whom are included the Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, the Metropolitan or India, the Bishop of Lahore, the Commissioner of Delhi, the Deputy Commissioner of Simla, and other eminent gentlemen. On our last Founder's Day (All Saints), we were informed by the preacher that we were the premier public school of India. Whether that be so or not, is not for me to say. As a matter of fact, our first title was "The Simla Public School," but this was afterwards changed to "Bishop Cotton School," in gratitude to our distinguished founder.

On what grounds St. Paul's, one of the youngest of the Indian schools, arrogates to itself the title of the only public school in India, it would be hard to say. It may be the highest school in the world; upon this point I cannot speak with any certainty. We ourselves are situated nearly 7,000 feet above sea level, which is surely high enough for all practical purposes.

I trust to your fairness to notice this protest, for the title of your article will be very vexing to literally hundreds of Anglo-Indians holding posts of all kinds in this great empire, who regard their

old school with respect and affection, and will be grieved to see it so slighted.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. H. Lee, B.A.,
Second Master, B.C.S.

"The Sportsman's Year Book," edited by A. Wallis Myers (Geo. Newnes, Ltd., 3s. 6d.), is a volume that everyone interested in sport and athletics should have on his shelf, for it is at once a "Who's Who in Sport," and a biographical dictionary of leading personalities in the wide realm of our principal pastimes. It is the sort of book that puts an end to disputes about times, distances, cricket scores, billiard breaks, boxing encounters, cycling championships, and a hundred other matters of argument. It contains over one thousand biographies of men and women distinguished in sport. In it you will find your sporting hero's age, parentage, early successes, and all the details of his later achievements. The "S.Y.B." tells you how far the Headmaster of Haileybury jumped when he was at school, where P. F. Warner scored his first century, and the year G. O. Smith saved Oxford from defeat by Cambridge at Lord's. These are three little examples of its contents. Mr. Wallis Myers is to be congratulated on his untiring industry, for the labour involved in the compilation of this work must have been enormous.

Joke.—I have just thought of a joke It is dedicated to the winds of March.

Q.: What is the best sort of stick to carry in stormy weather?

A.: A hurricane.

Here's an anecdote recently related to me by a Scotch gentleman. If it reads old to certain subscribers, I offer the usual apologies. It is called

HE WOKE THE WRONG MAN.

A commercial traveller was travelling to Rugby by the night express At Euston he said to the guard: "My good fellow, here is half-a-crown for you. I am going to sleep on the seat, but you are to turn me out at Rugby. Don't take any denial; turn me out. Do you see?" "I see, sir," said the guard. The commercial traveller, when he awoke, found himself a hundred miles beyond Rugby. He called the guard and expressed his sentiments in his choicest diction. When he had finished, the guard pulled his beard and replied: "Ay, you can use langwidge, but your langwidge is nothing to that used by the gent I *did* turn out at Rugby!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Unclubbed Captainite.—You give so little information about yourself that it is difficult satisfactorily to answer your inquiries as to what Volunteer corps to join. It is generally advisable to enlist in a regiment which has its headquarters conveniently near to your residence or place of business; but you give no clue to your whereabouts. If you wish to join an artillery corps in London, you have the choice of the 1st City of London (Staines House, Barbican, E.C.), the 2nd Middlesex (Leonard Street, City Road, E.C.), or the 3rd Middlesex (1 Palace Place, Great Scotland Yard). Of the three, the last-named has perhaps the best social status. There are no subscriptions to any of them, and uniform, &c., is in each case provided free; but to the 3rd Middlesex there is an entrance fee of £2. Your day's work finishes rather late for drill purposes, but with Saturday a free day you ought to be able to make yourself efficient in a few months. Apply for information about any corps to the adjutant, addressing him at the regimental headquarters. We shall be pleased to answer any further questions, but would advise you to buy a copy of *The Volunteer Annual* (A. and C. Black, 1s. net), which is a mine of information with regard to Metropolitan Volunteer Corps. You are wise to go in for volunteering. Apart from the *duty* of it, membership of a good (*i.e.*, keen and reputable) corps will afford you more scope for interesting, profitable, and varied occupation and amusement than any other single pursuit that could be named.

O. A. W.—(1) Vacancies for inspectors of factories are filled as they occur by a competitive exam., limited usually to candidates nominated by the Home Secretary. Only men of practical experience receive a nomination, and they are subject to an exam. in sanitary science, statute law as regards factories and workshops, and elementary physics and mechanics. The age-limits are from 21 to 30, and 38 for those who have worked in a factory or workshop. The work is technical, and consists of inspecting factories, laundries, &c., and securing their compliance with the law. The commencing salary is £200 per annum. You may rely on any of the coaches who advertise in The Captain. (2) The Bank of Bengal is one of the tip-top banks in India, and certainly offers better prospects than the banks at home. I do not know the present value of money in India, but I know that one has to live on a much higher scale there than in England.

Girl of Nineteen (and a very nice age, too!) wants to be a journalist. A literary man has advised her not to attempt writing anything till she is twenty-three She says that is all very well, but what is my advice to a would-be journalist, and adds that in *her* opinion the best thing is to have another profession as well as journalism, so that if you don't succeed in the one, you can devote your entire attention to the other. That being the case, do I consider it better for a woman to be a teacher, a private secretary, or a doctor? Well, in reply to "Girl of Nineteen," I should say that a private secretaryship would suit *me* best, were *I* a girl of nineteen. But, alas! I am a boy, and a very old boy, too. Failing the private secretaryship, I would be a teacher. As for being a doctor, if "Girl of Nineteen" wants to be that, she won't have any time for journalism, let me tell her. Viewing her question, *re* journalism, broadly, I must confess that it is a very hard and uncertain profession, and one must have heaps of ideas and energy to get on in it. Let her dabble in it by all means, but let her have a good crutch to lean upon in the shape of another occupation. She will remember that a great countryman of hers (she writes

from Glasgow) once said: "Writing is a good stick, but a bad crutch."

E. R. R. inquires whether there is any prospect of our publishing an article on Loretto School. In reply, I beg to say that I have a short article on Loretto in type, and that I shall insert it as soon as space permits.

A. C. Cooper complains that very little is said about Ireland in THE CAPTAIN. My dear A. C. C., the best thing you can do is to send an essay about Ireland—not exceeding 400 words—to THE CAPTAIN Club Contributions' Corner. If Irishmen want us to publish things about Ireland, they must write little essays about the 'Ould Counthry, and take care that they are interesting. Otherwise they will serve as provender for the voracious maw of the O. D., and I suppose you know who *he* is, A. C. Cooper?

K. W. Dowie (Canada) is a Colonial reader who, "by hustling," can get in his entries for our competitions before the time is up for British readers. So he wants to know whether he must regard himself as a "Colonial" reader or one of the ordinary kind. My answer is that if Dowie is such a hustler as to get his comps. along as soon as home readers, he may certainly regard himself as a home reader, and stand in for the beautiful prizes awarded in that section.

Amops (Edinburgh) points out that the plot of a book which we recently reviewed is exactly similar to that of a story published six years ago in the *Boy's Own Annual*. This, of course, may be a coincidence, as two authors often think of the same plot. If, however, the author *has* committed such a reprehensible plagiarism, he should certainly be taxed with it, since stealing a plot is ethically every whit as bad as stealing a horse or a diamond brooch.

G. Avery.—I have handed your letter on Rugby football to Mr. Warner. There is a good deal in what you say.

Circo.—Don't touch cigarettes. Engineering takes one out of doors a lot, especially water engineering. Also estate agency work.

John. I should say you had been carrying your contribution about in your pocket for a month. Anyhow, it was so dirty that I threw it into the W.P.B. without reading it. Surely you are forgetting your manners, to send me a manuscript in such a grimy state.

Porangi Potae.—Don't be impatient. Give me time.

C. McManus.—A good letter. I will comment on it next month. The author of "Greyhouse" is turning over a new series in his mind, but has not written any of them yet. We hope to hear more of "Eliza's" in course of time.

A Present Pauline.—I hope to print St. Paul's Sports Results in our April issue. I will talk over your suggestion *re* Public School Records with Mr. Warner, who will be glad to receive Sports Results and Athletic Notes from Sports, Cricket, and Football secretaries.

A. K. Sinclair.—Very sorry, old man. You were clubbed all right. I'll look up the contribution.

L. Altintop (Smyrna).—"Tales of Greyhouse" can be obtained from this office, price 3s. 6d. I may have something to say about your letter in the April CAPTAIN.

D. C. M.—I am afraid your puzzle would be guessed at once.

Exonian.—The King's surname is "Guelph."

"Captainite."—I thank you for your correction. "Highgate Grammar School" should, of course, have read "Highgate School." I had no idea that this school dated from so far back as 1565.

V. H. Burton.—*Six* operations! You must have had enough chloroform—or A. C. E. mixture—by this time. I sincerely trust you have done with operations now.

Preserved Walnut.—I am afraid you cannot take extracts out of the book you mention, the idea in the "Birthday Book" competitions being that you must hunt up quotations for yourself—not use those that other people have hunted up.

"The Committee."—I shall have something to say in April about subjects for Debating Societies.

"Christmas Cards."—I have to acknowledge the receipt of cards from: Harold Scholfield, James Michael, jun., M.D., V. Griffith, Maurice W. Lowry, R. L. Pawlby, Gerald and Gladys von Stralendorff, "The Mastiff," D. Mackay, Jack L., Dora Laredo, Tom Browne, R.I., E. L. Joseph, Walter G. Vann, "Porangi Potae" (New Zealand).

Foreign Education.—Those interested in this subject will (a correspondent informs me) find an instructive article, entitled "College Life in France and Belgium," in the *Catholic Times* for September 16th, 1904.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: Stanley M. Parker, E. T. K. (Ampleforth College), "Caout-Chouc," V. D. B. (Croydon), C. K. D. (Felstead), "Cricket" (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Una Murphy, "A Schoolgirl," "Nona," Violet Barnjum (Montreal), "A Boy Captainite," C. L. Fisher, E. A. P. (West Horsley), "A CAPTAIN Reader" (Toronto), L. B. R. (see next month for a note on "field-goal"), L. M. Rowlands, "Nil Desperandum," C. Grant, E. N. G. Gwynne, "Sea Pointer" (Cape Town), R. H. Sennett (Zurich), M. S. (Cambridge), C. B. Westley, "Volunteer" (keep your eye on this corner next month), "Veteran," and "Pallette." A number of these will be commented on in our April issue.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of January Competitions.

No. I.—"A January Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Walter L. Dualey, The Rectory, Coleraine, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria-road, Oswestry, Shropshire; R. Harrison, St. Catherine's, Feltham, Middlesex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. H. Critton, Thomas Fann, B. Corbyn Gwynneth Lamb, C. P. Webster, T. A. Gourlay, Frances Whittingham, T. B. Knight, A. J. Bridgman, R. Layfield, H. Willoughby, Mawgan Fremlin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" FOOTBALL: Leonard A. Pavey, 10 Edith road, Pisshet Grove, East Ham, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: T. Oliver, Bellegrove, Lesbury-road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; John G. Macdonald, 26 South Portland street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Fox, Charles Burrows, A. W. Dobbin, J. McNeil, P. W. Sadler, J. B. Ogreenes, W. M. Marshall, T. Proud, J. A. McGilvray, A. C. Boxall, Nesta Davies, Norah Sheppard.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GAMAGE" FOOTBALL: Frederick B. Julian, 1 Smithgrove-terrace, Montepotre, Cork.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Seymour-Uee, Alex. Steven, A. Bertioli, H. Kent, W. Drummond Hunter, Humphrey N. Kent, Lewis Hayhow, E. S. Thomas, Lily Moore, B. Hodge.

No. II.—"Captain" Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn Hewitt, Albert A. Kerridge, C. M. Le Messurier, Evelyn C. Pritchett, Albert J. Langridge, Edith M. Nanson, May McOwen Hall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SUNDOWN GRIP DUMB-BELLS: E. M. Pough, 12 Norgate, Bury St. Edmunds.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Percival L. Davis, Passmore, St. Flora's-road, Littlehampton, Sussex; Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria road, Oswestry, Shropshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Riding, T. W. Spikin, Gladys M. Smith, Helen Rushton, Gwendolen Minshull, Annette Hemphill, Dorothy Nanson, Olive Marcus, Edith L. S. Smith.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SUNDOWN GRIP DUMB-BELLS: A. Leslie Cranfield, Suffolk terrace, St. Ives, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Wilson Campbell, Hilda Nield, Phyllis H. Arundel, Beatrix N. Bond.

No. III. "Queer Christian Names."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNERS OF "JOHN PIGOTT" HOCKEY STICKS: Helen C. Tunnock, The Rectory, Little Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex; Albert A. Kerridge, 51 St. Mary street, Chippenham, Wilts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance Messervy, Mark Gill, Norman Donovan, Lucy E. Parry, C. R. P. Hearn.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF "JOHN PIGOTT" HOCKEY STICKS: Dorothy Rolfe Swanton, Novers Rectory, Melton Constable, Norfolk; Evelyn Byrde, Widworthy Rectory, Honiton, Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Jno. D. Jamieson, 21 Sutherland avenue, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Hill, O. H. R. Layton, Olive Marcus, R. Harrison, Harry C. Fletcher, Howard W. Smith, May Reed, Kate Perrin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF "JOHN PIGOTT" HOCKEY STICKS: R. M. Gill, 297 Darnall road, Darnall, Sheffield; Edmund G. Coryton, Pentillie Castle, St. Mellion, R.S.O., Cornwall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Colin Heard, Jno. H. Hamer, W. R. Gosling, Claude B. Armstrong, C. W. Dockerill, F. Thomas, Dorothy Archer, J. S. Gore, Betty Maude, T. W. Owen, T. Oliver, Thomas Cooke.

No. IV. "Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNERS OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUMS: T. E. W. Strong, St. Annes-road W., St. Annes-on-Sea; W. E. Price, Bushey View, Hampton Wick, Middlesex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lylie Thomas, M. A. Marshall, W. R. Nutman, T. H. Jones.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUMS: O. F. Brown, 51 Nassington road, Hampstead, N.W.; F. Stanley Piper, Glen-Mayne, Yelverton, South Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: George Kay, 59 Hamilton terrace, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Archie Mackenzie, Edward Curwen, jun., R. E. O. Clapp, William B. Meff, Arthur F. Heynes, Owain Ogwen, R. G. Gill, A. J. Langridge, Alice M. Hamling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF "SUNNY MEMORIES" ALBUMS: Eric Seward, Hillbrow, Linton-road, Hastings; M. Webb, Aramghor, Suffolk-road, Bournemouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Aitken, Dunoon "Captain" Club, 9 Ravensworth-terrace, Durham; Joyce Chambers, School House, Lincoln; H. C. Osborne, Highcoun-road, Sidcup; Kenneth G. Wheeler, 2 Alexandra-road, Leicester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. W. Callander, Don Giulio Torlonia, G. S. B. Cushnie, E. S. Potter, J. W. Smith, L. G. Helzapfel, S. Carson, Dorothy A. Hilton, Vyvyan R. Poole, William Harry Green.

No. V.—"Hidden Advertisers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "DE LUXE" CROWN COMBINATION GAME BOARD: John Brown, 13 Argyle-street, Paisley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Herbert H. Wilmot, 17 Cornwall road, Stroud Green, N.; A. B. Cardozo, "Maltese," Chelmsford; T. Howard Pickin, 28 Preston street, New Brighton, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Nettleton, Harold Schofield, John O. Peace, John Docherty, John W. Tait, Edward Luff, Howard W. Smith, Victor Towers, G. E. Mitchinson, Joseph O. Young, Hugh L. Davies, Sidney T. Baker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF BOOKS: W. S. Leeming, 69 Arbuthnot-road, New Cross, S.E.; Stanley Browne, 139 My Lady's road, Belfast.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James Stewart, 32 Downing road, Bootle, near Liverpool; Stuart E. Martin, 18 Nottingham road, Bishopston, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Muriel Jackson, John L. Tann, L. T. Whitaker, A. C. Flewitt, Owen Squires, C. Renshaw, George Bourne, A. R. N. Rooksby, B. F. Lawrance, S. E. Kay, A. V. Rogers, M. J. Burgess.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF BOOKS: Herbert W. Lockwood, 187 Sebert road, Forest Gate, Essex; Leonard Pughe, 11 Dickinson-road, Crouch Hill, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Donald Rooksby, Frank W. Ford, John Love, W. Foulstone, T. H. Graves, F. W. R. Green, jun., B. J. Mc.nel, E. Jordan.

No. VI.—"A Song of a Sailor."

No age limit.

WINNER OF ONE GUINEA: Marian Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Rev. J. Hudson, M.A., 76 Crown-road, East Twickenham, S.W.; E. M. Schindhelm, 4 Maley avenue, West Norwood.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Francis Whittingham, M. E. Hayes, John S. Cox, W. G. Carter, Bob Andrew, C. J. Corrie, M. M. Read, Percy S. Winter, Albert A. Kerridge, Frank W. Wilcox, J. Wallace MacGregor, Leonard C. Cooper.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(December 1901).

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Victor C. Aitken, 2 Wellington street, Spanish Town, Jamaica. Honourable Mention: P. A. J. Cottam (Canada), E. A. Harris (India), F. N. Brierly (Trinidad).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Brian Alfred Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India. Honourable Mention: T. T. Waddington (Bermuda), G. P. Cave (Cape Town).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Charles Harris Lench, 117 Hamilton street, St. John's, Newfoundland. Honourable Mention: T. T. Waddington, Arnold Brayden (Canada), Percy H. van Blommestein (Cape Town), H. Goodbrand (Durban), Mr. Ellis Clarke Shaw (Egypt).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Iris Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India. Honourable Mention: B. A. Harris, C. H. Lench, William Joseph (Trinidad).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Actor's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the January Competitions.

No. I.—There were only a small number of entries in Class III., but Classes I. and II. more than made up for this deficiency. Many of the essays were quite excellent, the favourite subjects being: The Execution of Charles I., the Fall of Port Arthur, the Introduction of the Penny Post, the Battle of Corunna, the Death of Queen Victoria, and the Battle of Spion Kop.

No. II.—Not quite so many really *good* Birthday Books were sent in this time, but the respective prize-winners in each class showed much discrimination in selecting suitable quotations. Several senders of otherwise good books forgot to mention the source of their quotations, while others did not "bear in mind the season May falls in," as they were particularly requested to do.

No. III.—The following are a few "Queer Christian Names" selected from the prize-winners' lists, most of them being peculiar to certain countries: Grissgun, Chrysogone, Honeylove, Corona, Kerenhappuch, Belumbo, Gazellia, Endoreo, Hiwassee, Wayte, Kousen, Happy, Elian, Olantigh, Carnmeon, Chancellor.

No. IV.—The entries were considerably below the average, both in number and quality, this month.

No. V.—A correct list will be found on an advertisement page. There were over 1,200 entries for this competition, and a considerable number of competitors (especially in Class I.) solved every picture correctly, so that only the neatest of the neat had any chance of a prize, or even of Honourable Mention. Care will be taken to make future pictures of this kind harder to solve.

No. VI.—Although there were quite a large number of entries for this competition, many had to be disqualified for lack of due attention to the ordinary rules of metre. A considerable number of very creditable versions remained, and it was a matter of some difficulty to award the prize, there being very little to choose between the actual winner and the two next in order.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

HAMLEY'S Speciality
Boxes of Surprises.

Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fid, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/- ; Post Free, 1/3.

Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises Price 6d.; Post Free, 7d.

Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours. Price 8d. ; Post Free, 9d.

NOVELTIES. Post Free, 7d.

Packet of Magic Flowers
Wizard of North Pack Cards.
The Three Card Trick.
The Ever-Changing Card
The Marvellous Babbler
The Funny Chinese Tumbler.
The Wonderful Flying Rat.
The Little Printer.

The Surprise Torch.

By pressing the bottom a spring jumps up, causing much astonishment and laughter

Price 6d.

Post Free, 8d.

Magnetic Wonders.

A Box of Apparatus for experimenting with a Magnet. Very clever and Amusing. Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3. Larger Size 2/- Post Free, 2/6.

Strong Phonograph.

Mounted on Embossed Iron Base and Gold Lined, good tone. Price 6/11. Post Free, 1/3 extra.

The "Triumph" Phonograph.

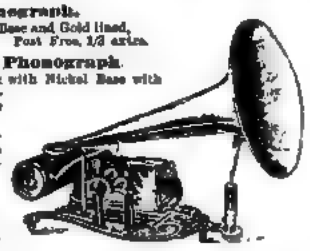
Fitted on polished Wood Box with Nickel Base with reversible lid enabling Phonograph to be packed inside the box.

Price 12/6. Post Free, 1/6 ex.

Edison Bell Records for the above, Comic Songs, Recitations, Bands, &c Price 1/- . Post Free, 1/3.

Gold Moulded ditto. Price 1/6 ; Post Free, 1/8.

Sent by post at purchaser's risk.

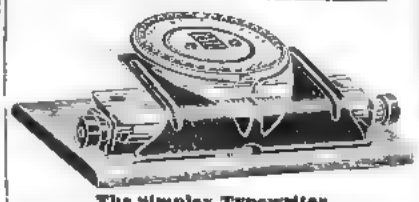


The Camera Obscura.

Very amusing and Interesting.

Price 2/-.

Post Free, 2/4.



The Simplex Typewriter.

Useful and amusing and simple to work. Complete in box, with ink and full directions. Price, No. 1, 6/-, No. 2, 12/6 & 25/- Box and Post 6d. and 1/- extra.

The Surprise Hunter.

A Great Novelty A paper cap is inserted inside the case, and when the top is pressed it goes off with a loud report, causing much laughter.

Price 6d.

Post Free, 9d.

The Latest Novelty.

A nickel tube in the shape of a telescope, with a hole to look through at the top. You ask someone to find the view, and tell him to twist the screw to suit his sight, when to his surprise he receives a shower of water in his face.

Price 1/- ; Post Free, 1/3.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES { 86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Wholesale and Retail; 512 & 510a OXFORD ST., W. (Marble Arch); 64 & 66 REGENT ST., W. (Piccadilly Circus); 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. (near Albert Gate); 35 NEW OXFORD ST., W.C., Conjuring and Entertainments; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Conjuring and Fancy Goods. } **LONDON.**

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS LOCOMOTIVES & TRAINS

STATIONS AND RAILWAY SCENES.

SPECIAL VALENTINE LIST FREE

Sample 1 Dozen Cards, Post Free, 1/-.

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

Special to Public School Men!

THERE are plenty of Excellent Situations, at Salaries of £1,200 to £2,000, in the public service, just waiting to be filled.

VACANCIES:

AT HOME { Admiralty (London and Dockyards). War Office (Royal Irish Constabulary). Inland Revenue (Taxes). Home Office (Inspector of Factories). Royal Courts of Justice (London).

INDIA: The Civil Service, India Police, &c.

CHINA JAPAN TURKEY } **The Foreign Office:** Consulships, Interpreters, &c.

THE ROYAL NAVY: Cadetships, Paymasters, Engineers.

If you are Backward, don't lose Heart.

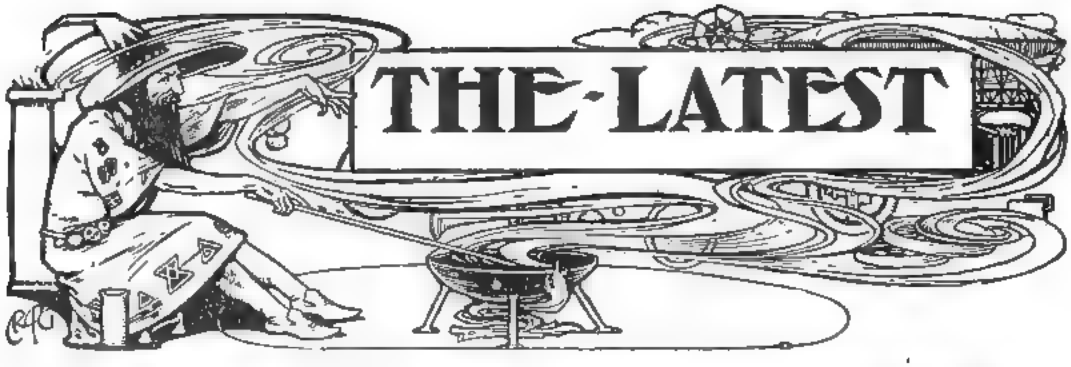
THE GREAT CENTRE OF SUCCESS,

SKERRY'S COLLEGE (London, Glasgow, and Dublin), has had over 14,000 *successful students*—and *the most backward got through.*

NOTE NEW ADDRESS, and write fully, **in confidence,** to the Sec.,

SKERRY'S COLLEGE, 110 High Holborn (corner of Southampton Row), **London, W.C.**

Preparation by Graduates in Honours for University and Professional Examinations.



Electricity Resisting Dress.

Herr Nicholas Artemieff, of the Electrical Institute of Kiev, has recently invented a remarkable electricity resisting costume. This dress is already in use by electricians at the works of Siemens and Halse, Charlottenburg, Germany, and it will soon be put on the market. The dress is made of a fine wire gauze. Though strong and durable, it is yet so fine and supple as not to hamper its wearer in carrying on any ordinary electricians' work. Herr Artemieff

MAN PARTLY CLAD IN ELECTRICITY-PROOF DRESS.

recently proved his absolute confidence in his valuable invention by receiving a shock of 15,000 volts without, he said, feeling any inconvenience whatever. The remarkable nature

SCENE IN LABORATORY DURING A TEST OF THE ELECTRICITY-PROOF DRESS.

of this test will be brought home when it is remembered that a shock of over 500 volts is supposed to be more than any human being can withstand, whilst shocks of 100 volts, and even under, have been known to kill.

Record Railway Run.

The London and North-Western Railway recently accomplished what is claimed to be a record run to Manchester. The Manchester express, with a heavy load, left Euston at ten minutes past six o'clock, being ten minutes late at starting. The first stop was at Stockport, 183 miles from London, and the train arrived at Manchester at half-past nine, having covered the whole distance from Euston in 3 hours 20 minutes, or nearly 200 miles in 200 minutes.

HUMBER CYCLES

THE HIGHEST GRADE OBTAINABLE.

Acknowledged to be in all the World Unequalled.

STANDARD HUMBER FOR JUVENILES £7 7s., or by Monthly Payments of	11/6
STANDARD HUMBER £8 8s., or by Monthly Payments of	13/6
STANDARD SPECIAL HUMBER £10 10s., or by Monthly Payments of	17/6
FIRST GRADE HUMBER £12 12s., or by Monthly Payments of	21/3
BEESTON HUMBER £16 16s., or by Monthly Payments of	29/-

Two speed gears are included in the specification of Beeston Humbers, and in other models at an extra charge of £2 2s.

All other Particulars on Application to

HUMBER, LIMITED,

Works: BEESTON (Notts), and COVENTRY.

Depots:

LONDON (Cycles and Motor Cycles)—32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
LONDON (Motor Cars)—13 Cambridge Place, Paddington.
MANCHESTER—5 Deansgate. BIRMINGHAM—4 Victoria Square.
LIVERPOOL—73 Bold Street. SOUTHAMPTON—27 London Road.
NOTTINGHAM—Grey Friar Gate.

THE 1000 SHOT

DAISY AIR RIFLE

A MAGAZINE GUN WITH LEVER ACTION.
MAGAZINE HOLDS 1000 B.B. SHOT &
LOADS AUTOMATICALLY. *Length 36 inches. Weight 3 lbs.*

Working parts steel and brass. Anyone can take gun apart and put together again.
SHOOTS ACCURATELY AND WITH GREAT FORCE.

NO POWDER, SMOKE, DANGER, NOISE.

PRICE 10 S. EACH FROM ALL DEALERS *Dept. N* Wm. E. PECK & Co. 8, BRADFORD AVENUE, LONDON E.C.

Take the advice of two great footballers—

Mr. A. J. GOULD (Newport), and HARRY WOOD (Southampton),

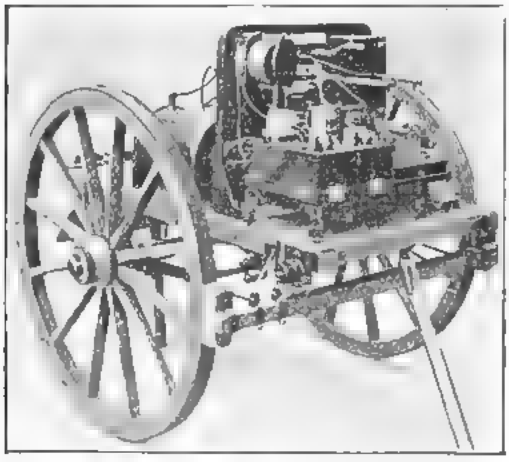
AND WHEN IN TRAINING USE

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

"No Better Food." —*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.*

Wireless Telegraphy in War.

Wireless telegraphy is now being used for military purposes by all the great war powers of the world. The accompanying illustration shows a portable space telegraph station as used in the German Army. Kite balloons support the aërial portion of the receiving and despatching apparatus. Each station comprises

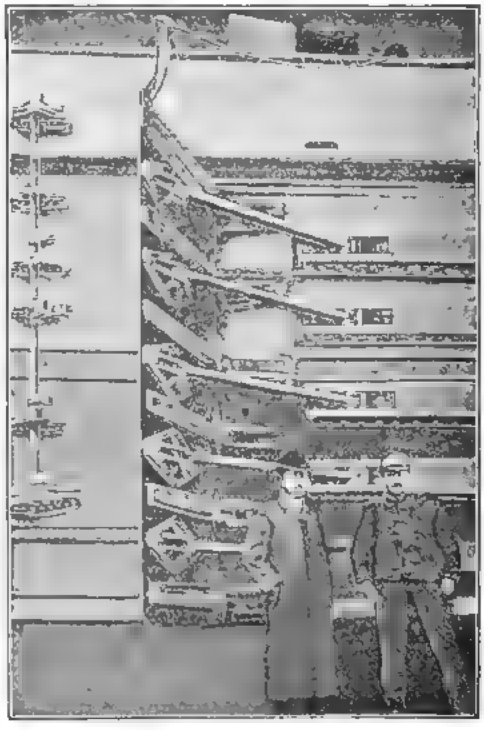


PORTABLE MILITARY SPACE TELEGRAPH.

three two-wheel carts. A "power cart" contains a 4-horse power gasoline motor direct, coupled to an alternating current generator of an effective output of about one kilowatt, and an exciting machine. Gasoline for operating the motor is carried in a reservoir of about eight gallons capacity, and the supply is sufficient for a continuous telegraphic service of about thirty hours. That portion of the sending and receiving apparatus not suspended in the air is carried on another cart. There is an induction coil, a battery of Leyden jars, and a high tension transformer. The various Morse instruments for despatching and receiving messages are at the back of the second cart. When not in use the balloon, gas reservoir, and trenching tools are carried by the third or utensil cart. With this outfit it is possible to keep up safe communication up to four days' marching.

A Brake for Ships.

Trains have brakes, and why not ships? This was a problem that until recently caused much thought to marine engineers. To stop a boat by reversing the engines and propellers takes much time, and, in the case of big ships, a considerable distance is traversed before the retarding influence begins to take effect. The ship's brake, illustrated on this page, consists of a strong steel plate, which, by the aid of powerful hydraulic machinery, opens out from the side of the hull until it is quite at right angles to the vessel. With a number of these brakes on each side of the hull below the water line, the effect is felt immediately on their being opened. The brakes are all controlled from the captain's bridge, the movement of a single lever putting them all in action. A trial was recently made on the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, with a vessel fitted with only two of these brakes. After maintaining for some time a speed of 11 knots an hour, steam was shut off, and the brakes on each side were opened. The vessel came to a stop within a distance equal to her own length. The brakes were then closed, and



SHIP'S BRAKE OPENED.

the vessel steamed ahead until a speed of 11 knots was again attained. This time the engines were reversed and the brakes opened, with the result that all headway ceased in 50 feet, a distance representing about half the vessel's length.

A Simple Fire Extinguisher.

An extinguisher that is easily made and ready at all times for instant use, consists of a gallon of water to which is added three pounds of salt and one and a half pounds of sal ammoniac. Bottle this liquid, and when fire breaks out pour it on.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS, THE REAL MOTORS of MODERN BUSINESS

The race is to the strong—the well-equipped. If you are not properly equipped, you really go lame. Proper equipment for the writer is Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen—all other writing tools are lame in comparison. It is the best—that is, better than any other.

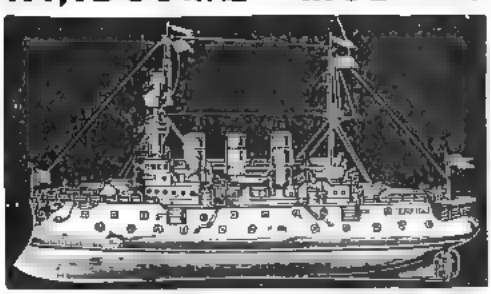
From 10/6. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, &c. Booklet on pens post free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12 Golden Lane, London, E.C. (New York, 173 Broadway.)

FIRES 6 SHOTS at one loading, it is beautifully plated and PERFECTLY HARMLESS. A Smart Weapon. In Box, with Ammunition, of all DEALERS, or post free, 1/3, from the Makers—

1/-

The BRANDRETH MANUFACTURING Co., 12 Upper Bedford St., Brighton.

HANDSOME MODELS.



Battleships, beautifully finished and enamelled, complete with Life Boats, Guns, and all fittings, Boiler and Twin-screw Engine, length 3 ft. Price 65/-, Carriage paid. **Gunboats,** complete with Engines and Boiler. 2½ ft. long, 35/6, 25 in., 25/6, 22 in., 20/-, Carriage paid. **Division Boats,** over 2 ft. long, complete with Engine and Boiler, 13/6, Carriage paid. **Torpedo Boats,** with Engine and Boiler. 16 in. long, 7/6, 21 in., 10/6, Carriage paid. **Submarines,** 14 in. long, 7/6; 16 in., 10/6; 27 in., 35/6. Carriage paid. Sail on and under the water at high speed.

Send To-day for our large Catalogue, with 500 Illustrations, of Model Vert. & Horizontal, Launch, Locomotive, and Paddle Engines, Boilers, Fittings, Castings, separate Finished Parts, Oil and Gas Engines, Boat Motors, Dynamos, and Electro Motors. Full of Interest. Price 6d. post free.

W. MACMILLAN & CO.,
Engineers and Modellers.
MAR STREET, ALLOA, N.B.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH LIMITED

"So LIGHT, Yet so STRONG"

THE RUDGE-WHITWORTH

Have you thought how foolish it is to ride a heavy bicycle? It means pushing about pounds of useless metal, and the only reason for it is that the makers can use inferior materials.

THE RUDGE-WHITWORTH

IS THE LIGHTEST BICYCLE ON THE MARKET,

which fact is in itself a guarantee of the most perfect quality. This is the result of scientific methods of manufacture, which secure absolute accuracy and reliability in every detail without adding to the cost of the bicycle.

Rudge-Whitworths are the easiest to buy as well as the easiest to ride. Any dealer can supply you; or, if you prefer, you can obtain them, packed free and carriage paid, from the works at Coventry.

There are
70 Models of RUDGE-WHITWORTHS,
ranging from

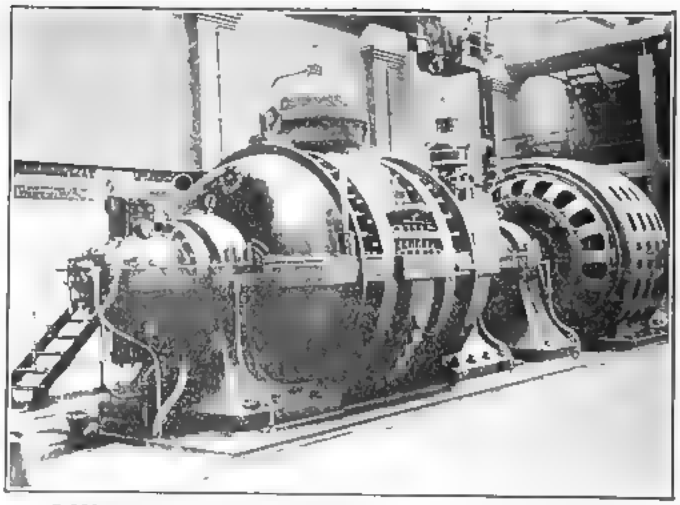
£5 5s. TO £15 15s.

EASY PAYMENTS FROM 5s. MONTHLY.

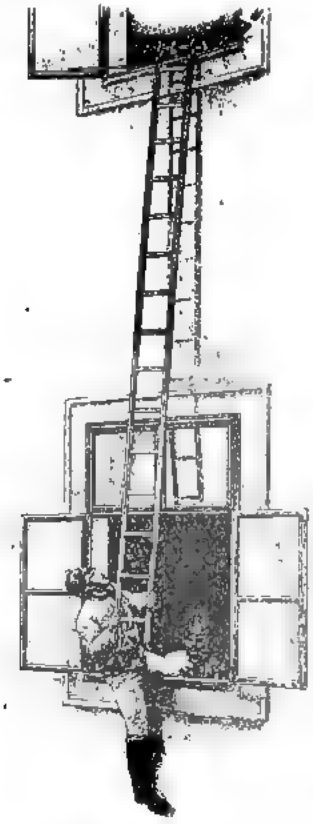
Write now for the new 64-page Catalogue, post free on application to
RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Dept. C, COVENTRY.

Turbo-Generating Plant.

Already electric trains are running daily on portions of the Metropolitan Railway system, and their number will soon be increased. The power station for working these electric trains is situated at Neasden, in the north-west of London. Our illustration shows one unit of the turbo-generating plant in use at Neasden Works. Each unit is of 5,000 h.p.



5,000 HORSE-POWER TURBO-GENERATOR AT THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY'S NEW POWER STATION.



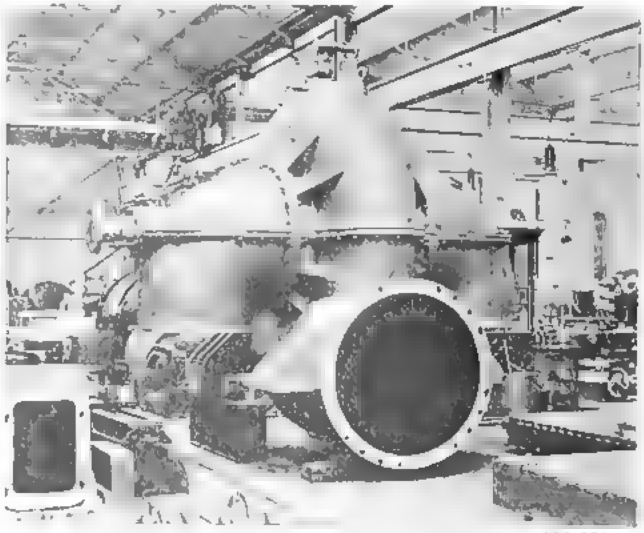
A HOOKED LADDER, AS USED BY AUSTRIAN FIRE BRIGADES.

Fire Brigades in Vienna.

Vienna is justly proud of its fire brigades. Their costumes, as pictured in the accompanying sketch, differ not very much from those used by fire brigades in England. Lately, fire brigades throughout Austria have widely adopted the use of a new form of hooked ladder. As may be gathered from our sketch, it is useful to firemen in helping them to mount burning houses; for, placed through a window, the hooked portion holds the ladder firmly in position.

A Giant Pump.

The photograph below shows part of a large pumping plant constructed by Messrs. W. H. Allen, Son, and Co., Ltd., for the New South Dock of the Cardiff Railway at Cardiff. The whole plant consists of three triple-expansion steam engines, and condensers of 900 indicated horse-power each, direct coupled to three large centrifugal pumps, each capable of delivering 100,000 gallons per minute, when running at a speed of 105 revolutions per minute. The photograph shows one complete pump, taken when in the makers' shops at Bedford.



A GIANT PUMP FOR CARDIFF, CAPABLE OF DELIVERING 100,000 GALLONS OF WATER PER MINUTE.

Among the many fine features in the March Number of "C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE" is the Third Article in the widely-discussed series of "GOLF FAULTS ILLUSTRATED," written by J. H. TAYLOR, three times Open Champion.

Digitized by Google

F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Newnes.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World.

MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
Photo. Mills.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate-hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. As it is, he receives regular communications from old and esteemed correspondents in every part of the world, but mainly these are only of personal interest. What he would like would be such as he could reproduce in these columns, and thus "round up," as it were, his month's correspondence in such a way as to make it acceptably readable and eagerly looked forward to by all B.E.L. members throughout the Empire.

I have received letters from the following, all of whom I heartily welcome as Colonial Correspondents of the League:—

J. E. Nichols, 81 Soldiers-street, Freetown, Sierra Leone.
B. O. A. Kalango, Training Institute, Calabar.
Alfred Flinn, 399 Dewey-avenue, Merriam Park, St. Paul, Minnesota.
James Randall, New Aberdeen, Cape Breton, N.S.
Eric P. Montizambert, Port Hope, Ont., Canada.
L. M. Bolton, P.O. Box 36, Richmond, Natal.
H. P. Ashdown, The Outlook, Weenen, Natal.
Athol R. G. Paterson, Main Street, Humans Dorp, Cape Colony.
Steve Bennett, Jr., 199 Swan-street, Richmond, Melbourne, Vict.
Douglas H. L. Hawkins, P.O., North Melbourne, Vict.
W. Young, Laverock, College-street West, Palmerston North, N.Z.
J. H. Chapman, H.M. Customs, Westfort, N.Z.
Percy H. Williams, 42 Pulteney-street, Adelaide.

PUTNEY, S.W.—I am glad to be able to report that this new club is fully bearing out the promise with which it started a short time ago. The success or non-success of a branch depends in the main on its hon. secretary and his co-adjutors. In this respect, Putney, and several other new branches, are fortunate. The club meets in the Mission Hall every Monday night from 7.30 to 10 o'clock, when games, &c., are indulged in. The clubroom is well supplied with papers and magazines. Mr. Jones (the hon. secretary) and his comrades would be pleased to welcome as many CAPTAIN readers and others as care to attend, and explain to them the advantages of being members of the B.E.L.

The following members would be glad to hear from CAPTAIN readers and others with a view to forming branches of the B.E.L. in

Dumfries, N.B.—George Robertson, 86 English-street.
Rugby.—G. W. Batchelor, Lawford-road.
Altrincham.—P. Davenport, Mayfield, Westwood-avenue, Timperley.
Hampton Hill, Middlesex.—E. J. Surman, 36 High-street.
Rotherham.—John E. Hunt, 50 Albany-street.
Kilburn, N.W.—A. C. Baxter, 161 Harvist-road.
Lewisham, S.E.—G. Rock Widlake, 7 Albion-road, or G. H. Lennox Robertson, 59 Granville Park.
Thornaby-on-Tees.—G. M. B. Tait, 32 Mandale-road.
Southport.—T. D. Bass, Glenthorpe, 68 Hampton-road.
Birmingham.—C. C. Goldsmid, Melbourne House, Edward-road.

To all of these I offer my best wishes for success, and I promise them every assistance that is in my power. One great difficulty I find in the formation of branches is the obtaining of a suitable room in which to hold meetings. As the circumstances vary in every district I cannot give advice that will suit every case, but in many instances the management of the local coffee-house has been only too pleased to place a room at the disposal of the club at least once a week.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

Digitized by Google

A
PRACTICAL AIR-GUN.

For Volunteers, Rifle, and School Clubs, &c. The most reliable and accurate air-gun ever put on the market. Not only more accurate, but shoots stronger than any other. Suitable for small Game. Used in the Principal Air-Gun Clubs all over the country. Correctly sighted and beautifully finished. **21s., 25s., and 35s.**

The New "Millita" Air Rifle.

ASK YOUR DEALER
to show you one, or send for Illustrated List to the Sole Proprietors
MARTIN PULVERMANN & CO.,
(Dept. 4)
26 Minories, London, E.

WE HAVE HIT THE BULLSEYE THIS --- TIME

The
Swan
Fountain Pen

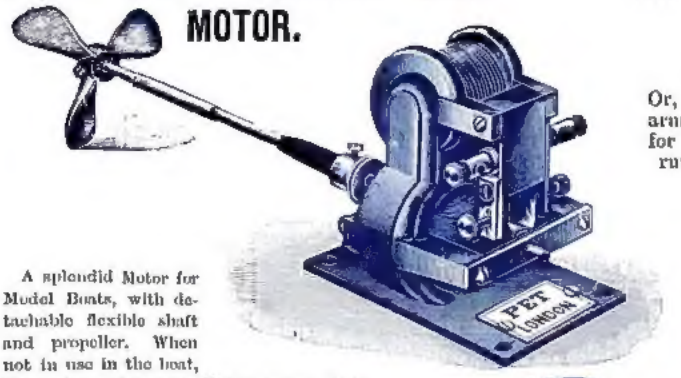
should be your constant companion and will prove your best friend. It is always ready for use, and with it, writing becomes a pleasure.

Made in Three Sizes at
10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 25s ,
up to £20, postage free.
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.
Catalogue free on application.

Mabie, Todd & Bard
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
95a, Regent Street, W., LONDON,
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER,
and Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera
PARIS.

Size No. 1 "SWAN," mounted with wide Gold Bands, 14/6.

THE "PET" ELECTRIC BOAT MOTOR.



A splendid Motor for Model Boats, with detachable flexible shaft and propeller. When not in use in the boat, it can be used as an ordinary motor. It is self-starting and powerful. Will run a boat 30 inches long, 9/-

Larger sizes at 13/6 and 21/-

Ditto, Suitable for Boat 5 ft. long, 30/-

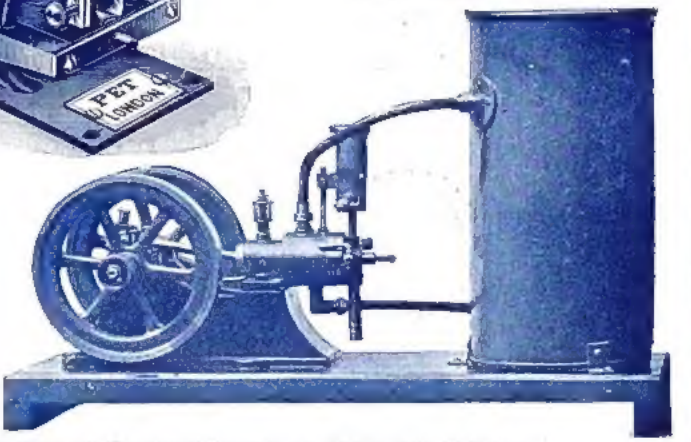
Either of above motors runs well with Two Small Batteries, or an Accumulator.

THE "LITTLE GIANT" GAS ENGINE, $\frac{1}{6}$ H.P.

Price complete for Gas, £13 10 0

Or, fitted with a Dynamo, 8 cog drum armature, giving 10 volts 6 amperes, suitable for charging small accumulators, or for running a small Electric Light installation.

Complete £18 15 0



The above can be obtained from all Electrical Houses, or of the Sole Makers:

F. DARTON & CO., 142 St. John Street, London, E.C.

NEW ILLUSTRATED ELECTRICAL LIST ON RECEIPT OF TWO STAMPS.

Digitized by Google

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.,

WHAT C. B. FRY says:
JOHN PIGGOTT'S "SURREY DRIVER" IS A GOOD BAT.
—*Captain.*

THE BAT FOR 1905 SEASON.

EVERYTHING FOR CRICKET.
Send for Special List.

CRICKET SHIRTS, 1/11 and 3/6 each. Postage 3d.
WHITE FLANNEL KNICKERS, 3/2 and 4/6 per pair.
WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3 and 6/6 per pair
BELTS, 6½d. each.
SHOES, 4/11 per pair.
CAPS, 10d. each. Postage 2d.

"J.P." SURREY DRIVER.
An Ideal Bat for Driving.
Each.
Men's Full Size Specially Selected Blades, Double Spring Handles 15/9
Youths' No. 6 12/9
New Blades for above, 10/- each.

THE GREAT SPORTS OUTFITTERS.

EVERYTHING FOR CYCLING.
Send for Special List.

YOUTHS' ALL CANE HANDLE BATS.
Nos. 4, 4/- 5, 4/6 6, 4/9
Single Cane Handles 3/3 3/9 4/-

CRICKET BALLS.
THE "MARVEL," Treble Seam, Practice, 2/- each.
THE "PARK," Treble Seam, Match, 3/3 each.
SUPERIOR MATCH, Warranted, 4/6 each.
Our World-famed "BOUNDARY" 5/3 each, Six for 30/-
Composition Balls, 4½ oz., 8d. each. Postage 3d.

STUMPS.
YOUTHS' POLISHED ASH SET, 1/11. Post 5d.
FULL-SIZE, POLISHED, BRASS TOPS, 3/- set. Post 5d.
FULL-SIZE BRASS TOPS, STEEL SHOD, 3/11 per Set.

GUARDS, GLOVES, NETS, and Every Requisite.

117 and 118 CHEAPSIDE and 1, 2, and 3 MILK STREET BUILDINGS, LONDON.

CADBURY'S

Absolutely Pure, **COCOA** Therefore Best.

HEALTH says: "CADBURY'S Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour with a steady action that renders it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."

BEWARE of cocoas treated with alkali or other chemicals to give a fictitious appearance of strength.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

"Really wholesome Confectionery."—*Lancet.*

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, W.C.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Printed by Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd., Bread Street Hill, E.C., and Bungay, Suffolk.

Digitized by Google